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JUNE 1998

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THE MAGAZINE OF SEX, POLITICS, AND PROTEST

JUNE 1998

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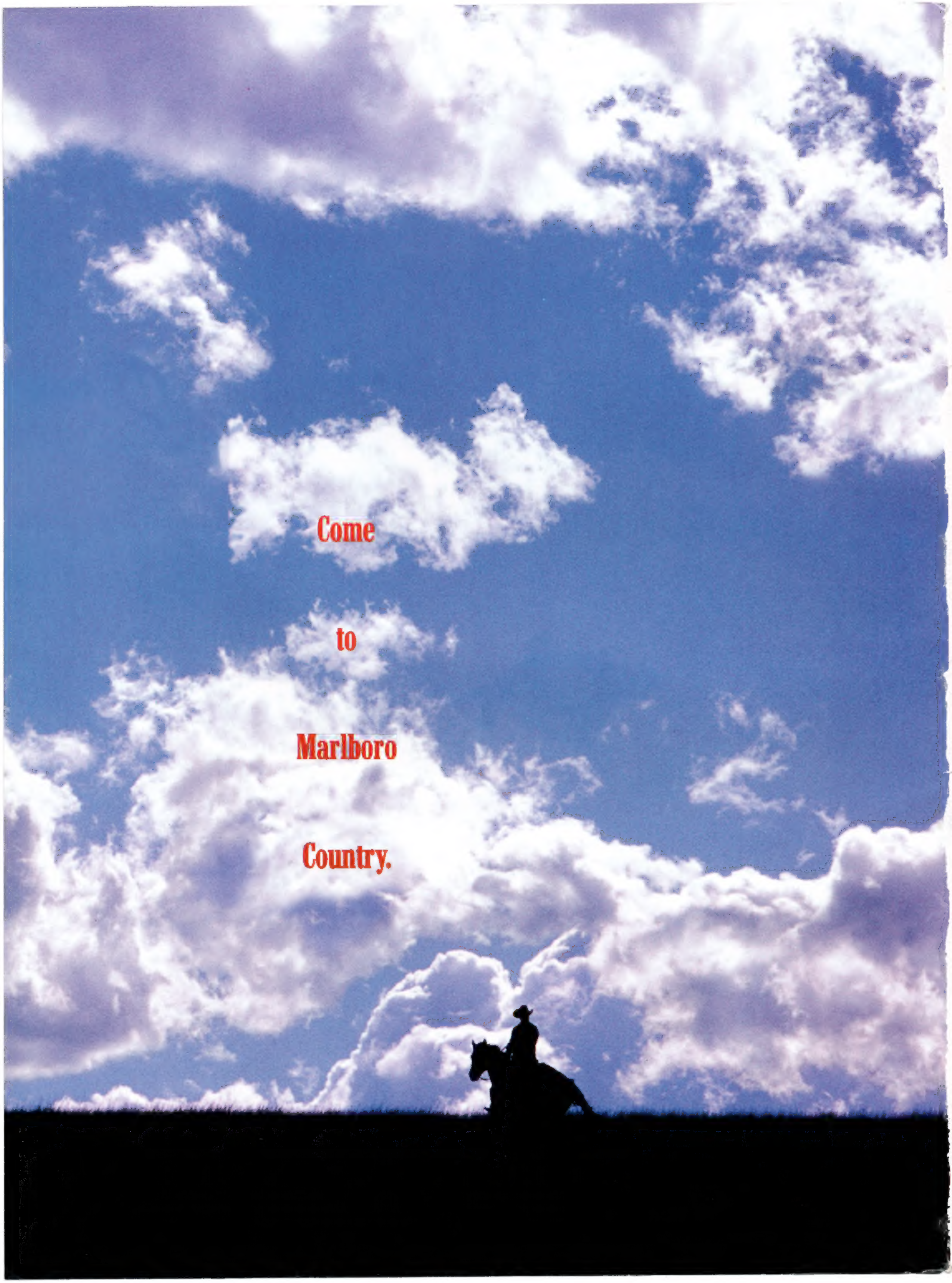
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PENTHOUSE FORUM

The Great American "Pissing Contest"

Attention all women over the age of 18. Ladies, we'd love to see your personal photos showing you in the act of doing what comes naturally. Our editors will select the best ones, based on graphic excellence, volume, stream, trajectory, distance, and erotic appeal. Of course, we'll pay our usual photography fees for such usage. Send photos to General Media, Dept. P, 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10172-0003. By the act of submitting these pictures, you are giving Penthouse *permission to publish them. Unfortunately, photos cannot be returned.*—The Editors

Shower Your Love

The January "Forum" with the picture and letter of Ellen P. reminded me of my wife's passion for the same position. She likes to squat over me while I sit on the toilet. She directs her stream of warm yellow pee onto my cock and balls. And when she finishes she gives me the best blowjob ever. We're really glad *Penthouse* is sharing this natural act with everyone.—*M. B., Nevada*

Just a quick note to let you know that my wife and I have been enjoying your recent issues. The shots of women urinating are outstanding. I encourage all of your female readers to send photos.

Also, the "Dancing With Wolf" pictorial was an all-time No. 1.—*D. T., Georgia*

I have bought *Penthouse* for years, but in the past I still sought out hard-core material because the newsstand mags were too soft—although even then *Penthouse* stood out. Over the past couple of years, well, I simply wait for my next issue. The magazine I received today (February) took the cake.

First, the pissing thing has me hooked—and you're exclusive on that one. I agree with K. M. from Indiana: I want to see chicks pissing on chicks, through clothing ... everything.

Second, Sorayama. What can I say but I think I'm in love with the arts. Which brings me to Tony Ward, whose work reveals a sensual genius.

All this praise is not to belittle the wonderful articles and other features—I read the mag from cover to cover.

Just one big thank-you.—*G. S., Michigan*

The Truth Will Let You Pee

Finally a subject I'm an expert on—urination during sex. I rarely fail to achieve orgasm during sex when stimulated by finger or tongue, and my orgasms are always intense and extremely pleasurable. Yet I find it very difficult to pee during sex. I don't think this has anything to do with "being afraid" or "unable to relax," as your reader from California states [January '98]. I don't believe it's possible for a woman to pee during the extreme physical excitement needed to achieve orgasm. Both functions can't operate simultaneously. Anyway, that has always been my experience, and I doubt that those who say they can do this are having a real orgasm.—*C. M., New York*

We want to know what you think. Please tell us your opinion.—The Editors

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The incredible Penthouse Pets are throwing a party and you're invited! These gorgeous women share those fun and private moments you've only dreamed of. Try to keep up as these energized models take you on a wild ride through sizzling photo shoots, mud fights and pajama parties and their secret fantasies in this whirlwind erotic tour de force! It's one party you won't want to miss!

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Wet Dreams

I want to share this steamy letter I've just received from my boyfriend in the Marine Corps. Here it is:

"It's the start of another day without you. I'm so horny for you that I've been having some very vivid dreams at night. I wake up as hard as I have ever been. I think about lying behind you in bed, feeling your ass up against me, cupping your breasts, caressing the nipples with my fingertips until they start to get hard. You hold my cock between your legs, and I feel you start to squeeze unconsciously. You start to moan so softly that I can barely hear it.

"Then you start to push back against me. The head of my dick just starts to pass through your cunt lips. You're so wet and so warm, I don't want to rush it, but I can't hold back. I start to push against you. When you push back, half my cock slips in. We stay that way for a second or two, then I pull back out. Wetness coats your pussy, making it slippery and ready to take me in all the way. I push forward again and feel your cunt pulling me in.

"You begin to rub your clit. After bringing your fingers to your lips so that you can taste your wetness, you offer them to me. As I taste your juices I decide to get more where that came from, so I pull out of you and crawl around until my head is between your beautiful thighs. When I start to lick your clit I feel your tongue on the head of my cock.

"Now I'm sucking on your clit, reaching back with my hands to rub your nipples, feeling them grow stiff in my fingertips, pinching them softly at first, then harder and harder. I feel my cock slip in and out of your mouth. Your hands grab the shaft, pumping, tickling my balls, as your finger slips gently into my ass hole.

"As I lick your cunt you moan harder and breathe faster. I know you're close now, and you can tell I am also. I begin thrusting forward into your mouth, holding the back of your head with one hand, silently begging you to take me deeper—just a little bit deeper.

"As I feel sweat forming on your thighs I know that you are starting to come. I hear your gasps muffled by my cock buried so deep in your throat. Finally I come in your mouth, the first blast of semen hitting your throat just as you come against my mouth.

"You try to pull away, but my mouth is fastened on your clit and I am determined to taste every drop of you as you come. You take my cock from your mouth, allowing the next few shots of come to fall on your breasts as you pump me with your hand.

"As our breathing returns to normal, I kiss your beautiful face. I can taste a little of me on your lips, just as you can taste a little of you on mine."—*N. V., California*

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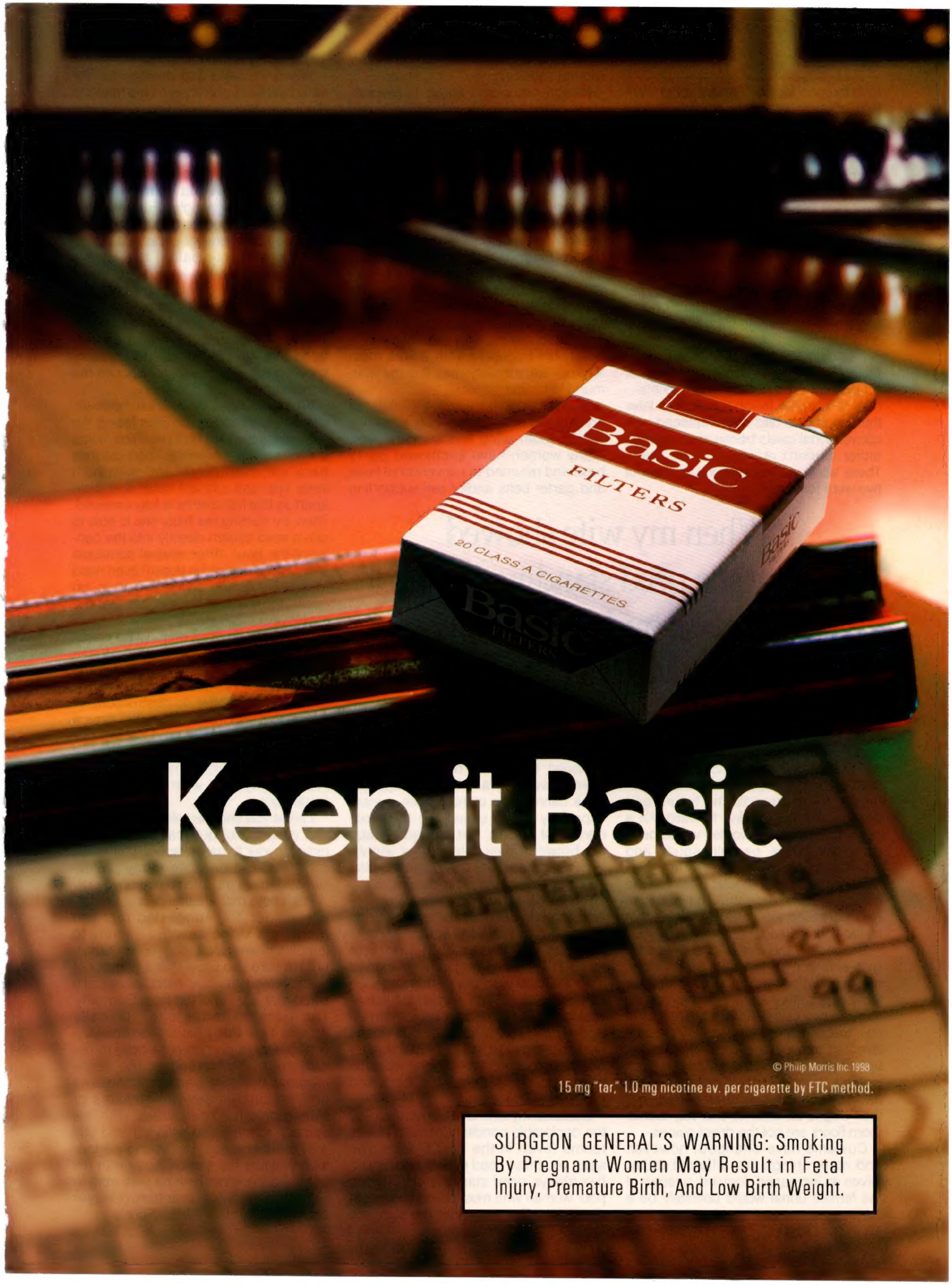
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Take a Stand

In reference to the "Forum" letter from F. S. of Virginia (March '98), she should be aware of the following:

At the outset of my career as an architect in the sixties, the American Standard plumbing-fixture company did indeed design and market a female urinal. It went over like a lead balloon. It was similar to a Flushometer water closet (toilet, in layman's language), except that it had no seat. It had a narrow extended front that allowed a female to straddle it more easily in a standing position with either her front or back to it, depending on the angle of her stream. In plan, it resembled an old-fashioned keyhole.

I actually designed it into two major public buildings, in conventional stalls, 50 percent urinals, 50 percent toilets—only to receive feedback a year later that the urinals had been replaced with conventional toilets because the women either couldn't or wouldn't use them. There were several reasons given, but two were foremost.

> "When my wife showed me how she peed standing up, I got hard. She traded an empty bladder for a vagina full of semen."

The advent and early popularity of panty hose made it awkward for a woman to hold her skirt up, pull down both her panty hose and panties, and, with both garments stretched taut across her thighs, try to straddle the fixture and pee standing up facing forward. As a consequence, most women would back up to the fixture, partially squat, and attempt to hit the mark as they had always done with a regular toilet. But the narrower front defeated the purpose and increased the amount of urine that hit the floor instead.

Second, in the sixties it was rare for girls and women to shave their vulvas, and without a third hand to hold their labia apart, they were trying to urinate through two sets of lips plus a tangle of hair, frequently resulting in either a misdirected stream or a spray that ended up not only missing the fixture but often wetting them and their clothing. They had to wipe not only their vulvas, but their thighs as well. To this day ladies' room floors are not the driest places.

Customs have changed, however, and many things are different today. Given an increased demand, a return of the female urinal would definitely be a major step toward improved sanitary conditions and speedier use of ladies' rooms, reducing the "long lines" F. S. justifiably complains about. I have discussed this at length with my wife, and we offer the following observations and suggestions for your female readers and your male readers' mates.

First of all, a great many women of all ages today either shave their vulvas or trim their pubic hair very short—at least from the front of their crack to the back, leaving the hair on the mons veneris (pubic mound) as adornment. Many shave completely. (How do we know? We have visited many nudist resorts here in Florida and in the Caribbean.) My wife shaves her big lips and trims her pubic mound into the shape of a heart. On February 14th it was most appropriate and very sexy. It is my year-round Valentine.

Above all, a bare vulva facilitates entry of the penis and greatly simplifies wiping (both urine and semen). Also, many women have eschewed panty hose and returned to conventional hose and garter belts and/or self-supporting thigh-top hose. The two major problems of the sixties have now been eliminated.

Although panties still need to be removed, there is no reason why most women wearing a skirt and separate hose cannot pee standing like a man, especially if they shave. We must recognize, of course, that women's anatomy between their legs varies widely, from the neat thin inner labia emanating from the clitoris and disappearing at the vaginal opening (such as Pamela Anderson) to the other extreme of thick, long, wrinkled, and irregular flaps of mucous membrane that protrude through the labia majora and extend from the clitoris to the perineum (such as Lotta Topp). Most women fall somewhere between, as can be confirmed by the profusion of Triple-X adult videos available today. In the case of the latter anatomy, it is probably easier for such women to grasp their inner labia and hold them wide apart.

Because my wife is often repulsed by the deplorable condition of most ladies' rooms (even in the best places, she says, you often need rubber boots), she has always peed standing up. Pity the poor woman who must defecate in such conditions. This has to be the supreme test of agility and endurance.

When we were first married (in our early twenties), she showed me how she did it standing up, and, yes, I did get a hard-on. Actually her demonstration resulted in her trading an empty bladder for a vagina full of my semen.

She deplores panty hose and has always worn hose and garter belt or, in recent years, thigh-highs. Further, when we go out for the evening (dinner, theater, etc.) or whenever a trip to a public rest room is anticipated, she always wears an above-the-knee skirt, either with no panties or else she plans to remove them discreetly before the need should arise. No one but me knows anyway—although I have often suffered through dinner with an erection, knowing my wife is sitting opposite me without underwear.

When the need does arise, however, she simply straddles the toilet facing the wall, slides her skirt up to her hips, holds it in place with her wrists, then reaches back with both hands and pulls both inner lips and shaved outer lips wide apart so that her urethra is fully exposed. Then, by canting her hips, she is able to aim a solid stream directly into the center of the bowl. After several squeezes of her P.C. muscle, she doesn't even need to wipe—a distinct advantage when, on occasion, one realizes too late that the stall is out of toilet paper.

What my wife does may not be possible for all women, particularly those whose urethral opening is buried in the ragged anterior of a torn hymen (whether or not the labia offer no obstruction). In this case a less than controllable stream is probably inevitable, but I believe this to be a rare exception, as I know that all of my wife's intimate friends can pee standing up and wish there were a female urinal.

I hope you find this informative. If you find it worthy of publication as helpful hints for your female readers, please be my guest, but because of my professional status, I must remain anonymous.

P.S. I note that another "Forum" letter [December '97] suggested that you produce a video devoted entirely to females peeing. Not that you shouldn't, but I'm sure you know that a number of such videos already exist, especially some that are imported from Germany. The German tapes can be really bizarre. One that I have seen shows a young lady (a gorgeous blonde) forcefully relieving herself at the same moment that her partner withdraws and ejaculates several streams of semen onto her open vulva. With the camera running (no editing) and still with a full erection, her young partner then washes his semen away with his urine. I don't know how he was able to urinate with a full erection (I never could), but he did.—*J. S., Florida*

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Come along for the ride: Winston's No Bull Roadhouse lets you in on all the excitement of NASCAR racing—free of charge.

SPORTS

Winston's new No Bull Roadhouse is neat stuff.

Winston Cup stock-car racing is the hottest sport in the country. Last year spectacular new tracks opened in Texas and California, and the three-year-old track in Homestead, Florida, as well as Atlanta's Superspeedway all got multimillion-dollar face-lifts and were completely reconfigured. Virtually every other track on the circuit was the scene of new construction as speedway owners rushed to build new grandstands.

No Bull
THEATER

Investors who are putting up the millions to build new tracks and add seats to older facilities are atop a monster growth wave that sees virtually every event on NASCAR's Winston Cup 37-race schedule (including non-point events) a complete sellout. While fans often buy tickets that are scalped at many times their face value so they can see the races in person, those who can't are watching them on TV in record numbers. Every race from Daytona's 500 in mid-February to the season-ending pair of exhibition events in Japan in November is televised live. TV ratings on both networks covering the sport (CBS and ABC) broke records last year, as was the case with the cable operations (ESPN, TBS, and TNN) that televise the events. In fact ratings have gone so high that only pro football and championship play in other major sports garner more viewers per event than Winston Cup racing.

A chain of racing souvenir stores has opened in shopping malls across the country. Fans stand in line to get a seat at one of the many racing theme restaurants that have opened recently.

Oh, yeah, Winston Cup stock-car racing is glowing white hot.

Series sponsor Winston signed on with NASCAR in 1972 when the sport was almost invisible nationally. At the time none of the races were televised, the series was largely regional, and attendance was a small fraction of today's crowds. Winston has not only been along for the ride for the past 26 years, it has played a major role in the sport's dramatic growth.

While most sports' sponsors just pour money in and hope for the best, Winston's money has been less important than the ideas it's brought to the table. The firm's smart guys came up with creative propositions that have made the sport more interesting to a broad audience. Winston's done more to build its series than any other sponsor in the entire history of sports marketing, and it has developed tremendous brand loyalty on the part of the fans who attend the races.

The company's strategy has been to build the sport and go along for the ride. It has gotten one helluva ride.

Now Winston's come up with the No Bull Roadhouse, a fun spot for race fans that is found at virtually every Winston Cup event.

First introduced last year, the No Bull Roadhouse is so big, it has to be set up outside the grandstand area. No admission ticket is needed, and since most tracks don't charge to park, you can visit the No Bull Roadhouse without paying a dime, even if you can't get tickets to the race.

You can't miss the Roadhouse. It's so big, it barely fits in the five trailer trucks that tote it from track to track.

Out front there's a huge panel with some two-dozen Winston Cup race-car hoods all painted up in the colors of the top teams. Two Thunder Theaters, one on each end, show a spectacular eight-and-a-half-minute racing video. Because Winston advertising is part of the video, and because Winston doesn't send its message to kids, you must be over 21 to get in.

Created by the talent-rich Lingner group, which has a long association with Winston Cup and other major-league racing, the free-admission video features high-intensity stock-car-racing action with clips from some of the most dramatic moments of the past several years. The sound system is as good as any in New York's top night spots. The music's loud, and the cars roar across the screen with drums pounding out a high-compression heartbeat. The video is so realistic that when the screen shows driver Michael Waltrip crashing into a safety barrier of water-filled bar-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 193

WORDS

Not since Margaret Mitchell has a writer come from so far out of nowhere as Frank McCourt. Maybe farther.

Just consider: Margaret Mitchell had had four years in her twenties as a reporter for the *Atlanta Journal* and was still only 36 when, having labored on it for a decade, her *Gone With the Wind* was published in 1936. It won the Pulitzer Prize and sold 1,383,000 copies that first year.

Frank McCourt in his twenties, fresh off the boat from Ireland—though he'd been born in New York—could boast of not much more than working the docks on the Hudson River, shooting the breeze in the White Horse or the Lion's Head with pals like the Clancy Brothers, and, as a hapless bird tender, gluing 39 dead canaries to their perches on the 19th floor of the Biltmore Hotel. His subsequent actual adult life would be spent as a teacher—on the testimony of hundreds of his students, a greatly gifted one. He was well beyond 60 when he finally found a way of writing the book that would become *Angela's Ashes;* was 66 when, in September 1996, this heartrending, heart-pulsing memoir of a gruesomely impoverished Limerick boyhood was brought out by Scribner's.

Fourteen months later, as of the date of the several conversations that are welded into one overall interview here, there had been more than 50 printings of *Angela's Ashes,* with more than 1.8 million hardcover copies in print in North America alone, plus many thousands in 13 countries elsewhere; it had been 53 weeks on *The New York Times* best-seller list, most of those weeks in first place, it had won the Pulitzer Prize, the National Book Critics' Circle Award, and a bulging fistful of other honors and awards; had been chosen Best Book or Best Nonfiction Book of 1997 by *Time, Newsweek, The New York Times Book Review,* and a dozen other publications.

And everywhere that Frank McCourt went, here, there, and abroad, he was recognized by people who came up to him to tell him how much they loved his book, how much it meant to them, how they cried through it, laughed through it, how it had colored and added to their lives.

Angela was Frank's mother—the mother for whom nothing in life was ever provided by her feckless, unemployable husband Malachy, except impregnation with children—and before 80 of this book's 364 unforgettable pages are out, three of her children will be dead, little Margaret, back in America, and the twins Oliver and Eugene, of hunger, cold, and the great sheets of rain that gather out in the Atlantic Ocean "to drift slowly up the River Shannon and settle forever in Limerick."

Francis, Frankie the boy who would grow into Frank the man, is denied warmth and love and medical attention and anything properly called an education

CONTINUED ON PAGE 178

Best-selling author Frank McCourt (left) talks about Ireland, America, the Pulitzer Prize, and life after *Angela's Ashes.*

CLOTHES CALL

Do you have any ideas for weekend hang-out clothes?
—Lounging Lizard

Dear Lizard:

This summer the weekend signals the end of the weak, since the newest trends for men are biceps-flexing looks borrowed from the military, the weight room, and the garage.

Proving once and for all that fatigues are not tired, cargo-pocketed Army pants become the new basic, and can be found at retail in a variety of colors like olive drab, khaki beige, cotton corduroy, and super-dark denim. Baggy wider legs are still important, but newest are neater, slimmer-legged looks. And safari, so good: This year's dog days will bring that same style, cropped at the knee for an *Out of Africa* thing. Weekend warriors will be stylin' in all kinds of camouflage. Look for jungle greens and browns as well as recolored urban and arctic camos in whites, grays, blues, and blacks.

For a less severe interpretation, mix it up with locker-room-inspired hooded sweats in cotton, nylon, and fleece, or a simple body-hugging T-shirt, tucked in or not, depending on your physique. (It's okay to dress like a mechanic, but nobody wants to see your spare tire.)

This summer, men's clothing will also be inspired by industrial workwear. Darker, heavier-weight overalls and coveralls can be rolled up at the bottom or cropped mid-calf for that "just off work" look. For maximum impact, you can also practice spitting or expelling other bodily fluids.—*Nicki Gondell*

Ms. Gondell is a forecaster for the fashion industry. If you have a style question for "Clothes Call," e-mail penthouse.editorial@generalmedia.com.

FAST**FORWARD**

VIDEOS

FOR DADS

Jack Nicklaus: Golf My Way/Parts I and II: Golf tips from one of the greats.

Elvis Commemorative Collection, Volume I: The King's best movies are all here, including *Jailhouse Rock* and *Viva Las Vegas*, plus a "lost performance" tape.

Casablanca: The time-honored classic with Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman is right for any occasion.

Baseball: A comprehensive look at the history of the national pastime by Ken Burns that will score with any fan.

Some great video gift ideas for Father's Day, for the high-school grad starting college, and the college grad heading off into the real world.

In the Name of the Father: In this drama of the I.R.A., a father and son (Academy Award winner Daniel Day-Lewis) get close when they wind up sharing the same jail cell.

John Wayne Anniversary Collector's Gift Set: The incomparable Duke in some of his best films, including *Angel and the Badman* and *The Quiet Man.*

Patton: George C. Scott won (but then refused to accept) an Oscar for his brilliant portrayal of General Patton in one of the greatest World War II movies.

The Ice Storm: Kevin Kline discovers wife-swapping in the suburbs while his kids experiment with sex for the first time.

A Bronx Tale: Robert De Niro shines as a loving father who tries in vain to steer his son away from organized crime in Chazz Palmintieri's powerful memoir.

Parenthood: Three generations of fathers and sons try to come to terms with one another in director Ron Howard's funny and touching film.

FOR GRADS

The Secret of My Success: Michael J. Fox shows you how to climb the corporate ladder by lying, cheating, and fooling around with the boss's wife.

Chris Rock: Bring the Pain: The funniest guy alive tells it like it is in an uproarious Emmy Award–winning stand-up performance.

The Freshman: Side-splitting comedy about a college student (Matthew Broderick) who gets a part-time job working for a Mafia chieftain (Marlon Brando).

The Sure Thing: Lots of laughs and trouble are in store for John Cusack, a college freshman looking to travel cross-country so he can hook up with a hot babe.

The Rainmaker: A fresh-out-of-law-school idealist takes on a large fraudulent insurance firm in a searing adaptation of John Grisham's novel. If you've just passed the bar, make this film a prerequisite to practice.

NBA Grooves: A slam-dunk collection of basketball's hottest stars strutting their stuff to the music of today's top-selling recording artists.

Revenge of the Nerds: If you're off to college but don't think you're cool enough, take heart. These dorky freshmen form their own fraternity and fight back in style.

Horse Feathers: The academic life, Marx Brothers–style, 1932, as Groucho, Harpo, and Chico wreak havoc on a university campus.

In the Company of Men: Two cocky young execs plan to romance and then dump an innocent deaf female co-worker just for kicks. Fascinating viewing for anyone about to enter the business world.

Full Metal Jacket: Director Stanley Kubrick's brutal look at Marine boot camp and war. If you're looking to join the military to be "all that you can be," watch this video first.—*Neil Rosen*

SOUNDS

Ani DiFranco is definitely on a roll. Her concerts are instant sellouts. Her ten self-produced recordings have sold more than one million copies through her independent label, Righteous Babe Records. More than a dozen fan-generated Websites can be found. Bob Dylan invited DiFranco to co-headline his 1997 summer tour.

DiFranco's lyrically vibrant music—a brilliant amalgam of folk, punk, rock, hip hop, jazz, and West African rhythms—conveys life's *yin* and *yang* of love, betrayal, anger, loneliness, and exhilaration. What's even more interesting are her electrifyingly candid vocals. DiFranco shifts in a heartbeat from a sweet croon to a fiery cry of pain; her fluid, percussive guitar playing is the perfect complement.

Fans will be delighted with her latest release, *Little Plastic Castle*. Loops and samples abound, contributing to an edgier overall feel as DiFranco wrestles with life's demons—and with spirit to spare.
—*Rick Petreycik*

A TALK WITH KIM BASINGER

What is your picture of the Hollywood glamour scene back in the days when L.A. Confidential *took place?*

I'm such a fan of the forties and fifties. My husband [Alec Baldwin] and I have that in common.... I look at movie stars like Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, and Cary Grant. They were magical. And watching movies with those people in them made me want to be in this business.

Would you have liked to have lived in that era?

The funny thing is that I wouldn't. Despite my love for that period, I'm living the life I'm supposed to be in....

Back in those days the studios controlled your life. They told you how to look, who to marry. I wouldn't have stood for it.... But back then the studios did protect their stars from the press if they [the stars] did something that was not too nice. Today there's no damage control. Things are completely out of hand.

Do you ever feel insecure about your ability to play a role successfully?

I always think of Jack Lemmon, who said something like, "The day I stop being nervous is the day I'll stop acting." I think that says a lot. In other words, fear can take you a long way. Befriend it.

Is there a particular director you'd like to work for?

Woody Allen. He actually offered me a part once, but because of a scheduling conflict I couldn't do it.... I've always loved the performances that he got out of Diane Keaton and Mia Farrow. There's something about working with him that must bring out people's best work.

What was the most fun you ever had on a movie set?

I loved making *9½ Weeks.* There was a time in my life, when the movie first came out, that women would run up to me on the street and say they wanted me to teach them some sexual technique that was in the film. I would answer that I don't know what to tell you and I'm not going there.... Sometimes it got embarrassing.... People think that because you made this sexual movie, you're into X, Y, and Z or whatever.

How have you dealt with typecasting?

The acting business is the most insecure business in the world, and you want the people who do the hiring to believe in you. But early on in a career, when you are somewhat typecast, your persona is more famous than you are.... In my case my persona outrode me. It blew up like the Goodyear blimp, and hung over me, and I had no way of controlling that. Starting with the phrase "sex symbol" early on in my life, I couldn't articulate anything in my life when someone would call me that. I'd just say, okay. Happily, nowadays I've been given some breaks to show what I'm able to do from an acting standpoint.—*Neil Rosen*

Captain Morgan

Actress Kim Basinger shares her loves, her fears, and the inside scoop on those steamy sex scenes from *9½ Weeks.*

SPIRITS

The continued popularity of the Daiquiri and the Margarita—in both their classic and frozen renditions—represents only two examples of the ongoing success of rum and tequila, especially during the summer months.

The Daiquiri—rum, lime juice, and sugar—can be made with the best-selling Bacardi or with such flavored bottlings as Bacardi Limón or Captain Morgan Spiced Rum. You can subtly vary the taste of the traditional Daiquiri by adding a dash of Perle de Brillet pear liqueur or the apricot-flavored Marie Brizard Apry.

Most drinks call for light rums, but dark, aged rums will add an extra measure of flavor and complexity (and can also be enjoyed on their own); try Mount Gay, from Barbados; Myers's and Appleton Estate, from Jamaica; and Haiti's Barbancourt.

It's likely that three quarters of all the tequila poured goes into Margaritas. The classic Margarita—tequila, lime juice, and Cointreau—is now often made with triple sec, a less expensive orange liqueur; try substituting Grand Marnier for a more flavorful version. Jóse Cuervo, the brand that accounts for almost half the tequila sold, has introduced the citrus-flavored Mistico, which adds another layer of taste to tequila-based drinks.

HERRADURA
HERRADURA
HERRADURA
AÑEJO
REPOSADO GOLD
TEQUILA HERRADURA

That most tequila is served in mixed drinks hasn't prevented the many producers of this spirit from sending us premium bottlings. These include the añejos of Herradura, Patrón, and Porfidio, and the Conmemorativo bottling of Sauza.—*Alexis Bespaloff*

JUSTICE

By Alan M. Dershowitz

If you doubt any link between political speech and sexual expression, read today's headlines.

There is a dangerous trend among some judges and legal scholars toward arguing that "sexual" speech merits a lower level of constitutional protection than "political" speech. They claim that political speech lies at the "core" of the First Amendment, while sexual expression lies at its periphery. The fallacy here is that there's a neat line separating the political from the sexual. This was not true at the time the First Amendment was ratified, and it is not true today.

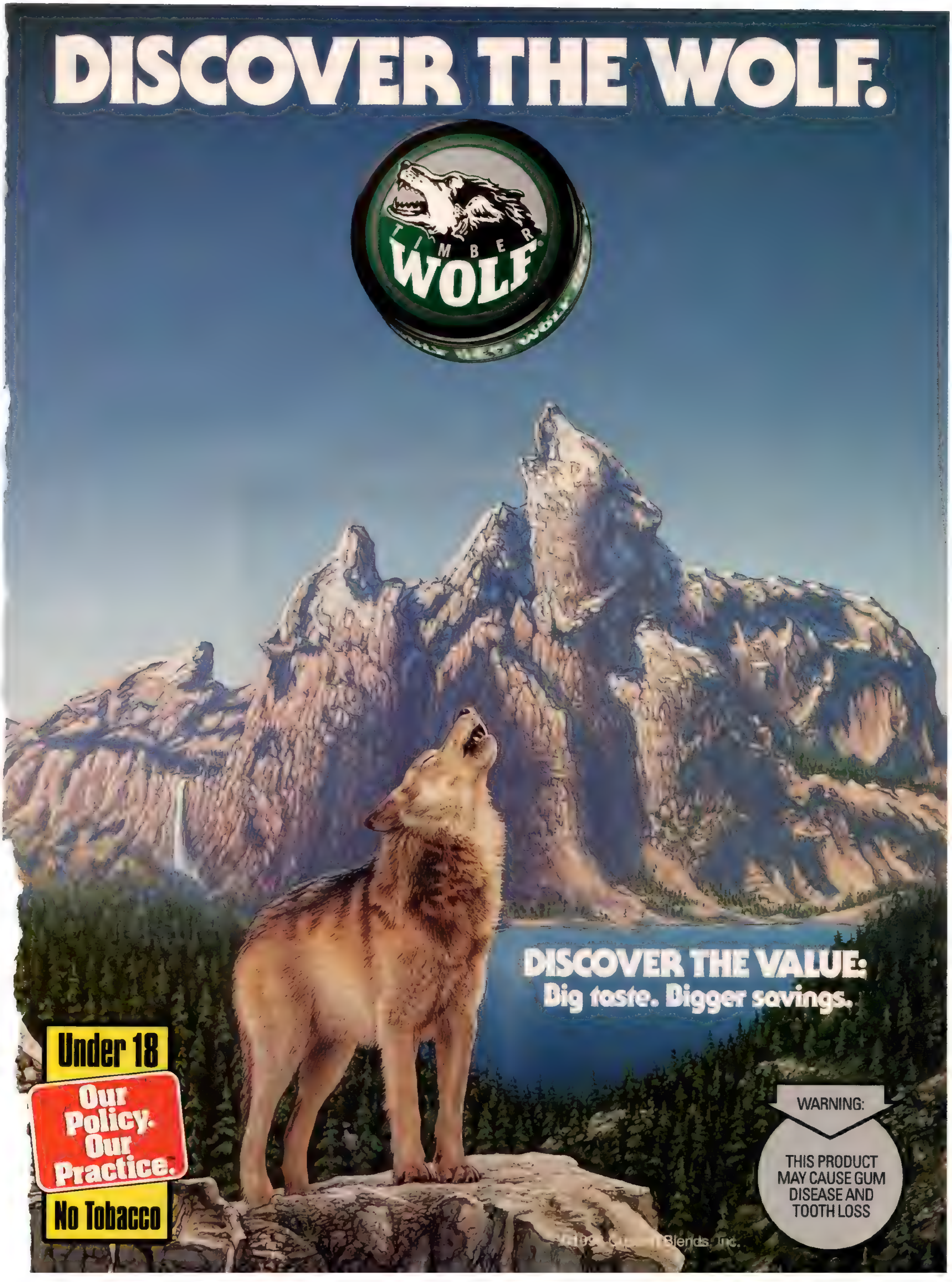
Our Founding Fathers—the very fact that they were all men, by the way, suggests a correlation between politics and sex—were a raunchy crew that included philanderers, pornographers, adulterers, and libertines. The commentary of the day partook of the scatological as well as the erotic. Vicious sexual allegations against King George III were common. The *Boston Gazette* called Massachusetts Governor Hutchinson "a rascal" snatched from the "dunghill." A Tory writer retorted in kind by calling the *Gazette* "dunghill bred" and "Monday's Dung Barge." The *New York Journal* likened Mother England to "an old abandoned prostitute crimsoned o'er with every abominable crime." The penchant for scatological epithets did not end with American independence. A leading post-Revolutionary case involved a man who publicly expressed his wish "that a cannon had lodged in the President's posterior."

No wonder the framers insisted on protecting freedom of expression in absolute terms: "Congress shall make no law ... abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press." No exception was made for sexual expression. Indeed one of the first attempts by Congress to breach the blanket prohibition against any law abridging freedom of speech was directed against political, not sexual, speech, in the form of the notorious Alien and Sedition Laws of 1798. The first significant congressional attack on sexual speech did not occur until the Comstock laws of 1873, which banned speech relating to politico-sexual issues like birth control.

Laws censoring pornography and obscenity have often been used to try to stifle unpopular political speech. For example, when the city of Boston censored the musical *Hair* in the late sixties, it publicly focused on the play's nudity, but in private conversations city officials acknowledged that the real stinger was its political and religious message.

If there ever was any doubt about the intimacy between sex and politics, one need merely look at today's headlines. Presidents Kennedy, Clinton, Eisenhower, and others have been embroiled in politico-sexual scandals, as were Martin Luther King, Jr., J. Edgar Hoover, Benjamin Netanyahu, and François Mitterand. Celebrities like Pamela Anderson Lee, Michael Jackson, Tonya Harding, Pee-Wee Herman, and Hugh Grant have had their sex lives become the subject of lawsuits, videotapes, and news reports. Catharine MacKinnon and Andrea Dworkin, the high priestesses of sexual censorship, argue that pornography is political propaganda, thus acknowledging that it is "core" speech even under the test that raises the political over the pornographic. Sex is politics, politics is sex, and never the twain shall be parted.

It is misguided to reduce the constitutional protection accorded sexual expression. To do so would inevitably reduce the protection for political expression as well. It is also misguided to talk about the "core" of the First Amendment, since any such core is likely to change over time and with changes in the nature of the prevalent media and messages. The brilliance of the First Amendment—which is part of the basic contract of governance with the American people—is that it is broadly framed, designed for all seasons. It should not be read technically, like a last will and testament—lest it become one.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SMART SEX

By Dr. Judy Kuriansky

With half a million new cases every year, genital herpes is definitely an epidemic, but one we can live with.

Steve was showering when he first noticed white bumps on his penis. A few days later they became blisters. Freaked, he didn't tell anyone until his basketball buddy Stuart confessed to having genital herpes, and Steve realized that he too had that sexually transmitted infection.

"I'll never have sex again," Steve said, gritting his teeth. Then he added, "Wait till I get hold of the girl who gave this to me."

Steve's anger and panic are not uncommon. More than two thirds of 3,000 herpes sufferers in one study reported feeling depressed, ashamed, and fearful of rejection. What's essential is not blaming, judging, or doom-saying, but accepting herpes as something manageable and realizing it's not the end of sex—or love.

Follow my four F's, which apply to any health threat: Get the *f*acts, face the *f*eelings, be ef*f*ective, and continue af*f*ection.

Take solace; you are not alone. One out of five men and women have it. With half a million new cases every year, this S.T.D. is epidemic.

Precautions in sex are essential. The herpes virus is spread by skin-to-skin contact, either from person to person or from one part of yourself to another: mouths, genitals, thighs, buttocks or anal area. Wash hands thoroughly after touching (soap and water kills the virus). Wear underwear. Use condoms, but realize they don't cover all possibly infected areas. Abstain from sex altogether at the first symptoms (redness, itching, burning, swelling) until days afterward. Find new ways of lovemaking: neck, rub through your clothes, do mutual masturbation.

Put past partners on the alert so they don't become a Typhoid Mary or a Typhoid Marty, since the virus is contagious even without symptoms.

Since anxiety triggers attacks, learn to relax, burn off stress by working out, distract yourself with a new hobby. Anxiety gets reduced by action.

Fortunately some prescription antiviral medications (Zovirax, Famvir, and the newer Valtrex) lessen the frequency of outbreaks, the severity of symptoms, and healing time. People with troublesome cases can continue taking the drug every day as a preventive measure (called "suppressive therapy"); this makes sex less risky.

The next time Steve wants to have sex with some woman, he has to tell her about his condition. Be prepared: Some people will run the other way. As Stuart said, "I got dumped every time I told." But everyone with herpes is ethically (and even legally) bound to inform a sexual partner. Practice by telling a close friend. Wait with lovers until trust is there. Choose a comfortable time and place, act confident, then say, "I enjoy being close to you, and we need to talk about safer sex." Explain the facts and discuss the feelings. Facing up to risks is a good sign of respect and commitment to your future together. Agree on how and when to have sex.

Don't go it alone. Hot lines and support groups are available from the American Social Health Association at (800) 230-6039. There are even herpes dating services. Steve loved the idea of finding a woman who has herpes. It sounded sexy to explore alternative therapies together—trying out natural remedies (herbs like echinacea with goldenseal and ginseng, glycyrrhizic acid from licorice, and essential oils like eucalyptus and bergamot). Cooking together would be sexy and fun, avoiding foods rich in the amino acid arginine (chocolate, nuts, corn, rice, wheat, tomato, squash), which makes herpes worse, and making food high in the amino acid lysine (fish, seafood, chicken, turkey, eggs, potatoes, brewer's yeast), which helps.

Having herpes needn't sound so ominous after all. The sores are irritating, but love and sex don't have to be.

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"...For many women, oral sex is a favorite form of sexual stimulation. A warm tongue on a clitoris, moving up and down, back and forth, (Demonstration) can feel better to her than fingers or penis."

Video 2: Advanced Sexual Techniques
Discover more advanced sexual practices. Each erotic technique is illustrated in explicit detail by participating couples. Techniques you'll view include specific positions for deeper penetration, demonstrations of oral sex (fellatio and cunnilingus), information about anal stimulation, demonstrations of male & female orgasm, and much more.

"...If you find that his semen tastes okay, then try fellatio to just before orgasm, finishing the last few seconds with your hands. Then lick some of the semen off his penis. With practice you might become comfortable with the idea of his ejaculate in your mouth. Like Mary, (Demonstration) you may learn to enjoy your lover 'coming' in your mouth and swallowing his semen. There's nothing in an ejaculation that's in any way harmful to swallow."

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FEEDBACK

I Am Woman

"Missions & Makeup" (January 1998) by Stephanie M. Gutmann was a very good article, but some things about it really pissed me off. I see women taking shit for so many things, and yet there's still this hostile attitude toward them. When anything new is attempted there will always be problems to be worked out. Women are having a hell of a time trying to prove themselves. They don't need the hostility.

I agree that pregnancy is a problem. But men should bear as much responsibility for birth control as women.

missions & makeup

The war between the sexes rages on over women in the military.

What are the men so afraid of? That a woman might do something better? Women should be put through the same tests as men. But would a woman need to pass push-ups if she were training to be a teacher? No. There are also many small, weak, and fat men in the military who can't do their jobs, but it's okay for them because they are men.

My husband is a teacher in the Navy, and there are so many fat men on his ship I'm surprised it stays above water.

My husband teaches electronic warfare. He tells me that his female students do as well as, if not better than, his male students.

You have pointed out all the problems, but failed to provide any solutions. I want my daughter and me to have the same opportunities as any man.

I would also like to say that I am a *Penthouse* subscriber, and this magazine wouldn't exist without women.—*V. S., Virginia*

The author responds:

I focused on the problems in the new coed military because I believe they don't get enough airing. The politically correct coverage provided by major newspapers guarantees that we see nothing but noble heroines.

For instance, we now know that Kelly Flinn was less than a paragon of military virtue, but when she first qualified to fly the B-52, the press coverage making her out to be (as she herself put it) a kind of "poster girl" was relentless. I started writing about this subject back in 1995 because I found the coverage of such things as the coed Gulf War one-sided and unrealistic. Sergeants and flight instructors everywhere are still afraid to air any kind of basic complaint about the difficulties of gender integration, and we still haven't had an honest national discussion.

Of course *Penthouse* wouldn't exist without women, but that's because *Penthouse* focuses on the ways women are, ahem, different from men. As the French say, *Vive la différence!* The U.S. military, on the other hand, is running into trouble because it is so resolutely trying to pretend that *la différence* does not exist. —*Stephanie M. Gutmann*

It's a Man's World

I have just read "Missions & Makeup" and found that it raised some interesting points —but it left some out as well. Political correctness and feminization are sweeping through the armed forces like a forest fire through Yellowstone.

I have attended training sessions and classes on how to deal with the media, thanks to my current unit's high-profile status and gender-integration policies. My job is to teach younger Marines combat skills to keep them and their peers alive in the event that they are placed in harm's way. Many of the seasoned personnel who believe in the military and what it stands for are leaving the service because of gender integration and the lowering of standards that comes with it.

The higher-ranking officers and staff noncommissioned officers are doing everything they can to comply with policies that continually weaken force structures and readiness. Those who speak out are quietly gotten rid of.

These problems will not go away unless the public takes a stand. Write to your elected officials. Otherwise the military will continue to struggle in a quagmire of ambiguous rules perpetually spiraling us downward.—*S. M., North Carolina*

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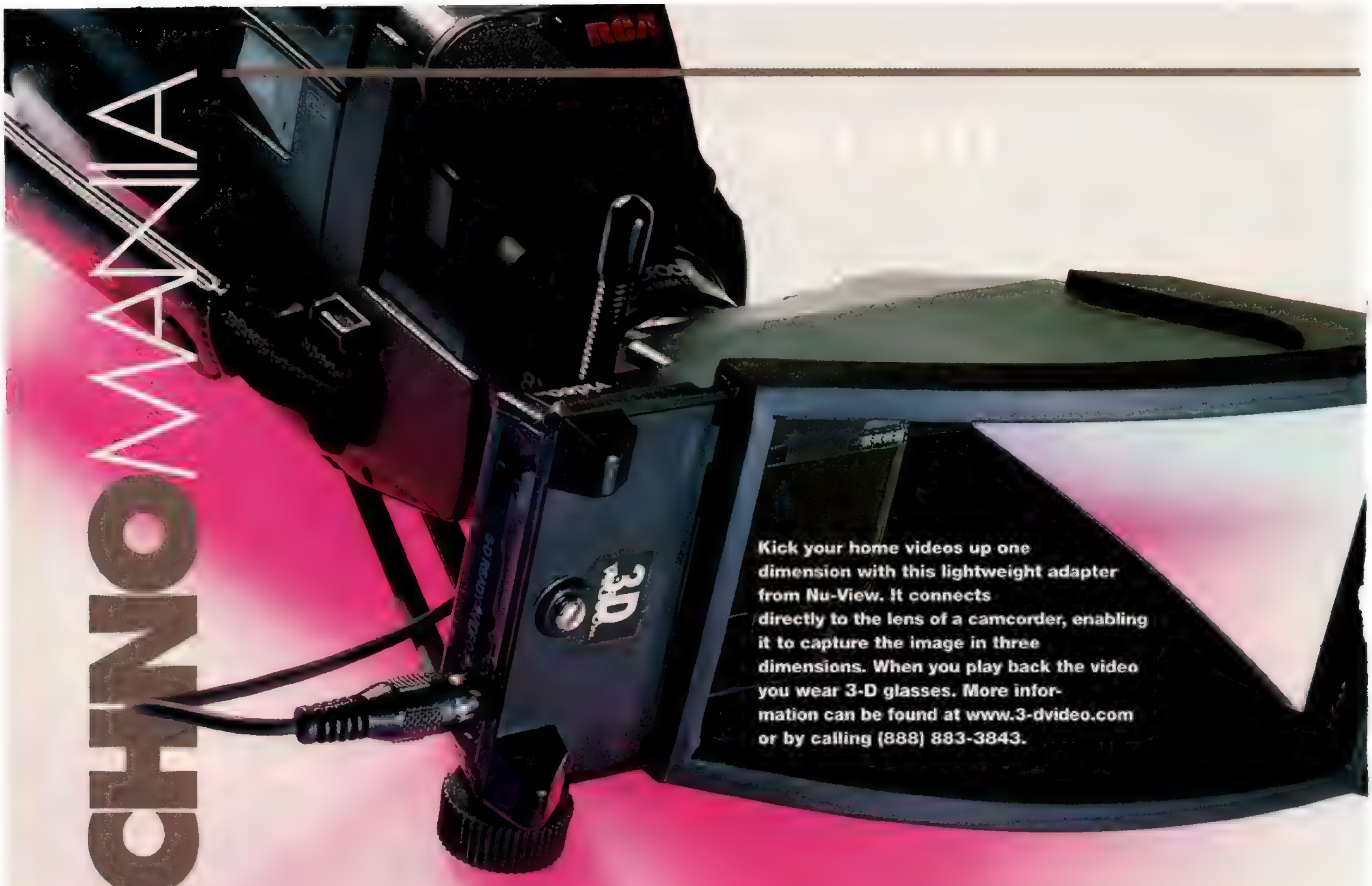
TECHNOMANIA

High-tech tools for the 21st century

By Ken Sander

Photos Robert Lorenz

Every year this technomaniac (along with 110,000 other people) hops on a plane to Las Vegas for the Consumer Electronics Show, where we get to preview all the new products. The show is spread out over the city, and even four days is not enough to cover it all. By the end of the experience I'm exhausted and overwhelmed. But don't get me wrong, I loved every second. Here's what I found for you.



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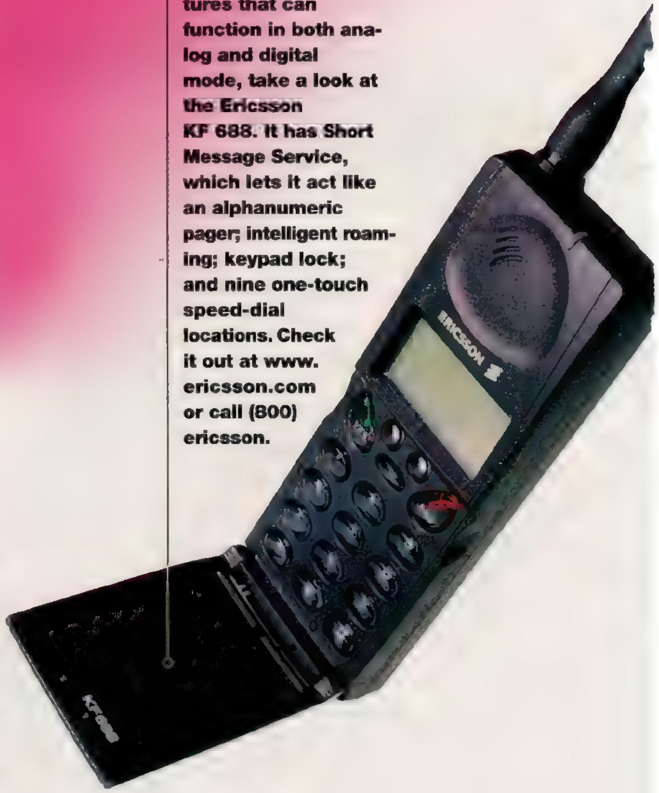

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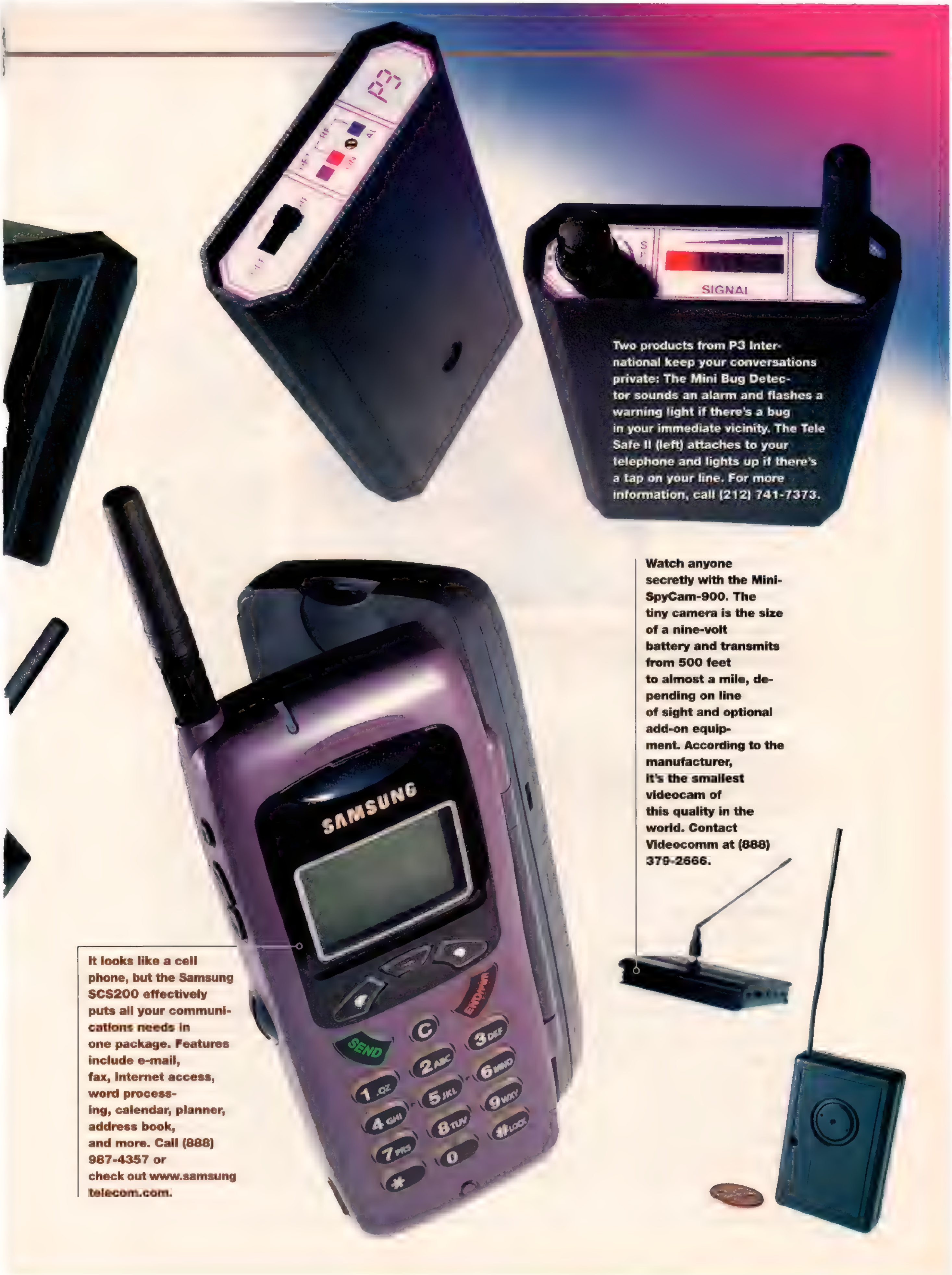

Two products from P3 International keep your conversations private: The Mini Bug Detector sounds an alarm and flashes a warning light if there's a bug in your immediate vicinity. The Tele Safe II (left) attaches to your telephone and lights up if there's a tap on your line. For more information, call (212) 741-7373.

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XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

Lady of the Ring

I like to go to a certain strip club in San Francisco. There's a blonde named Bobbi I've been trying to score with for a year or so now. She's made it plain that she likes me but that sex between us is out of the question. Last week she told me that a friend of hers was up from Los Angeles working for a couple of weeks at another strip club, and that the friend would like to meet me. Bobbi said, "She really likes to fuck, so you two should get along just fine."

I made arrangements to have the house to myself on Saturday, and then went to meet the two of them for lunch. Belinda, Bobbi's friend, was beautiful but tough-looking, with a terrific figure and long, shapely legs. We had lunch, then I took Belinda home. She was wearing very tight jeans and a flannel shirt that she left unsnapped halfway down to show that she wasn't wearing a bra.

When we got home we went out back to the patio. She said it was a nice warm day, and then asked if nudity was okay. I said yes, and she proceeded to strip. Under the jeans and shirt she was stark naked. She was wearing high heels and nothing else, and she was gorgeous, with nice firm breasts, big nipples, and a shaved pussy.

She turned on the CD player, danced on the patio table for me, and then strutted around on it for a while, fingering her pussy slit and getting me hot. She lay back on the tabletop and fingered her pussy open to give me a close-up inside view. After a while she knelt on the tabletop and leaned over, letting me suck on those terrific tits. Her nipples were hard, and her breasts felt real, although at first I thought they might be artificial since they were so big. She told me they were 36D and all real. She kept switching them on me, letting me suck one, then the other. She seemed to like it a lot. Then she announced that the sucking and sun had made her hungry for sex. I agreed and stripped; she sucked me off.

I was a little disappointed, but she said I'd last longer for the fucking. We went inside to the bedroom, where she sucked me until I was hard again. Then she took a ring out of her handbag and snapped it around my cock at the base. It was tight. She said that since I have a big cock she had to use the extra-large size. It was a little uncomfortable, but I was so horny I didn't care. She lay on the bed and spread her terrific legs, fingering her pussy and giving me an eyeful. I knelt between her legs, shoved my cock into her, and started fucking.

She was a fucking machine. She came every five minutes or so, and she just kept coming. It was like riding a roller coaster. She moved around under me very expertly. We fucked all over the bed, and then on the carpet, and even tried a few other ways. We fucked while she bent over a chair and my cock was in her pussy from behind. We fucked on the sofa in the living room, and she made me fuck her on the dining-room table. It was a real turn-on to see my cock sliding in and out of her smooth cunt while her legs were stuck up in the air in front of me. They are really nice legs. She made me lie down on the living-room carpet, and she rode me up and down while fingering her clit and coming some more.

We went on all afternoon, and she stayed hot, wet, and horny. But I couldn't come because of the ring around my cock, and by late afternoon I was nearly out of my mind. Finally she said she had to get ready to go to work; she unsnapped the ring from my cock. I looked at it. It was in three sections, with two gold hinges and a gold clasp lock. The locking button was in the shape of the face of a monkey or a funny old man, and she said it was this part that rubbed against her clit. She

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said the ring itself was made of black jade. She put it away and said I could fuck her until I came. We went back into the bedroom, and she came two or three more times before I did. I was holding back with all my might to see how much I could make her come again. But finally I had to let go, and when I did it felt so damn good, after all that time fucking but not coming. When I pulled out she sucked my cock dry, extending my pleasure even longer. She sucks as well as she fucks. Afterward we both dressed, and I took her to the club she was working at. Then I went back home.

I've never had sex like that, and I've never seen a ring like that. A couple of my friends say they haven't heard of anything like it either. But they both want to meet Belinda. Xaviera, do you know what the ring was and where it comes from or who invented it? Where can I get one?—W. S., California

Such an intricate ring is not an easy thing to locate, and had I managed to find one it would be against the rules of this column to give free publicity to whoever made it.

Normal cock rings of various sizes are readily available in your friendly corner sex shop. The disadvantage of a ring that is tight enough to stop you from ejaculating is that your dick may not soften up until you do. The idea of the ring is to make your penis hard and keep it that way, which is also going to make it hard to get the ring off. It is what might be called a vicious circle.

One of my lovers, an aging hippie who sports a ponytail, likes to let his hair fly loose while making love, and his original idea of stashing his hair tie on his dick so as not to lose it while philandering in no-man's-land (a woman's pad) has escalated to the idea of using it as an elastic penis ring. He also showed me how, when the hair tie gets old and stretched, it can be put to double use, twisted around not only the penis but behind the balls as well.

The answer to your question is to find a jeweler or precision engineer and have him make a prototype ring clasp to your specifications. I would suggest stainless steel for the first models, but if those are successful, you could even market any future ones with a gold or platinum finish.

Hung Up

What does a woman mean when she says that a man is hung? How big is hung? Is that soft or hard?

Claudia is 54 and built, which means she has full breasts, long legs, and a firm, round ass. I'm 48, five feet eleven, and have a six-and-three-quarter-inch erection (she measured it).

It doesn't take much to get me hard, and half the time I'm semi-erect. Claudia has good hands and a hungry mouth. She sucks my cock every day, though she keeps me from coming sometimes, because that way she can suck me hard three or four times a day and we can fuck till she's satisfied.

The first time we fucked, when she saw me nude and erect she said I was well hung, but I've seen guys with cocks the size of a horse's. She said that isn't well hung, that's enormous. A woman can take a 12-inch cock, but it's more a head trip than a sex trip. She told me about this guy who had a ten-inch dick and his brother who had a 12-inch one; she fucked them both at the same time. She said it was a fantasy, getting it in the mouth, cunt, and ass, but she wouldn't do it again. She wants to enjoy it, not be concerned about whether the guy knows what to do with it.

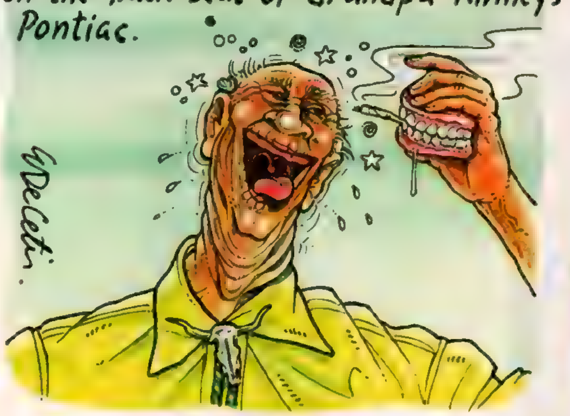
So how big is hung? I'm not weirded out about it, I'm just wondering. I once fucked this amazon; she was six four and her cunt was as tight as a fist, and I hit bottom. I fucked this real slender girl and she had a bottomless cunt like a cave, so I'm aware that women are as different as men.

Do you like real big cocks, eight inches

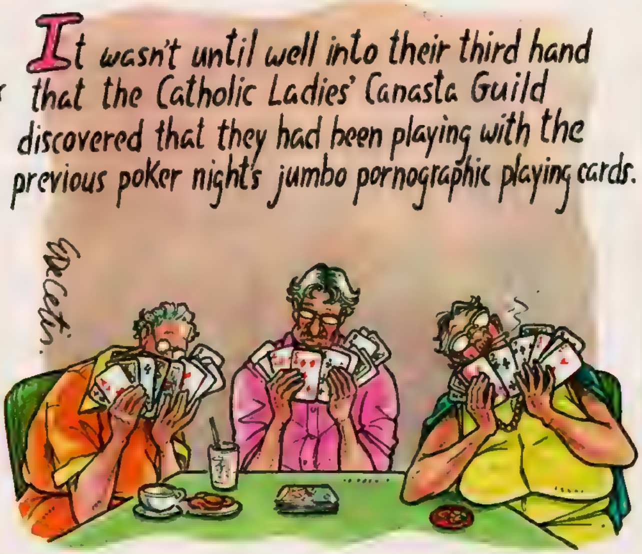
GREAT MOMENTS IN HISTORY

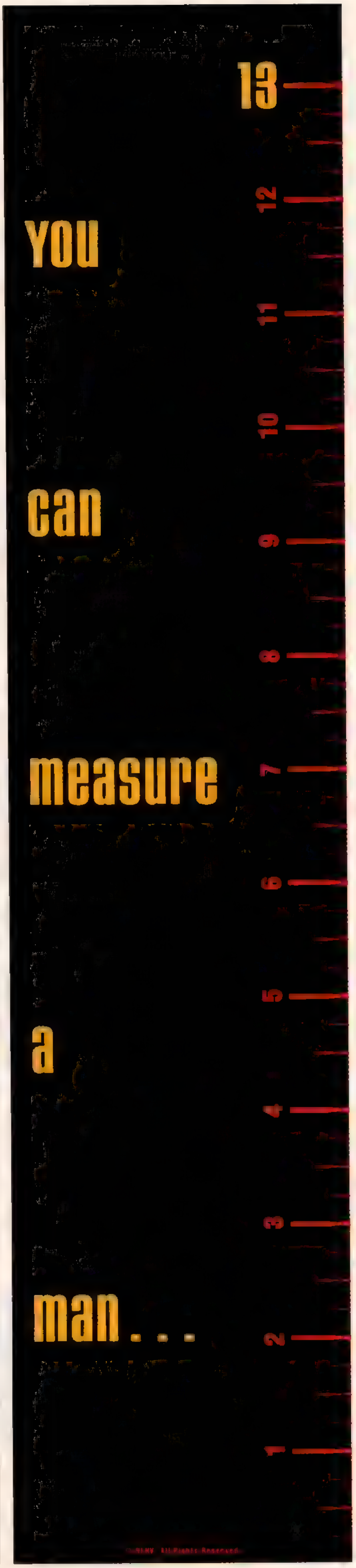
SATIRE BY ERIC JAY DECETIS

August 15, 1969: It wasn't until she was on a bus to Woodstock that Rebecca realized that she had left her stash box on the back seat of Grandpa Kinney's Pontiac.



It wasn't until well into their third hand that the Catholic Ladies' Canasta Guild discovered that they had been playing with the previous poker night's jumbo pornographic playing cards.





and bigger? Have you had several big cocks at once, in your mouth, cunt, and ass, and did you enjoy it? What is the perfect-size cock to you? Not what the guy can do with it, but if you had a dream lover, how big a cock would you want?—H. S., Texas

In three quarters of the civilized world I am famous for being outspoken, and therefore I can get away with telling you that six and three-quarters inches, although a smidgen larger than the average, is not really in the *big* league.

I would say that *big* starts at eight inches, and for many women that is also where the pain or pleasure starts. A woman's vagina is capable of expanding to release a 15-pound baby, but childbirth is not something one wants to experience every day. A girl with a tight little pussy is more than happy with five to six inches (the average), but a woman who has more space inside, which may be the result of having babies, prefers dicks constructed on a grander scale.

You make no mention of the girth of your one-eyed trouser snake, but in fact a five-incher that is really thick can be more satisfying than a ten-inch pencil.

We learn so much bullshit from porn movies, which have developed into a kind of sexual ritual. Lots of dudes think that the last come shot, where the guy pulls his nine- or ten-incher out of her slot and jerks copious squirts of semen (or it may be emulsion paint, hand cream, or cottage cheese for all I know) over the girl's face or tits, while she looks up at him with an expression of imbecile delight on her come-soaked face, is what you are supposed to do, and that really annoys me.

As you so rightly comment, women vary in size as much as men, so if you have a three-inch vagina mated to even a six-inch cock you have not one, but two misfits.

My ideal is medium size, around seven inches long, and at least two inches in diameter (I just measured a beauty), but it is no good saying you are not interested in what the guy can do with it, because that is all that matters. It is like the girl who had the biggest tits in the world and somebody asked, "What can she do?" The answer: "With a little bit of assistance she can sit up."

It is no use having the biggest cock in the world if you don't know how to use it and need a blood transfusion to get it up. The ideal situation is to find someone your own size.

Unrequited Love

I am 20 years old and am writing to you because of a problem I'm having with my former girlfriend. Lillie and I started dating our senior year in high school, and even though we went out for six months we never had sex (although I wanted to, desperately). Lillie was the first girl I ever fell in love with, and it was hard for me to get over her. I found that no matter who I was dating I would compare her to Lillie, especially the way Lillie kissed. But I knew that Lillie and I would never work out in the long run. And although I would never want to have a relationship with her again, I wouldn't have minded having sex with her. I always told my friends that if I could have one chance, without having to worry about her or my feelings getting in the way, I would do it.

Well, that chance came a year after we broke up, when I got a call from Lillie. She invited me to go to her family's beach condo for the weekend. I was excited, because I'd thought she felt just as hopeless about our ever getting back together as I did. On our way down to the beach we got into a discussion of whether she thought we would ever date again, and she told me the same thing I was thinking, that it would never work out for the long run. The whole time I was talking to her I was worried that if I did have sex with her, I would fall in love with her again.

When we got to her condo we were both a little apprehensive. We spent the night just talking, and went to sleep without even kissing, although I know it was on my mind and I was pretty sure it was on hers. The next night we stayed home and watched videos. I knew we were going to be there only one more night, so I tested the waters by leaning over to give her a gentle kiss on the lips. She reacted immediately, grabbing me and kissing me with great passion. That was the beginning of what was to be the best night of my life. We spent three hours just discovering each other's body before actually getting into the sex that was to last for another two-and-a-half hours.

Although it was indeed the best night of my life, I felt nothing whatsoever toward Lillie afterward, and in actuality I felt less. I wish I could say she felt the same way about me, because ever since we slept together she calls me every day, and is always trying to check up on me, as if we were going out again. Is this happening because women cannot separate sex and love, and men can? I have told her it was nothing more than sex, and that we should be able to have sex with each other without worrying about our feelings getting in the way. I know this sounds pretty cold-hearted, but she is the one who originally said it would be just sex. I want to know what I can do about this problem.—S. R., Utah

I am sure that there are sexual counselors less straightforward than I who, armed with the latest scientific "breakthrough" on the sex front, would find a solution to your problem.

Unfortunately, only the oldtime necromancers, or sorceresses (a.k.a. fairy godmothers), the *brujas,* or *curanderas* as they are called in Spanish, have the knowledge to understand, treat, or cure that curious sickness called "being in love." I can at least diagnose the illness of being in love by its symptoms: a dull ache just below the heart (actually in the stomach, but that doesn't sound as romantic, so we say it's the heart, as in "heartburn"), an extraordinary inability to express oneself in the presence of the loved one, accompanied by a serious reluctance to have sexual contact with anyone else.

You knew "it wouldn't have worked out for the long run," but what about the short haul, the trip around the block? We take life much too seriously, and in particular we embark on the long haul too soon.

Stand back and take a look at where you are. You used to be in love with Lillie, but you didn't originally have sex with her, which is probably what caused the split-up. You say that she was your first love, but after breaking up you never wanted to have a relationship with her again. There is a simple reason for this: The emotions of first love are so powerful that as long as the relationship is on a highly sexual basis it can overcome the ghastly communication problems between the sexes, which is par for the course. But love has a background of lust, so when the opportunity happened you jumped right back into that relationship and you found that sex with your ex-love was brilliant. Now you say, "Although it was the best night of my life, I felt nothing whatsoever toward Lillie afterward." Your problem, you think, is that your ex-girlfriend is in love with you, while you (as far as you know) are no longer in love with her, but that situation could reverse itself at any time.

What you have not taken into account is that your emotional nerve ends probably developed scar tissue from what Lillie did to you during that first "in love" period, but you are still not sufficiently experienced to understand that: (1) this was normal behavior for any young woman, and (2) her playing hard-to-get was a major factor in your "being in love."

Now the roles have been reversed. Lillie has grown up a bit and realizes that her virginal approach wasn't working on you, so she turned around and gave you some super sex, the "night of your life." She probably fancies herself to be in love with you, just because you are now playing hard-to-get, while *she* doesn't want to play hard-to-get anymore. Because of this and what happened before, you are turned off. She only has to understand this to have you back in her power, because even if you don't suggest a farewell lovemaking session to say good-bye properly, her correct chess move is to tell you she has no feelings for you, really it was just a test to see if you are a halfway reasonable lay, and now that she has had you she "don't need no mo'." If she has the brains to do this, you might just find out that the shoe is on the other foot and you are just as much in love as you have ever been.

Whatever happens, the best thing to do about being in love is to live together. Either it is absolutely wonderful and every day you are more and more in love with each other, or in about a week you find out just how impossible the other asshole can be. In a free modern society this is the answer to most sexual problems, but it should be done on a basis of absolute equality. Expenses, housework, transport, and all the other boring paraphernalia of everyday life should be shared equally, without a permanent commitment.

Judging by the letters I cannot answer because there are too many, a brilliant sex life with your husband/wife/lover is something not everyone is lucky or clever enough to have. So don't run away from the girl who has given you the night of your life, but you don't have to marry her either.

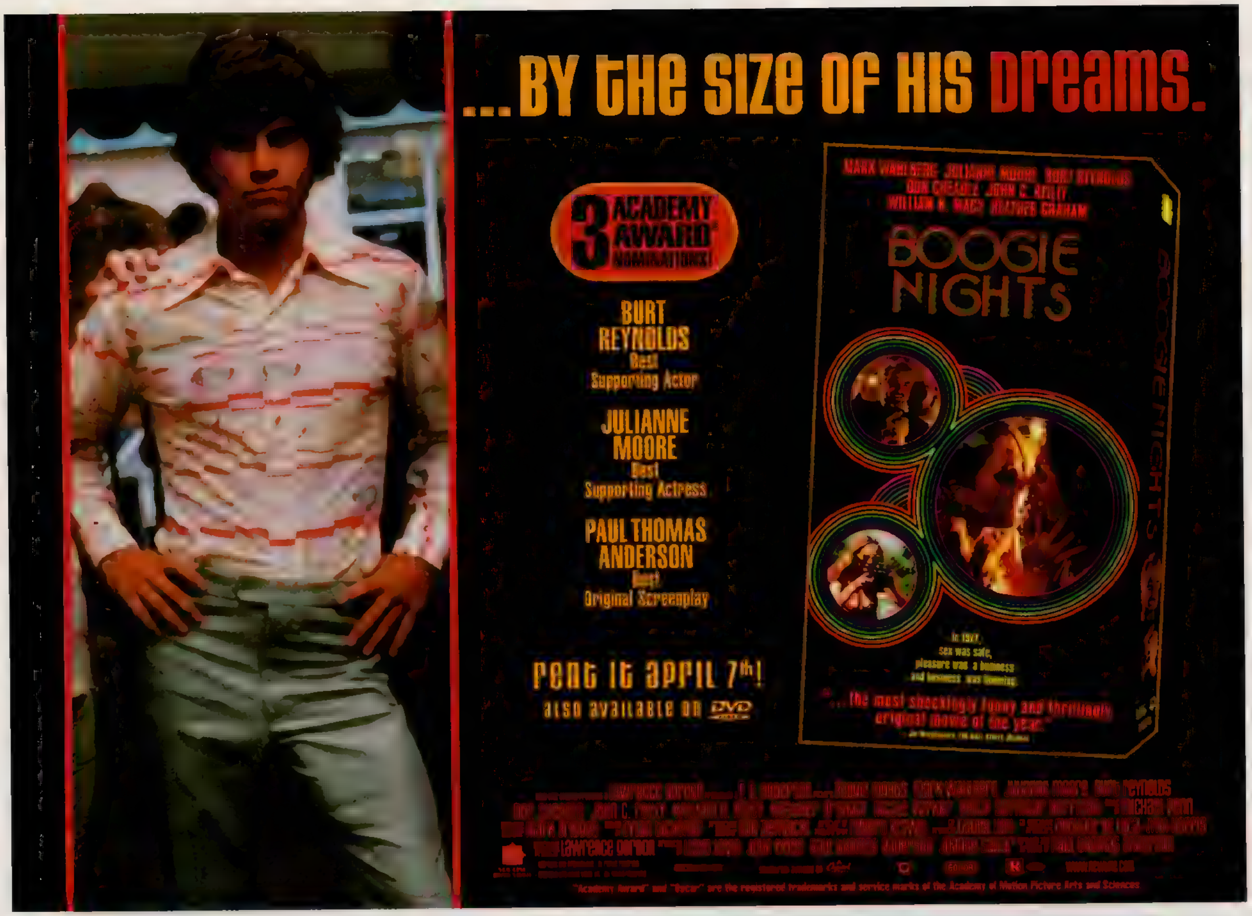
PERSONNEL
SCHWADRON

"I did a computer search. I have your vital statistics on the screen now."

Don Juan?

I am writing to you because I'm wondering if I have an unhealthy sex life. My name is James, and I'm 28 years old. The damage to my sex life is more mental, I believe. I love having sexual and erotic thoughts and experiences. When I was younger I became so fascinated with sex, I obsessed myself into becoming the most fabulous partner a lady could have. I know all guys like to believe they're the best; I'm no different. I've had sex with many lovers, of all types, in many places. I've played the dangerous games with married women, enjoyed many one-night stands, and even had a regular relationship a couple of times. The older I got the more I came up with new ways, and girls, to satisfy my needs. And they are needs.

But I rarely have sex with anyone now—a cruel punishment I think God has pinned on me—and usually masturbate to keep myself happy. The problem is this: A couple of years ago I met a young woman who was dating someone, and decided to pursue her. I suggested that since I had a girlfriend too, we could see each other on the side and keep our mates. She immediately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went for this, and within a week I got her to come over to my town house. She wasn't in the door ten minutes when we were kissing. Another two minutes and she was sucking my cock. It was fantastic. For the next three weeks she allowed me to use her for whatever I liked, whenever I liked. It was great. But toward the end of the three weeks I was having a difficult time getting aroused, and at our last encounter she feverishly tried to get me to ejaculate, but I couldn't. We went our separate ways after that, but it got me worried. Had I worn down my sexual senses to numbness?

I'm worried this may happen again, in my next sexual relationship. Also, what about children? I take any way I can to get off now. I haven't explored bisexuality, and never intend to. But I will go out and waste $100 on a hooker. I truly have reached a point in my life where I would just like to be involved with one woman. But when that happens, my sexual intensity will probably drop to that of my partner. Certainly I hope I find someone who is willing to have a good time, even explore and experiment. But what if I don't? I mustn't let the right woman get away just because of my needs. I'm afraid of impotence, but it seems that's where I'm headed. Is there something wrong with me?—J. J., Texas

If you want to believe that God is punishing you for being a loser, go ahead; that is your constitutional right in God's own country.

Since John Harvey Kellogg, among others, came up with the degradation theory, which is simply that any kind of sexual excess will reduce you to the level of one of the "lower" animals, whatever they are (maybe snails, which are true hermaphrodites and have a more thrilling sex life than almost any other living thing), religious Americans have tried to convince themselves (and everyone else) that sex is sinful.

The modern trend, according to Hollywood, is that sex is good for you, because it is healthy exercise and keeps the hormones in balance. But this is so unacceptable to the average person that we have made all kinds of rules and regulations about it. All of which stem from the basic idea that sex is wicked, and that if you have a high libido, which means you want to fuck all the time with anyone who looks like fun, then there is something wrong with you.

The problem is that we are not all the same, and while many individuals want to settle down with one mate for life, countless others, at least half of them women, are born bachelors, and cannot handle the idea of being tied to the same person for any length of time. Society has taken it upon itself to tell these people they are wrong—and in many cases, like yours, this causes the person to feel guilty about his or her promiscuity and, as often as not, to seek guidance from a sex counselor or psychiatrist.

If your shrink believes in monogamy he may suggest that you have something wrong with you. If on the other hand he is himself polygamous he is going to laugh about it and say you have nothing to worry about, which in some cases is more disturbing than being told you're a sinner.

You are obviously a high-libido type, dedicated to promiscuity, and probably, like me, you are turned on by being naughty. The risk of being found out increases the excitement, but when it is all okay, you lose interest. This is some kind of mental deviation that has not really been officially recognized by modern science, to which I will apply the overused appellation "Don Juan syndrome." Its characteristic is a total inability to have a long-lasting relationship unless it is totally unstable.

Wherever you are headed, it is unlikely to be in the direction of impotence,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 194

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VIEW FROM THE TOP

"DON'T SHOOT—WE'RE JOURNALISTS!"

By Peter Laufer

Kill the Yanquis! String 'em up!" people were yelling as the crowd spilled onto the Bolivian jungle runway, filling the tarmac with women and children, blocking our plane from taking off. I was with Drug Enforcement Administration agents, reporting the story of what was supposed to be a routine cocaine bust. Instead *we* became the story, held hostage by townsfolk with allegiance to the drug smugglers....

I am a journalist. A lucky journalist. Over the years, in my eagerness to get the story I have made some mindless mistakes, rushing into the middle of other people's business without doing my homework. I have jumped on airplanes without adequate food, clothing, or medicine. I have intruded on age-old life-and-death conflicts without any deep understanding of them. More than once I have put my ego and career ahead of common sense.

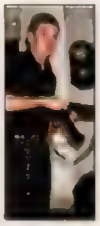
I can tell some pretty good tales from my years in the field, but more and more of my colleagues are not coming back to tell their stories. Ours is a dangerous business, and it is growing ever more dangerous. Holding up a press card no longer is a ticket to safe passage. In the wilds of our contemporary world a press card sometimes becomes an invitation to kidnap a valuable hostage. Even our equipment works against us, making us targets instead of observers: From a distance of a few dozen yards, a camera on a tripod takes on the outline of a tripod-mounted machine gun.

It is a blustery day in the rolling English countryside. Three former Royal Marines are hunkered down on the boggy Bisley Camp shooting range, blasting away at a wide variety of targets: slabs of concrete, brick walls, stacks of sandbags, car doors, and mannequins wearing flak jackets. They shoot with low-velocity rifles and high-velocity machine guns, using small-caliber standard bullets and larger armor-piercing rounds, attacking relentlessly. The concrete, the brickwork, the metal of the car doors—all are reduced to ruin. Once the gunfire subsides, a troop of wet and chilly news reporters studies the damage, and instructor Gaz Seaward explains that car doors—and most available shelter—don't offer much protection during a gun battle.

His pick for protection: "The sandbags. Yes, eventually bullets will go through." Seaward pokes through the shooting-range sandbags, riddled with rounds of ammunition, most of them stopped by the sand. "There's about 25, 30 rounds fired at each. It was only the big elephant gun at the end that eventually got through."

The reporters marvel at the holes in the car door, shake their heads at the crumbled bricks and concrete, look appreciatively at the still mostly intact sandbags. The clipped voice of arms expert Seaward echoes across the field as he drills the journalists and barks advice:

- "You've got five seconds if a grenade lands in your room. Hit the deck, face on the floor, feet facing the grenade. It isn't like the movies, the room doesn't explode."
- "The best cover against a grenade is to upend a table and get behind it in a corner."
- "You won't hear mortars until they land. Once they do,



Gaz Seaward (above) instructs in an adrenaline-pumping crash course for covering stories in lethal locales.

VIEW FROM THE TOP

look for below-ground cover like basements or old mortar craters. Lie down and pray."

- "Put a cross of masking tape or put blankets on windows to keep them from shattering; shattering glass can kill."
- "If you need to use a car as a shield, rely on the bulk of the engine block, not the thin doors."

Since 1991 more than 200 journalists have been killed while doing their increasingly hazardous work.

Since 1991 more than 200 journalists have been killed while doing increasingly hazardous work—at least 77 in the former Yugoslavia, another 70-plus in Algeria, scores more in Rwanda and Chechnya. Others have been injured or kidnapped and held for ransom.

Yet few journalists are specially trained in survival techniques before they rush off to a First World airport to board a plane for parts completely unknown and often wildly dangerous.

To fill this void a group of former British Royal Marines is now operating a concentrated, adrenaline-pumping crash course in survival tactics for news reporters and others who find themselves forced to work in hostile—and potentially lethal—environments.

The survival course is the idea of Paul Rees, whose military duty included combat in the Falklands War and in Cambodia. During four days of field work in the Somerset countryside he and his colleagues at Centurion Risk Assessment Services subject the journalists to explosions and carjackings, kidnappings and snipings, that in the real world could easily maim or kill them.

"You get any soldier in a war zone," says Rees from personal experience, "as soon as the gunfire starts the adrenaline will start racing around your body, your heart rate will pick up, and shock will set in." And he makes it clear to his students that the survival training to which he subjects them during the intensive course probably will not forestall such responses once they are out in the field.

"What we're trying to make people aware of," Rees says, "is their own body reactions under simulated gunfire, simulated explosions. What they felt like, how fast their own heart rate went."

The BBC and Reuters are among Rees's clients, as is Disney-owned WTN, paying almost $2,000 a head to send journalists through the course.

Perhaps the best advice to come out of the four days of field work is "Hit the deck!" Rees and his colleagues shout it over and over again. When gunfire or mortar explosions start occurring, drop to the ground, they say, and *then* assess the situation. Graduates of the course report back that this simple advice saved them from being wounded or worse.

"Before blundering into an area, listen, look, and seek local advice," says Rees. His instructions often sound like simple common sense, but for many journalists—especially those unfamiliar with hostile

environments—learning to base their daily work routines on such information can be lifesaving.

Many of the post–Cold War conflicts journalists now cover are not traditional wars with established fronts separating trained battalions of adversaries. Instead, religious fanatics and ethnic zealots launch guerrilla attacks, with no particular interest in sparing journalists who may get in the path of the violence.

"If I walk down the street late at night in some Third World country," says Rees, setting up a typical role-playing scenario in one of his lectures, "and this kid comes out with an AK-47, what am I going to do? You don't go up there and belt the kid around the head and take the AK-47. Wrong. You cannot do that, because he is going to be frightened just like you. He's going to be trigger-happy because he's seen his dad do it or his mother do it or his brother do it. He's not going to be afraid to pull that trigger."

"You've got five seconds if a grenade lands in your room. Hit the deck, face on the floor."

Rees tries to teach his students how to defuse such a crisis. "You've got to befriend them. You've got to talk to them. You've got to offer them sweets, to try to get them on your side. You've got a problem if you don't speak their language and they don't speak yours, but body language tells a lot and shows a lot. You can tell what people think by their eyes or how they react. The kid's eyes would be frightened, just like ours would be." Rees talks fast, one idea tumbling over another as he reaches back into his years of experience to bring case studies to life, and to suggest problems and solutions.

"That barrel's pointing at me"—he's back with the simulated stereotypical fanatic kid armed with an AK-47. "I'll just move slightly to my left or right. If that child keeps following me with the barrel, then I've got to try and see if his safety catch is on. It's going to be hard in a lot of cases, especially at night. What if I do something different? What if I just totally try to defuse the situation by talking to him in a nice calm manner, instead of saying, 'Get that weapon away from me!' and frightening him"?

Centurion does not teach journalists to be wary of pursuing dangerous stories. Rees knows danger is inherent to the news business; he wants to help reporters assess their risks and increase their chances of surviving.

Gut feelings, says Rees, require attention. That, he insists, is when it's time to say to yourself, I'm out of here. Forget what we're doing. Another day is another day. It's better to be a coward for one day than dead forever.

The BBC's news-gathering safety adviser, another ex-

Religious fanatics and ethnic zealots launch guerrilla attacks that don't spare journalists who get in their way.

VIEW FROM THE TOP

Marine, Tony Loughran, is working with insurance companies to lower their rates for those journalists who graduate from the survival school.

Loughran works to increase the safety of BBC field employees. He coordinates efforts with inventors to develop more effective protective vests; he sends his crews to disease-ridden territories with clean water and safe food; he's a firm believer that the survival school doesn't simply lower insurance costs, it saves lives.

BBC crews can call on Loughran's office for James Bond–type equipment like special baseball caps lined with hard plastic (good protection against marbles launched from slingshots) and flame-proof long underwear (to prevent burns from the flash from Molotov cocktails).

Following several hours of classroom study the students literally hit the dirt, after breakfast on the second day of training, caught in simulated cross fire while they march with Paul Rees through Somerset fields and woods. Covered with mud and sheep dung, they listen carefully as Rees shouts out their options.

"Now this is the problem: No one is going to be [stupid] enough to stand up and say, 'Don't shoot, we're journalists!' *How* are we going to get back? We're gonna crawl. Somebody has to be the first. We can't stay here all night."

"They're firing at us, and that's what counts. You've got to think: Where's my threat, where's my safety?"

Rees makes it clear that in this real-life scenario much textbook study quickly becomes irrelevant. "Do we know the difference between low-velocity and high-velocity? What was that?" he yells out at the sound of the gunfire. "Do we really give a shit? We don't. No. Because they're firing at us, and that's all that counts. So once you're on the floor, you've got to think, act, plan. You've got to think: Where's my threat, where's my safety? Act: How am I going to get there? And then plan ahead for the unexpected."

His students no longer look as cocky and self-assured as they did in the comfortable confines of the classroom. They're paying strict attention as Rees continues to bark questions about their options.

I am convinced that even my own brief exposure to instruction from the men of Centurion (and yes, the trainers are all men, although plenty of women take the course) was of significant benefit. Two examples: My observation skills were improved. After hiking through their obstacle course, I'm better at anticipating the unexpected. And I know I won't be shy about hitting the deck the next time I hear a gunshot.

The survival course is not a military experience; it is designed for anyone with the potential of living or working in hostile environments, and excellent physical shape is not necessary for acceptance.

Contact Centurion at P.O. Box 21, Portishead, Bristol, BS20 9SQ, England.

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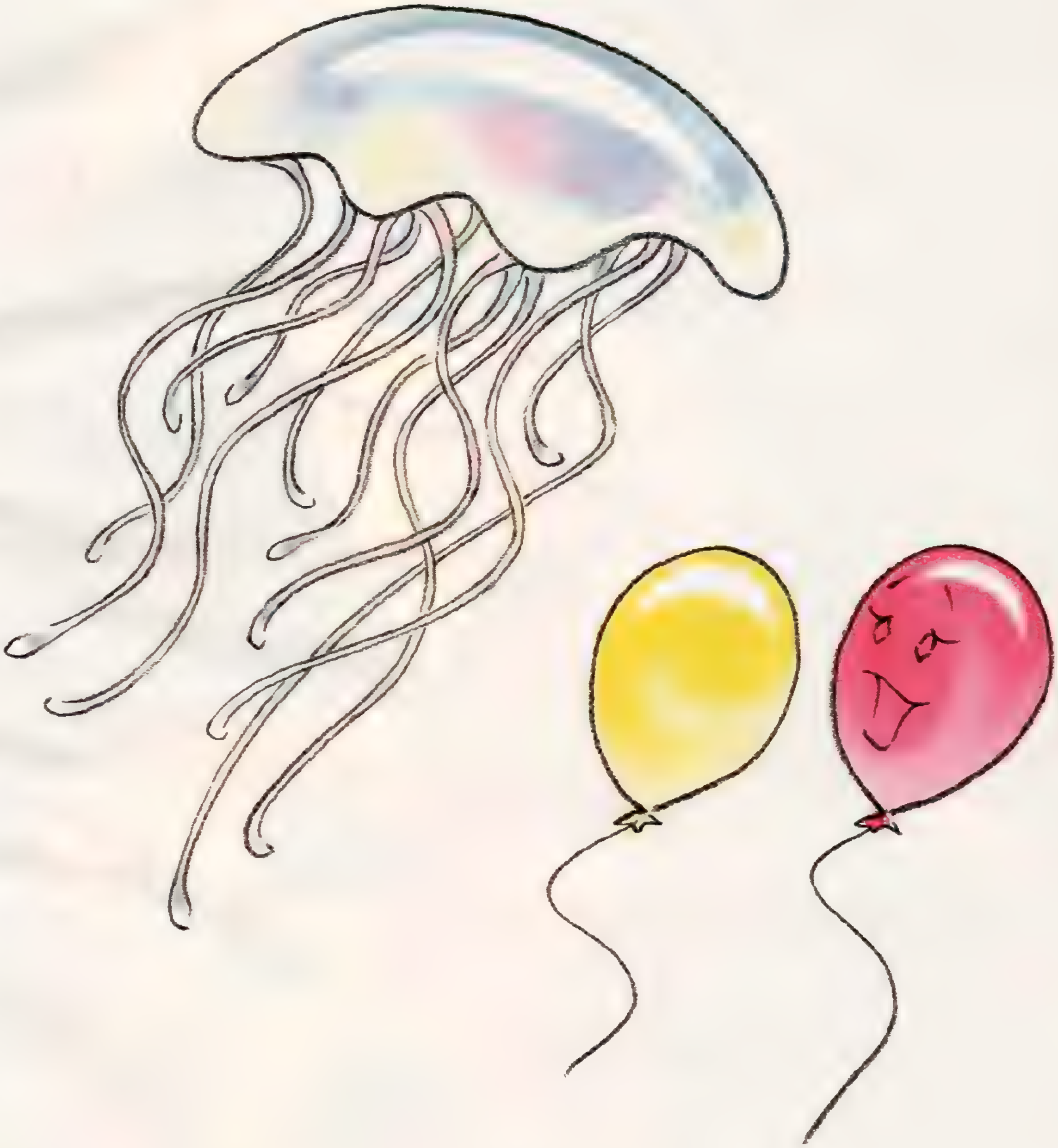

"He has great moves, but a lot of trouble maintaining an erection."

Elite gangsters of the Russian Mafiya, with access to high-tech cyber-warfare systems and weapons of mass destruction, pose a deadly threat to America—and to the world.

Out of CONTROL

Article By Jeff Kamen

Painting by Marco J. Ventura

THE SHOOTER IS A QUIET MAN, unassuming and somewhat stoop-shouldered. You would easily miss him in a crowd. But *he* rarely misses. When his targets are where he needs them to be, he quickly raises his weapon to firing position and begins squeezing. In closely grouped double taps, the heavy rounds race at the speed of sound across the darkened room and tear gaping wounds in the foreheads of three armed men.

As America's most famous expert on terrorism reloads his weapon, I put up another set of three paper-silhouette targets, crank them out to 25 yards, and watch one-time nuclear-weapons analyst and White House adviser Dr. Robert Kupperman do the double-tap exercise one more time before we leave the indoor range in rural Maryland to grab a pair of onion-topped burgers and mugs of steaming-hot coffee.

The year is 1995. "It's the Russians, Jeff. They've really got me spooked," Bob Kupperman says. "You'll hear lots more about it. I'm part of a big project at C.S.I.S. [Center for Strategic and International Studies], studying global organized crime. We've got help from just about every federal agency, and some interesting allied agencies as well. The more we dig into this, the uglier it looks."

I had only the vaguest idea what he was talking about. My recent trip to Russia had only briefly touched on organized crime, and while clearly brutal and spreading, Russian crime had seemed only a local problem, hardly a threat to America. That year I was on the air, busy chasing homicides and politicians for the Fox TV station in Washington, D.C. It had then been seven years since I'd followed Kupperman to the Middle East and Europe, where we researched *Final Warning: Averting Disaster in the New Age of Terrorism,* a book by us that Doubleday published right after the Berlin Wall came down.

Remember those astonishing days when ordinary people began punching holes in the Wall and the East Berlin cops did nothing to stop them? It was what millions of Americans had always hoped to see. The world was at last safe from Soviet communism. The threat of thermonuclear war had suddenly disappeared, and the planet was going to be here for our great-great-grandchildren.

Turned out to be lousy timing for selling a book that basically said, "Heads up! Terrorists are probably going to use bigger bombs, move into poison gas, germ warfare, maybe even radiological weapons, and, oh yeah, they'll also use computers against economic targets." Like so much of Dr. Kupperman's advice to Republican and Democratic administrations over the previous decade, most of what we wrote in *Final Warning* was pretty much disregarded by government policymakers.

Still, until the Evil Empire had fully collapsed, and depending on the flow of news of hijackings, bombings, and political murder, Kupperman was on the networks a lot. They liked how credible and controversial he was. But this former chief scientist of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency had his own agenda, using every venue he could to sound an alert and a call to action.

Kupperman's grim, unwelcome vision included images of events that were sure to earn the label of paranoia: foreign and domestic terrorists attacking us at home, hitting electric power grids using bombs and computers; detonating explosives at "choke points" along the nation's critical natural-gas pipelines, causing millions of homes to freeze; detonating a stolen or purchased nuclear satchel bomb at a major dam or in a crowded mall. Kupperman's messages were widely disregarded as too extreme, no longer worthy of serious consideration. Certainly not material for prime time.

Twenty-six major Russian crime syndicates have put down roots in the U.S., forging profitable alliances with mob groups here.

Flash forward to just a few months ago. That big C.S.I.S. study of the Russian Mafiya is completed. Reading it and then interviewing Kupperman and his colleagues in the warm comfort of their offices, I suddenly feel the kind of awful personal fear that I had not been touched by during our work on *Final Warning*—even though some of that research took me into dangerous situations.

Few people seem to be paying much attention to Kupperman's current warnings against the newest potential threat to our national security: the rising power of the Russian Mafiya, and its access to high-tech cyber-warfare systems and weapons of mass destruction, including chemical, biological, and even some nuclear weapons. Kupperman believes elite Russian gangsters are now or soon will be capable of committing massive financial crimes and sabotage via the Internet, and catastrophic terrorism-for-hire. "Their potential access to weapons of mass destruction (whether nuclear, biological, or chemical) is a major factor in distinguishing the Russian Mafiya from other criminal threats around the world," Kupperman and his colleagues write in a new report, which has been largely ignored.

Troubles for Boris

Russian organized crime is, first of all, a profound problem for Russia itself. President Boris Yeltsin admits that his nation has become "the biggest Mafiya state in the world, a superpower of crime that is devouring the state from top to bottom." Yeltsin cries out for help, warning that "criminals have today brazenly entered the political arena and are dictating its laws, helped by corrupt officials. They can penetrate anywhere."

In the Russian capital, the Mafiya that is visible to the visitor is the scowling thugs who provide security in hotels and movie houses against yet lower-level hoodlums who would otherwise try to run *krysha* (literally "roof") protection rackets and fill the bars with hookers in their employ. But these competing small-time criminals have little to do with the intellectually gifted evil men whose genius is behind the enormous and brutal success of their syndicates. It is a success of vampires. All of Russia seems to be bleeding out as the Mafiya fattens. Criminals subvert the government while members of the government actually *join* the Mafiya—not as undercover agents but as paid members of the conspiracy. It's happening on a scale and to a depth unheard of in the American experience. One reason for this mess is the Russian financial crisis that triggered the layoff of 100,000 K.G.B. personnel. Most of

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these newly unemployed secret policemen quickly took a paycheck from anyone who would provide it.

Moscow's charismatic, blunt-spoken mayor, Yuri Luzkhov, says his country is in the grip of a process of "unlimited criminalization of the economy and of the government itself." Luzkhov has been talked up as a likely successor to President Yeltsin in 2000, but if he's not very careful he could wind up as body-bag stuffing after a Mafiya hit. After all, the deputy governor of St. Petersburg, Mikhail Manevich, was gunned down gangland-style this past summer on the city's main boulevard just before the press conference at which he was going to reveal Mafiya names involved in corruption. Manevich was a close ally of the reformers in Yeltsin's cabinet. And he probably knew what was coming. In 1994 Andrei Aidedzis, a member of the Russian lower house, the Duma, was assassinated after he'd distributed a list of Mafiya members. These thugs also kill journalists who dare to report about their power. Much as I'm interested in being seen as heroic (ask anyone who knows me), you will notice that I do not name even one of the Russian Mafiya dons.

Russian organized crime is made up of some 8,000 groups, among them around 200 large, well-organized crime families that operate beyond Russia's borders. Twenty-six major Russian crime syndicates have put down roots inside the U.S., forging profitable alliances with Sicilian, Mexican, Colombian, and other mob groups in this country.

The big Russian gangs emerged from the shadows only seven years ago, and—under the guidance of former K.G.B. officers—almost instantly went international. But thus far the greatest known impact has been on Russia's own people. Among the Mafiya's grim credits:

- Joining top members of the old Communist party in looting their motherland of billions of dollars of national treasure, and hiding the cash in foreign banks.
- Attempting to sell missile technology to Iran (the director of Russia's Space Agency allegedly was involved in this deal for his own personal enrichment).
- Attempting to sell a Russian submarine (with its crew) to cocaine traffickers.
- Selling shoulder-fired anti-aircraft missiles.
- Slaughtering its opponents, leaving hundreds of murdered bodies in city streets.
- Forcing visiting American businesspeople to flee for their lives—most recently a pair of Phillip Morris executives.
- Corrupting most of the nation's political leadership, from the smallest town to the Kremlin itself.
- Stealing $2 billion worth of cars from Western Europe.
- Facilitating narcotics shipments from Asia and South America to the U.S.
- Seizing control of more than half of Russia's 1,747 banks, 60 percent of state-owned commercial enterprises, and 40 percent of private business. That works out to about two thirds of the entire Russian economy, according to the Ministry of Internal Affairs, the M.V.D., which has the near mission impossible of combating organized crime.

Keystone Kops vs. the Worst and the Brightest

As organized-crime gangs began to surf atop waves of new corruption, I visited the beautiful old czarist capital of St. Petersburg, where a senior police official told me, "You may laugh when I say this, but we don't even have a legal definition of corruption in our laws; it is as if corruption never existed."

Shocked by the sudden disappearance of the totalitarian police state they had served, and which had given them power, prestige, and a decent life, Russia's honest cops were utterly unprepared for the avalanche of violence, money, and politically connected criminal conspiracies by which the Mafiya's crime families have staked their claim to the country's future.

The highly intelligent and resourceful criminal class that dominates Russia today includes former and current officials of powerful government agencies, the secret intelligence services, and the military.

With these alliances, the Mafiya has acquired the expertise necessary to engage in high-tech terrorism and trigger mass destruction. That does not necessarily mean that Russia's dons will rent or sell the means of annihilation to the next mass-murdering fanatic with a hundred million bucks in gold to spare. But it does suggest that they could and would, unless induced not to.

Sound like the dread conspiracy in an action-adventure film? Like SPECTRE, the Special Executive for Crime, Terror, Revenge, and Extortion that dogged James Bond? You bet. But these guys are even scarier. And they are real. Plus, there is a growing market for the worst that they can do. Imagine for a moment what any number of religious, ethnic, nationalist, or tribal groups might pick from a menu of Mafiya deliverables?

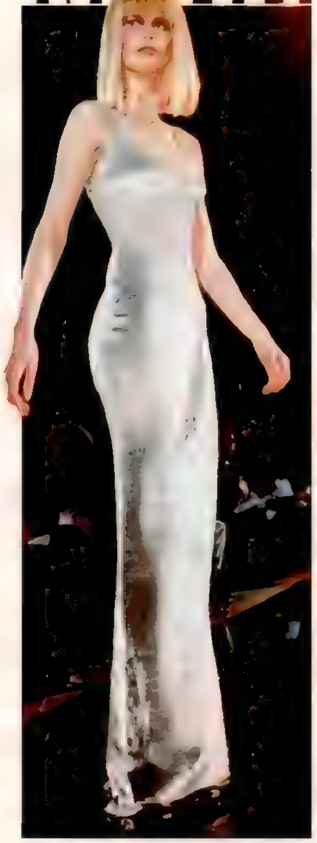
Russian organized crime has already flexed some of its cyber power around the world by looting $25 million from a financial institution that had been covertly established by K.G.B.-led Mafiyosi. They electronically gobbled up all the deposits of naive, unsuspecting par-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

"All economic indicators aside, will you marry me, dear?"

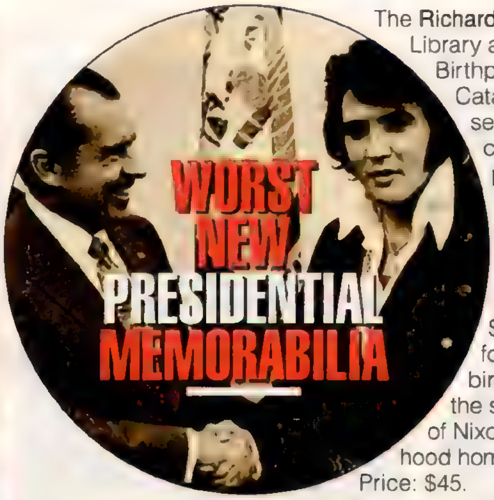
DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

AWWWH!



Model **Claudia Schiffer** said she was putting her film career "on hold" following an apparently disastrous cinematic acting effort. According to one account, director **Abel Ferrara** became so enraged by Schiffer's ineptitude, he screamed at her, "The first damn goat that comes down the road would play the part better than you!"

WORST NEW PRESIDENTIAL MEMORABILIA



The **Richard Nixon** Library and Birthplace Catalog offers a set of four coasters that picture Nixon shaking hands with **Elvis Presley**. Price: $32.50. Also for sale is a birdhouse in the shape of Nixon's boyhood home. Price: $45.

OH, LIGHTEN UP!

The Texas company that controls the copyright for Barney, the relentlessly happy purple dinosaur of Public Broadcasting's children's programs, filed suit against the San Diego Chicken, the famous baseball mascot, claiming the chicken character's bashing of a Barney-like character in mock battles between innings constituted copyright and trademark infringement. In reply, the actor who portrays the chicken said that his battles with the dinosaur represent parody of the TV character.

ONLY IN HOLLYWOOD

Actress **Hunter Tylo** sued the producers of "Melrose Place," claiming they wrongfully dismissed her from the show because she was pregnant. She also claimed that her dismissal stemmed from her beliefs as a born-again Christian "who didn't want her character to do bad things." The producers pointed out that she was specifically hired to play a vixen who seduces another character's husband, and that shooting such scenes would have been impossible, considering that Tylo would have been in her third trimester. Tylo replied, "You don't have to be a pencil to seduce a man." Apparently, the jury agreed; she was awarded $5 million. The show's producers are appealing.

WORST NEW FOOD PRODUCT

A Pennsylvania firm offers "alternative" turkeys made entirely of tofu, for vegetarians. The non-turkey turkeys are marinated and hand-scored to create "feathers" that fluff up when baked. Price: up to $40, depending on size.

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

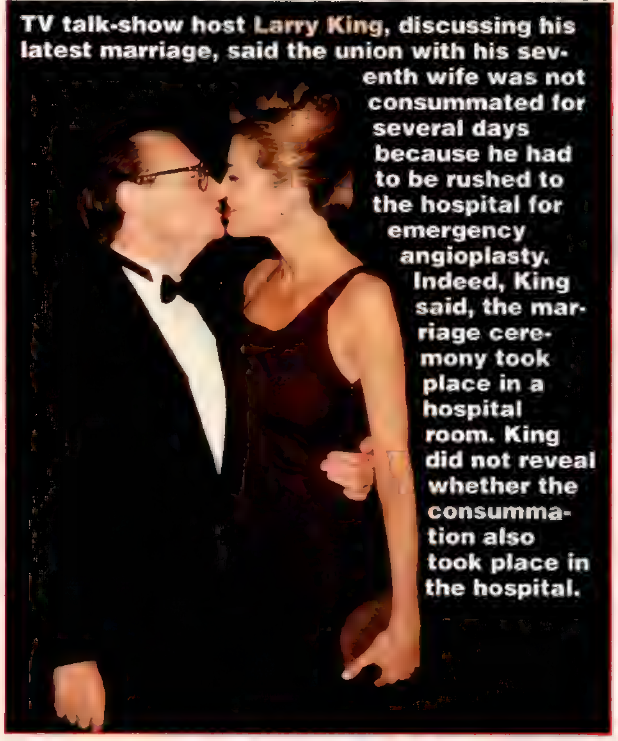
MODERN LIFE

British authorities have prepared a list of potential health hazards for attendees at dance clubs, including "Clubbers' Burn" (skin burns caused by cigarettes waved around by careless dancers), "Clubbers' Eye" (accidental pokes by other dancers' fingers), and "P.V.C. Bottom" (a rash caused by skintight clothes rubbing against the bare flesh of women who don't wear underwear).

WELL, BACK TO THE OLD DRAWING BOARD

Proposals for children's books that publishers rejected included such titles as "Sammy the Snot Who Lives in Your Nose," "Who's That Peeking in My Window?," "Gloria, the Sperm Bank Kid," "Mommy Swings," and "My Peg-leg Grandpa."

THANK YOU FOR SHARING



TV talk-show host Larry King, discussing his latest marriage, said the union with his seventh wife was not consummated for several days because he had to be rushed to the hospital for emergency angioplasty. Indeed, King said, the marriage ceremony took place in a hospital room. King did not reveal whether the consummation also took place in the hospital.

THANK YOU FOR SHARING, PART 2

Actress Marilu Henner revealed that she and actor Tony Danza conducted a passionate affair that involved having sex virtually everywhere. "I've got the rug burns to prove it," Henner said.

YES, JUST THE EXAMPLE WE HAD IN MIND

"At 18 I went to a clinic in Arizona that specialized in boob jobs on young girls who didn't want their parents to know … and [which] accepted payment on the installment plan. Isn't that the American dream? To purchase new breasts on credit?"—TV star Jenny McCarthy in her autobiography

HANDY SPORTS TIP OF THE MONTH

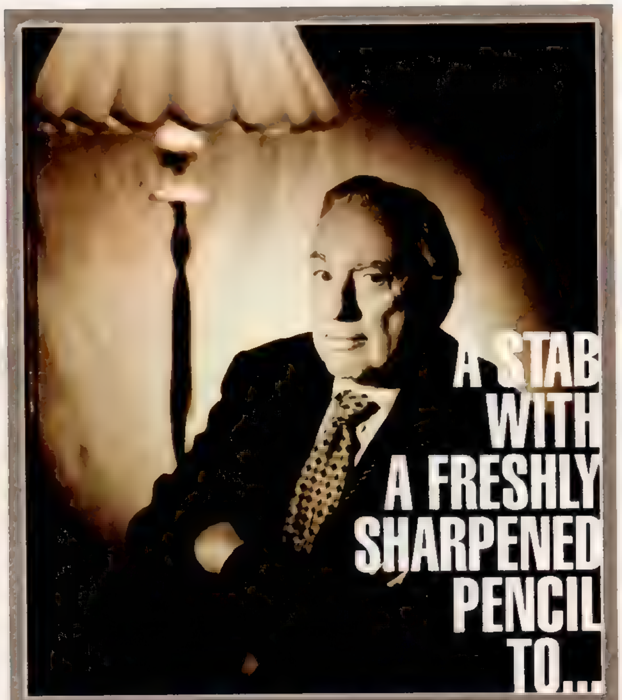
Star Indonesian marathon runner Ruwiyati, asked the secret of her success, said she drinks some of her coach's blood before every race. "As soon as I reach the marathon [starting] line and suck blood from one of my coach's fingers, I feel refreshed," she declares. The coach said he had no idea why she insists on sucking his blood.

WHY WE DO NOT NEED THE C.I.A., EXAMPLE 217

The C.I.A. has produced a cookbook featuring dishes prepared by its agents. The recipes include Cobra Soup and Russian Coleslaw Soufflé. The names of the agents are secret.

SURPRISE, SURPRISE

According to a survey of people in 14 countries about their sex lives, the French have the most sex each year, making love an average of 151 times (the world average is 112 times annually). Americans came in second, with an average of 148 couplings a year.



A STAB WITH A FRESHLY SHARPENED PENCIL TO...

... author **Gore Vidal**, who claims that he eschews all modern technology, even an electric typewriter, for his writing—but went on to admit that he faxes his longhand manuscript pages to London, where they are transcribed onto computer disks.

AND A FREE TOASTER?

Swiss banking officials said they discovered a long-dormant account opened by Vladimir Ulyanov (who later adopted the name **Lenin** as the leader of the Russian Revolution) that has now soared to the grand total of $8.90. It was unclear if the Swiss bank had paid interest all these years on the account.

DEPARTMENT OF ARTISTIC DIFFERENCES

Mick Jagger, who has a small part as a drag queen imprisoned in a Nazi concentration camp in the movie *Bent*, said he spent many hours arguing with the film's director because he wanted to play the role attired in very short skirts. "I looked far better in short dresses," Jagger said.

Luke Campbell, former 2 Live Crew rapper, announcing an improved image to coincide with the release of his new solo album: "Now instead of sleeping with two women, I sleep with three."

EVER ONWARD AND UPWARD

Article by Sharon Taylor

rawSPICE

Geri Halliwell, who helped drive the Spice Girls to the top of the charts, boasts about "Girl Power" and "Mind Power" as she prances onstage. But there's no doubt that it's Ginger Spice's "Body Power" that sends her millions of fans worldwide into ecstasy.

She prides herself on being the smartest member of the Spice Girls, the one who prances around onstage in a little red sequined dress that, while its push-up bra leaves little to the imagination, is emblazoned across the chest with the slogan "MIND POWER." In the two years since she burst onto the charts as a member of that all-girl British quintet, the singer who now uses the stage name Ginger Spice has become one of the hottest, wealthiest, and—if you go by her pronouncements—most politically correct female rock artists in the world. Sure, she appears to have been cloned in some sort of mad scientific experiment to produce a scaled-down version of Madonna's voice fused to Jayne Mansfield-size boobs. But Geraldine Estelle Halliwell, as she was born in a blue-collar English city, claims that the reason she has made it so fast is that she took as her inspiration and role model another daughter of the working class, Margaret Thatcher.

Though she is in a rather different line of work than the Iron Lady, Halliwell says that she too got ahead by using her natural female brain power—"Girl Power," as she calls it. Mrs. T, Geri elaborates, was the "pioneer" of the "ideology" of hard work and achievement that the Spice Girls are trying to spread through such songs as "Wannabe" and "Spice Up Your Life."

All this talk about "empowerment" and doing away with the patriarchal society's bad old ways ("Girl Power," as defined by Geri & Co., "is when you and your mates reply to wolf whistles by shouting, 'Get your arse out!'") certainly moves records. The group has earned more than $53 million, with number-one hits in 51 countries since the release of its debut album, *Spice,* in 1996. And it is Halliwell's fervid sloganeering, rather than their lackluster cotton-candy ditties, that, according to industry experts, exercises such a hold on a huge following of impressionable adolescent girls. However, much as this "Spice phenomenon" delights conservative intellectuals, who extol the 25-year-old Ginger as a "wholesome" model for the millennium, it has to be said that, as our remarkably frank photographs demonstrate, a more accurate logo for her cleavage would be "BODY POWER."

The daughter of a used-car salesman and a cleaning lady (who worked at a shopping mall in a town in eastern England), the young Geraldine Halliwell is remembered by

school friends as burning with ambition to break away from her grim background and become a star. She wasn't at all sure at the time, it seems, just what kind of star she would be. Perhaps a famous TV personality (she worked for a short while after leaving school as a game-show hostess for a station in Turkey). Maybe a dancer. For hours she practiced showgirl routines in front of her bedroom mirror, clad in lacy gloves and fishnet tights. Or maybe, just maybe, she would get her big break as a pop star, though that seemed unlikely since, try as she might (even spending the equivalent of $450 of her own money on demo tapes), she couldn't sing in tune.

The one thing of which "Geri" Halliwell, as she was identifying herself by the time she hit the job market, was sure was that it was her ample curves—then considerably more generous than her current 32-23-33 measurements—that would help her, as she put it, make her mark.

"I couldn't believe how determined she was," recalls a sports trainer, Ray McKenna, with whom she worked out for two hours a day. "She said, 'I'm going to be famous, and I want my body to be perfect.'

"It was already pretty good. Her bum was fantastic, but she was worried about her stomach and upper arms."

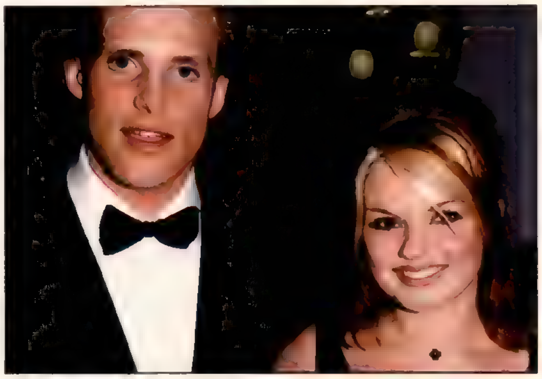
Her Rubenesque padding is indeed one of the eye-catching features of our series of photos of the young Geri, taken in London and on the Mediterranean island of Majorca.

It was in 1991 that Geri is said to have begun to request that photographers immortalize her in the nude for a "portfolio" she was accumulating. She explained that she was a would-be model, and indeed no one seems to recall any mention of her wanting to follow Margaret Thatcher into the ideology business. Only five feet two, Geri was well short of the stature required of fashion models. But it appears that the sector of the profession that she had in mind is what euphemistically is known as "glamour modeling." Soft porn.

According to the London *Mir-*

Geri, as she appeared in British Penthouse *earlier this year (top), and (above) with Mel B (Scary Spice), Mel C (Sporty Spice), Emma (Baby Spice), and Vicky (Posh Spice). Geri's romance with 21-year-old polo player Jamie Morrison (right), a friend of Prince Charles's, ended abruptly earlier this year after Geri "got bored with the whole affair," according to a friend.*

ror, she was just 19 when she dropped by the BCM club, a popular Majorca night spot where photographers would go to recruit ingenues to pose for racy magazines. Demanding to speak to the manager, Tony Palmeri, she asked for a job as an erotic dancer. "She told me I wouldn't be disappointed," he told the London tabloid. "I gave her a week's trial, but after one night I realized that that cheeky, saucy style of hers was going to pull in the crowds. One day she would be dressed from head to toe in leather. The next day she was in a giant red wig."



A deejay, Des Mitchell, recalled that her technique was less balletic than basic. "Geri took the nightclub by storm," he said, "flirting with the deejays, pinching their bottoms, blowing kisses at the boys in the crowd. She would dress in clingy crop tops and hipsters or in basques and suspenders. And every night she gyrated her body in one of the small cages hung ten feet above the dance floor.

"Geri had star quality even then. In days she had a group of fans begging for dates and autographs. The other girls were jealous of the attention she got, but Geri wasn't interested in the men. If anyone went too far, she would put him down with a sharp retort. Or deliberately tease him by lifting her skirt and flashing her knickers."

The one man she *was* interested in on Majorca, the *Mirror* claims, was Sebastian Amengual, a Spanish photographer to whom she laid siege after she learned he was searching for a fresh-faced newcomer for a sexy magazine shoot. He had settled on another dancer at the club when Geri "sidled up to me, gave me a cheeky smile, and said, 'Please do some photos for me as well,'" he told the *Mirror.*

"I needed a tall, slender model. But she had a fantastic body. Geri wouldn't take no for an answer. She was so persistent. She told me she wanted to be famous, and she would try anything. She begged me to take the photos. She kept on until I agreed. I warned her she would have to model topless, but she said she didn't care."

For one shot she donned dominatrix-style thigh-high stiletto boots. In another she stretched languorously on a towel. "I had to catch my breath, she looked so fantastic," said Amengual. "I have never seen a body like it. I was fighting to control myself. She was so sexy. I just thought, 'Oh my God.'

Amengual continued, "I have photographed many girls, but they are all so skinny. Geri had a fantastic figure with

huge breasts. I am used to naked girls, but she was special."

Geri posed for him several times, and during one especially memorable session peeled off the top of her hot-pink bikini and, attired in just a G-string, lolled back, giggling, over a rock. "A group of soldiers were staring at Geri through their binoculars," the photographer said. "She was really cool about it." Later that afternoon, he says, he taught her such intimate tricks of the centerfold business as tipping icy-cold water over her breasts to make the nipples hard.

Soon after that photo shoot she returned to England. It was there that she began to work out with Ray McKenna, going on dawn runs and then returning to her little apartment, where she would strip to a leotard and lift weights. She took a job running an aerobics class at a gym, where she would don a tight T-shirt over the leotard. "Men came just to watch her," a manager at the gym said. "When she jumped up and down, they steamed up the glass panel wall. I removed it in the end because we had to clean it so much. Everyone fancied her, but she was brilliant at verbal judo and could put men down without being cruel." It was a repeat performance, in short, of Majorca.

For all her boasts about her potency being due to her brain, Geri's most noticeable natural endowments were strictly below her neck. Her lips had yet to blossom into their current rosebud beauty, which some cynics claim is owed to implants of collagen. But she had absorbed the first crucial lesson of stardom, which is that all truly great divas exude an aura of being sexually knowing yet unattainable.

"Geri told me she wanted to be famous and would try anything," said the first photographer to shoot her in the nude. She quickly absorbed the first crucial lesson of stardom: to exude an aura of being sexually knowing yet unattainable.

In November 1992 she turned up at the West End studio of a London photographer. She did not have an appointment. She asked him to do a round of "test" shots of her in the nude. "At the time she was an unknown model, and any assistance that she could receive would obviously be helpful to her," the photographer says. For one portrait she knelt in a come-hither pose that emphasized her pendulous DD-cup breasts and lavish buttocks. In another she archly parted her lips, staring straight at the camera. "I recall that she was quite satisfied with the photographs," the shutterbug says. "I simply stored the photographs for future use and thought no more of it. The next occasion when the question of Geri Halliwell came about by chance was when I was in a pub in February or March 1997 and talking to a friend." The friend's daughter was a fan of the Spice Girls, and she showed the photographer the pictures she was collecting of the "Big-Brained Spice." He instantly recognized Geri Halliwell. Only she was now known as Ginger Spice.

Her transition from nude model to mascot for hip conservatives (British Tories festooned their war room during the last election with Spice Girls posters) was brought about, Geri claims, in one of those moments of self-awareness that seem to bless most great, well, figures in history. "I was doing nude stuff, although I didn't do any crotch shots," she says. "That wasn't my thing. It was great money, and I was getting some attention. Then, after a while, the novelty wore off and I thought, 'What the fuck am I doing? Time for another change.'"

She returned to college, which is where the brains supposedly start to come in ("I read *Sons and Lovers* and *Hamlet* and things like that"). Meanwhile, she was also commuting to Turkey for the game show. Its producers had recruited her because they wanted a girl "who looked half-decent, but who had some personality," she says with her customary modesty.

It was in early 1994 that she spotted an ad in an entertainment trade magazine: "R.U. 18–23 with the ability to sing/dance? R.U. streetwise, outgoing, ambitious, and dedicated?" it asked, soliciting candidates for a girl group that two pop-music entrepreneurs were starting. Geri was one of the first they hired. "Geri was stunning, with a fantastic body—just what we were looking for," said one of the men who would coach the girls in their routines (somehow, guys still weren't appreciating that Geri was the reincarnation of her nation's most-missed prime minister). "She couldn't sing in tune, but could dance a little. When we asked how old she was, she simply said, 'I'm as old or young as you want me to be. I can be a ten-year-old with big tits if you want.'"

The newly minted foursome (the fifth eventually would be chosen by the group) were given accommodations in a house in a London suburb and groomed to become the nineties successors to all those other gooey girl groups that had come and gone before: the Go-Gos, the Bangles, the Ronettes.

The difference was that this group chirped allegiance to a message for the age of post-feminist neoconservatism. A message that Geri—sorry, Ginger—insists is absolutely genuine. From the bosom. Sorry, heart. "When I talk about Girl Power I fucking well believe in it," she told a British magazine. "Everyone wants to see it as some great marketing ploy. It's not. It's something that has helped me. It's given me strength.

"All I represent is myself, basically. If people want to see a bubbly redhead with large breasts, then that's fine. But then, if people can maybe subconsciously receive a message—you know, that the average woman is a size 12 or 14, and they can see that I'm not a skinny supermodel and I can still be up there ... it means that with the right spirit and with a good heart you can achieve anything."

Her partners in the band also perform under nicknames, and just as Geri's image is said to be that of Deep Thought, they each have their own motif.

Baby Spice (real name: Emma Bunton) describes herself as a "mummy's girl" and is blonde, perky, and, as one male fan recently put it, "the cutest case of arrested development you can imagine." In *Spice World*, the group's goofy first movie that opened last winter, Baby's big scene comes when she tells a pumped-up man that she has so many stuffed animals there is no room for him in her bed.

The sulky-looking Posh Spice (Victoria Adams) is the only member from a non-blue-collar background. Her father "owned his own business" as well as a Rolls-Royce, we are breathlessly informed by the film and record-company handlers, whose own chief business these days is drumming up Spicemania around the planet.

Scary Spice (Melanie Brown) is the only black Spice Girl. When a writer for *Vogue* asked her about the group's reputation for constantly being in search of the next gimmick, she shrieked, "You can't manufacture this mouth!" The writer noted, however, that Scary's non-natural attributes included a pierced tongue.

Lastly, there is Sporty Spice (Melanie Chisholm), who has a gold tooth and a Celtic-cross tattoo on one arm, and usually appears in a tracksuit and sneakers. "Plus, I had been told she was the only [member of the group] who could really sing," the *Vogue* writer reminisced. "Then I saw her on the MTV Video Awards and realized that she was more of a screamer than a singer, and didn't appear to be the brightest bulb."

When the band was asked by *People* magazine to clarify just what went on in that suburban London house in order to create so much, well, talent, Scary snapped, "Listen, we are controlling this interview, not you."

Some critics suggest that Geri is turning into a modern-day Lady Macbeth, who'll burn out, as one put it, "in the blaze of her own ruthless ambition."

Her ex-boyfriends have been pursued relentlessly by the tabloids. "There were no love letters, flowers, or meals—just sex," one complained. "She was a career girl who thought more of her future than she did of me." She dumped one lover, it was reported, by sending him a typewritten letter after he told a journalist that she "was good in bed."

Last fall the British press was in full hue and cry, alleging that she had turned into such a "bossy old moo" that she had strong-armed her bimbo mates, as *The Observer* sardonically put it, into sacking their manager and installing Geri herself instead. "Oh, for God's sake," Geri riposted, "that's an insult to the other four girls. The four of them have got just as much intelligence and will of their own.... What we've shown is actual Girl Power in action. We've shown we do take our business seriously, and we take our destinies into our own hands." Her most recent (at least as we go to press) beau was 21-year-old Jamie Morrison, the son of a millionaire rock-pop promoter, as well as being a top polo player and a friend of Prince Charles's. Jamie reportedly dropped his girlfriend of three years, Julian Parker, after he got together with Geri in an Irish castle where they both happened to be spending the Christmas holidays.

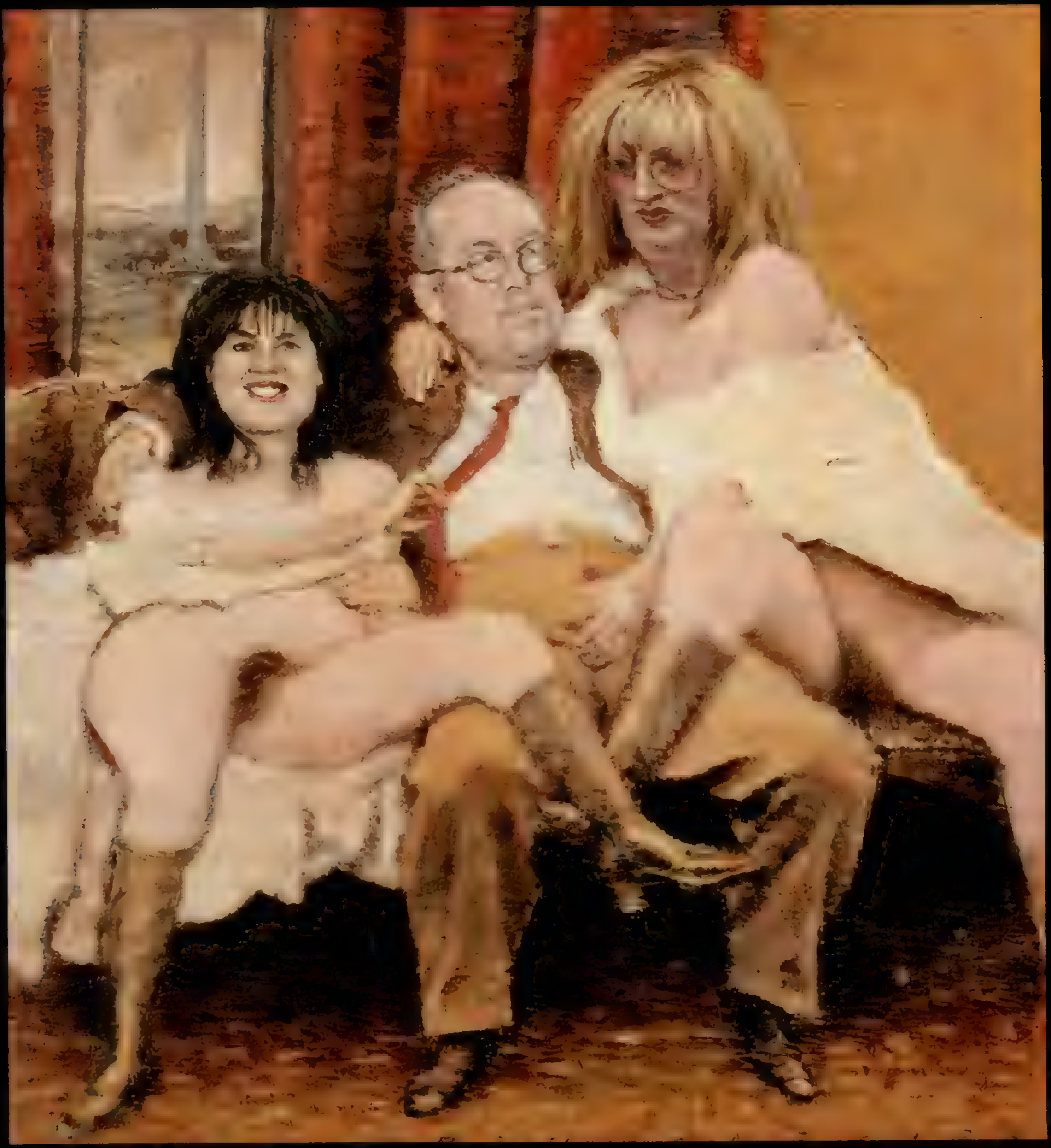
"I think Geri is so tacky," Parker told the press. "I'm shocked [Jamie's] going out with her." But the romance was not to last long. By March a British paper headlined: "Geri Gives 'Boring' Lover the Boot."

What does destiny hold for the bounteously gifted Ms. Halliwell? Not much, if you go by the torrent of scorn poured on her group not only by the critics, which is as may be expected, but by the person whom the quintet claim as their music-industry role model, Madonna. That superstar reportedly said she hated a photo of her that appeared on the cover of *Rolling Stone*'s Women in Rock issue because "I look like a Spice Girl."

There has been speculation that the group, devoid of professional management, will fall into the trap of believing its own hype. Girl Power has a certain shelf life, the doomsayers observe. At some point the group will have to either grow up, in the same way that Madonna parlayed her boy-toy image into one of mature sensuality, or shut up.

The Spice Girls were glaringly absent from the nominations for this year's Grammy Awards, but claim they are unalarmed by an industry snub that does not reflect the fever they still arouse in their pubescent fans. Asked if they ever worry about Andy Warhol's legendary pronouncement, Geri admits she calculates that they already have had "about 15 and a half" minutes of their entitlement. "But, you know, people were saying that to Elvis when he started out. Not to compare ourselves to Elvis, but even if it ended tomorrow I feel bloody proud of my four friends and having gotten this far."

To borrow from another cliché, do not expect Geraldine Halliwell to go quietly. Luscious though it may appear, she has skin, she has observed proudly, "like a rhino."



Hofmekler's People

THE SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR'S OFFICE

Once he tried to send a self-admitted cocksucker to seduce the President
in order to tape him, Kenneth Starr turned himself into a pimp.
With the cooperation of Linda Tripp, who would do anything for publicity, and its
desperate attempt to recruit Monica Lewinsky, who already
did anything for a job, the Special Investigator's office is operating like a whorehouse.

OUT OF CONTROL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

ties from all over the world who had stashed funds in the European Union Bank (not to be confused with the European Union's very legitimate bank) at an address on the island of Antigua. E.U.B. advertised on the World Wide Web as the first full-service on-line bank. What its Russian Mafiya owners did not advertise was that one of the "services" would be the theft of your deposits.

The Threat to America and the World

What if a nation's military leadership becomes corrupted? Unthinkable in America. But chew on this: On May 22, 1997, President Yeltsin canned his minister of defense, General Igor Rodionov, because the general had failed to fight corruption in the military. Lower-ranking generals had been caught running housing scams, apparently in collusion with the Mafiya. Even one of Yeltsin's closest supporters, General Konstantin Kobets, was busted on corruption charges.

> "Buying a bucket of anthrax and renting the people needed to spread the disease now looms as an actual horrible possibility."

The financial crisis has brought about a dramatic decline in the maintenance of Russia's nuclear-weapons systems. The troops assigned to safeguard the big nukes are "unpaid, unfed, and unhappy," according to Frank Cilluffo, director of the Russian Organized Crime Task Force at C.S.I.S., who warns, "The prospect for a criminal diversion of nuclear materials or an unauthorized or accidental Russian nuclear-weapons launch is at an all-time high, but even much greater is the likelihood of a chemical- or biological-weapons accident or unauthorized use."

"The situation is a lot more dangerous than it ever was at any time during the Cold War," warns Arnaud de Borchgrave, editor at large for *The Washington Times*. One of the architects of the C.S.I.S. Russian Mafiya study, de Borchgrave told me that we must learn to think in new ways about this new kind of adversary.

"They have armies of scientists and stockbrokers and accountants and lawyers; these are [criminal] armies we're talking about," he says, his carefully modulated voice rising to underline the word "armies."

F.B.I. Director Louis Freeh concurs that Russian criminals are "aggressively looking to buy and sell nuclear materials." Russian border guards are notoriously corrupt, so getting unauthorized nuclear weapons out of Russia probably wouldn't pose a major problem.

Rear Admiral Gene Carroll (U.S.N.-Ret.) told me the Russian Mafiya's access to nuclear and other weapons of mass destruction is "a credible threat, but not documentable. [However], the greatest single military threat to the United States is the Russians' poor accountability of and for nuclear materials. Almost anyone," says Carroll, who is now director of the Center for Defense Information in Washington, "can build an atomic bomb if they can get their hands on fissile materials [uranium and other hard-to-come-by components]. You can reasonably expect Russian criminals to keep looking for an opening to buy or otherwise come into control of some of that material."

Gary Milhollin, director of the Wisconsin Project on Nuclear Arms Control, told me he thinks it's an exaggeration to say that the Mafiya has nuclear-weapons capabilities, but he agrees that the risks of their getting one or more small, man-portable nukes, or the materials for making such a bomb, is probably growing, because of the increasing instability in Russia.

Milhollin is even more worried about the theft or purchase of chemical or biological weapons from military inventories. "The Russians never put the same priority on the security of those systems as they did on their nuclear warheads," he says. So buying a bucket of anthrax and renting the people needed to spread the disease now looms as an actual horrible possibility.

Less deadly but just as potent is the cyberwar fighting capability of the ex-K.G.B. techies who looted that Internet bank. The head of the U.S. Secret Service's Electronic Crimes Division, Bob Weaver, says U.S. law-enforcement agencies do not have the training, resources, or equipment necessary to combat that kind of cyber criminal. The potential damage such criminals can do to American financial institutions and other computer-dependent organizations is staggering.

A U.S. Defense Department assessment says America's nationwide information infrastructure is so open to cyber or physical attack that "a tunnel of vulnerability previously unrealized in the history of conflict" has been created.

Along with all this, elements of Russia's Mafiya have been muscling in on the international narcotics trade. General Barry R. McCaffrey, the White House drug czar, has termed the Russian-dominated drug gangs inside the U.S. "the most dangerous." Several brutally violent high-profile Russian Mafiyosi have been busted for narcotics trafficking by federal, state, and local police from New York to Florida to California.

F.B.I. Director Freeh has ordered the bureau's Organized Crime and Drug Section to take the lead in responding to Russian Mafiya activities in the U.S., opening special offices in New York City and Los Angeles for that effort. But Kupperman worries that the recent public beating up of the F.B.I. over screw-ups like Waco and Ruby Ridge could have a "paralyzing effect" on the bureau's capacity to move hard and fast against the Russian Mafiya, its clients, or others planning terrorism within the United States.

"We cannot afford to have the F.B.I. playing Hamlet at a time in which our country's very security is on the line," says Kupperman. "And it's not just the bureau, although [the bureau] is absolutely central; it's also C.I.A. and D.O.D. My sense of the threat is that we could well come under attack during calendar '98, and we are not prepared to respond effectively—either proactively to prevent it or, God forbid, reactively, to help the wounded, bury the dead, clean up the mess, and strike back—assuming we knew the identity of the attacker. If ever there was a time when we needed the best possible intelligence sources, that time is now."

But we may well not have that intelligence when we need it. After his team's thousands of hours of interviews with current and former Russian and American law-enforcement and national-security officials, de Borchgrave told me a revealing finding. "The U.S. intelligence-gathering capability, which is tremendous, has a gaping hole—no central clearinghouse for information on all forms of transnational organized crime," he said, his voice again rising in punctuation.

"I think," de Borchgrave continued, "the C.I.A.'s collecting information on Russian organized crime is discouraged for political reasons by the State Department or by the White House's National Security Council. It's kind of difficult for the U.S. government to admit that when they're talking to Moscow they're dealing with a bunch of crooks."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

power plays

Weapons of Mass Construction

Service by
Gerard Van der Leun

Photographs by
Andrew Unangst

Previous page: California framing hammer by **Vaughan & Bushnell,** carpenter pants and belts by **Ecko,** shoes by **a. testoni, Stihl** Super Cutquik power saw, DS2000K detail sander by **Ryobi**. *Top left:* **Senco** FramePro 650 air-powered nailer, **Ecko** H-bone machinist overalls, **a. testoni** shoes, **Vaughan** steel-shank framing hammer, **Festo Tooltechnic** ATF 55-E Plus portable plunge saw, **Stihl** E-180 electric chain saw. *Bottom left:* **Porter-Cable** belt sander 362, **Bosch** Terminator rotary hammer. *Right:* **Festo Tooltechnic** PS2 E jigsaw with dust extractor, **Ryobi** CTH1442K cordless drill/driver.

FESTO
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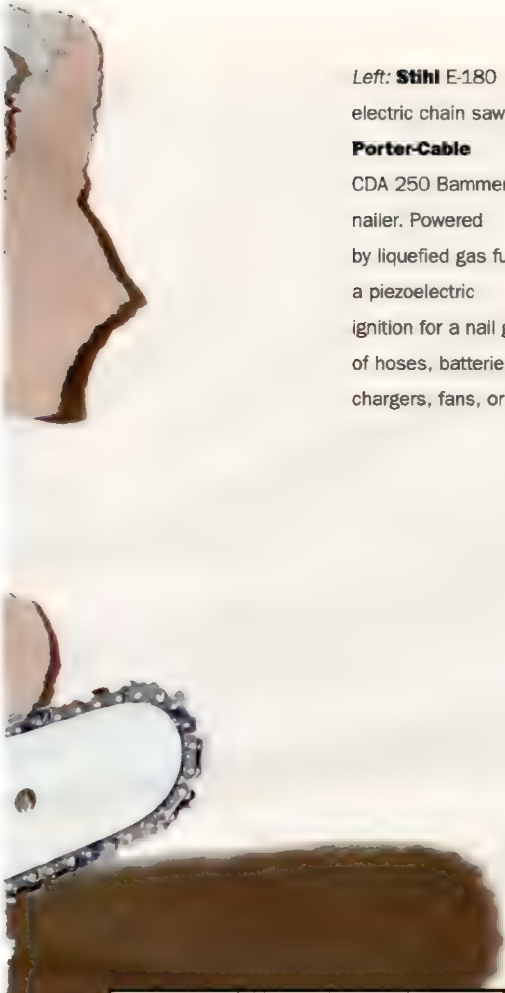
PS 2 E

STIHL
STIHL
180C

FESTO



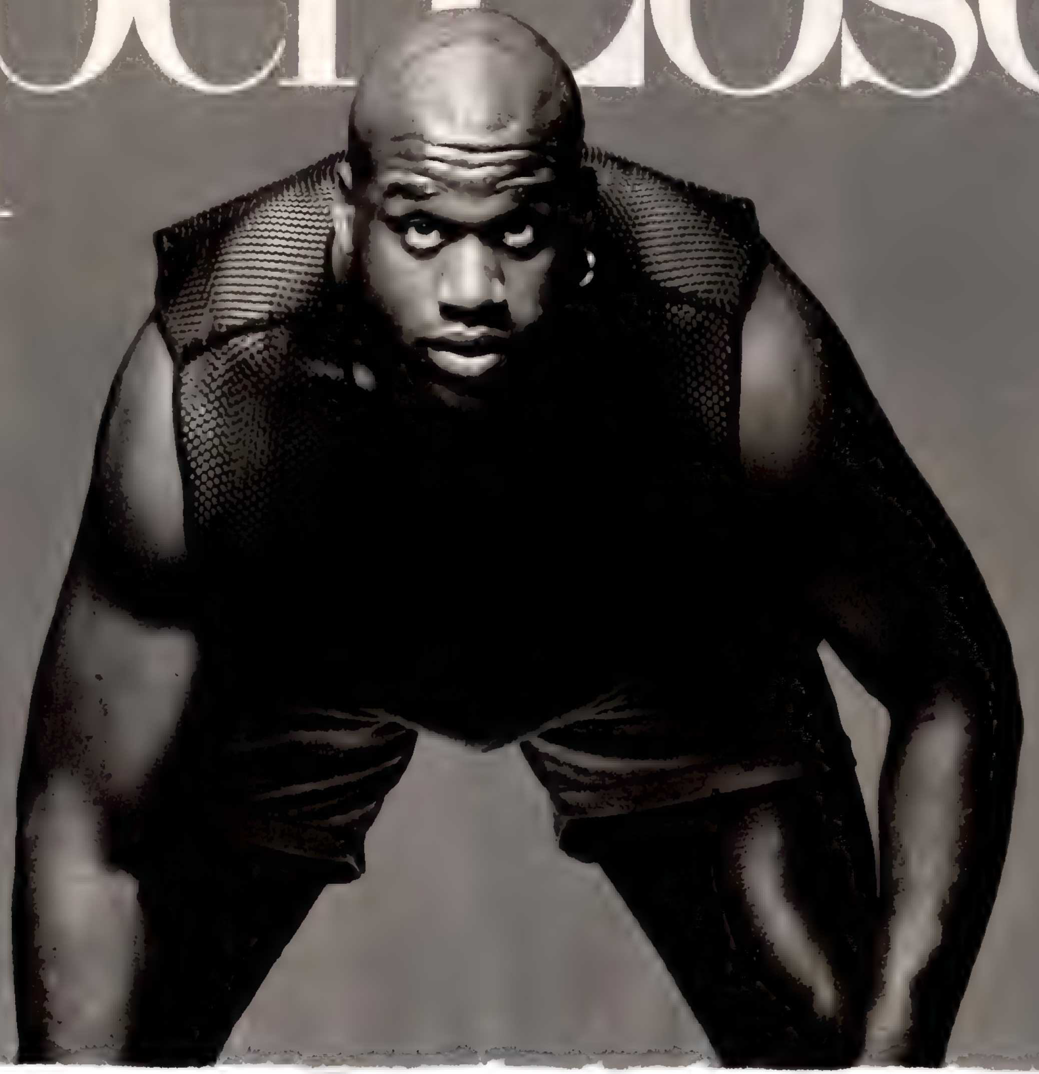
Left: **Stihl** E-180 electric chain saw. *Right:* **Porter-Cable** CDA 250 Bammer cordless nailer. Powered by liquefied gas fuel and a piezoelectric ignition for a nail gun free of hoses, batteries, chargers, fans, or motors.

PORTER-CABLE

Left: **Bosch** three-horsepower Plunge Router 1615 with three-inch depth range. For more information on the tools and clothing on these pages, see page 194.

SUPERSTARS

SuperLosers



Dropping the ball: Charles Barkley, Patrick Ewing, David Robinson, and (right) Shaquille O'Neal

Article by Charley Rosen

Because our frenetic culture routinely disposes of heroes so quickly, we tend to cherish those rare demigods whose fame seems timeless. By some strange logic in our subconscious, their enduring excellence has the power to comfort us and protect us from our own humble, workaday failures — and their names and images are more familiar than those of our congressmen. These days, with the alarming proliferation of basketball players like 1996–97 Rookie of the Year Allen Iverson, who took three years' probation rather than stand trial for drug possession and carrying a concealed revolver, to say nothing of outright thugs like Latrell Sprewell, our need for commendable cultural icons is even more pressing.

They win big on the media court, but insiders know that these hyped hoopsters are no heroes.

That's why we're always delighted with the antics of the willful and flamboyant "Sir Charles," whether he's tossing a rude fan through a plate-glass window or looking absurdly elegant in a pith helmet while extolling the virtues of an underarm deodorant. We respect "The Admiral," stately as a clipper ship, even as he dribbles around an immobile chess-playing computer to prove the efficacy of Nikes. We are reassured by the broad-shouldered offense of "The Mailman," who always delivers. We admire Patrick, the ultimate warrior, who roars and beats his massive chest after embarrassing a would-be defender with another resounding slam. And we are repeatedly awed by Shaq's irresistible power dunks, as well as his muscular goodwill on the silver screen. Indeed, on the occasion of the N.B.A.'s 50th anniversary, these five hoopsters—Charles Barkley, David Robinson, Karl Malone, Patrick Ewing, and Shaquille O'Neal—were all honored as being among the league's 50 all-time-greatest players.

But these men are glorified only because glib sportscasters are foolishly impressed by numbers and unduly excited by preening dunk-o-maniacs. In the absence of dissenting voices, Sports America is easily convinced that each is a superstar of the greatest magnitude.

The league's coaches and scouts are privy to the secret strategies of N.B.A. play, however, and their assessments of these beloved hoop heroes are ruthlessly honest. "Forget the media hype and the colossal salaries and the individual stats," says one veteran coach, who prefers not to be named. "The only accomplishment that counts is winning a championship ring. No ifs, ands, or buts. The task requires talent, discipline, endurance, unselfishness, and total dedication. None of these five bozos will ever win a gold ring because they're all super losers. Barkley, Robinson, Malone, Ewing, and O'Neal share one major characteristic—pressure situations inevitably reveal their true selfish nature."

Balls-out commitment is what distinguishes the players from the pretenders, and another notable coach, who's had a moderately successful career without ever seriously challenging for a championship, is prepared to bargain his soul. "If the devil ever came to me," he confesses, "and said I could win an N.B.A. title at the cost of not seeing my family for ten years, I'd do it in a heartbeat. Players have to be absolutely obsessed to win a championship. Guys like Michael Jordan, Dennis Rodman—in his own loony way—and Scottie Pippen—mostly because of Jordan's influence—are like this. Guys like Barkley, Robinson, Malone, Ewing, and O'Neal are not. Too many players act like they just want to get out of the season without being embarrassed. It seems they don't want to be playing basketball in June because they're afraid that the play-off pressure will cause them to fuck up. Come June they'd rather be vacationing in the Caribbean, or dicking around on MTV, or making a movie in Hollywood."

The following judgments are based on many confidential interviews with several top N.B.A. coaches, assistant coaches, and scouts. The reason they insisted on speaking confidentially is explained by one leading coach, who says, "Whatever their shortcomings, these five guys *are* highly skilled. So if they ever found me out, they might rise up and bite my ass."

But despite the fame and power of basketball's star players, everyone in the business knows the truth of this dismal situation. As *The New York Times* reported in a front-page article earlier this year, "What will go unspoken, publicly at least, is what many players, coaches, team officials, and others who follow the sport are talking about among themselves: that the game—the nuts-and-bolts skills of the players as well as the ability to create the sublime choreography of teamwork—is ailing."

CHARLES BARKLEY. *Houston Rockets; six-foot-five, 252 pounds; 14-year career averages of 11.7 rebounds and 23.1 points per game; 11 All-Star games.*

Barkley is a phenomenon—a relatively small power player who can outmuscle most small forwards and outmaneuver the standard-size power forwards. Conversely, Barkley is too small to defend against power forwards and too slow to guard small forwards. The result is that no matter how his own numbers add up, Barkley normally gives up more than he contributes. He *can* be dominated.

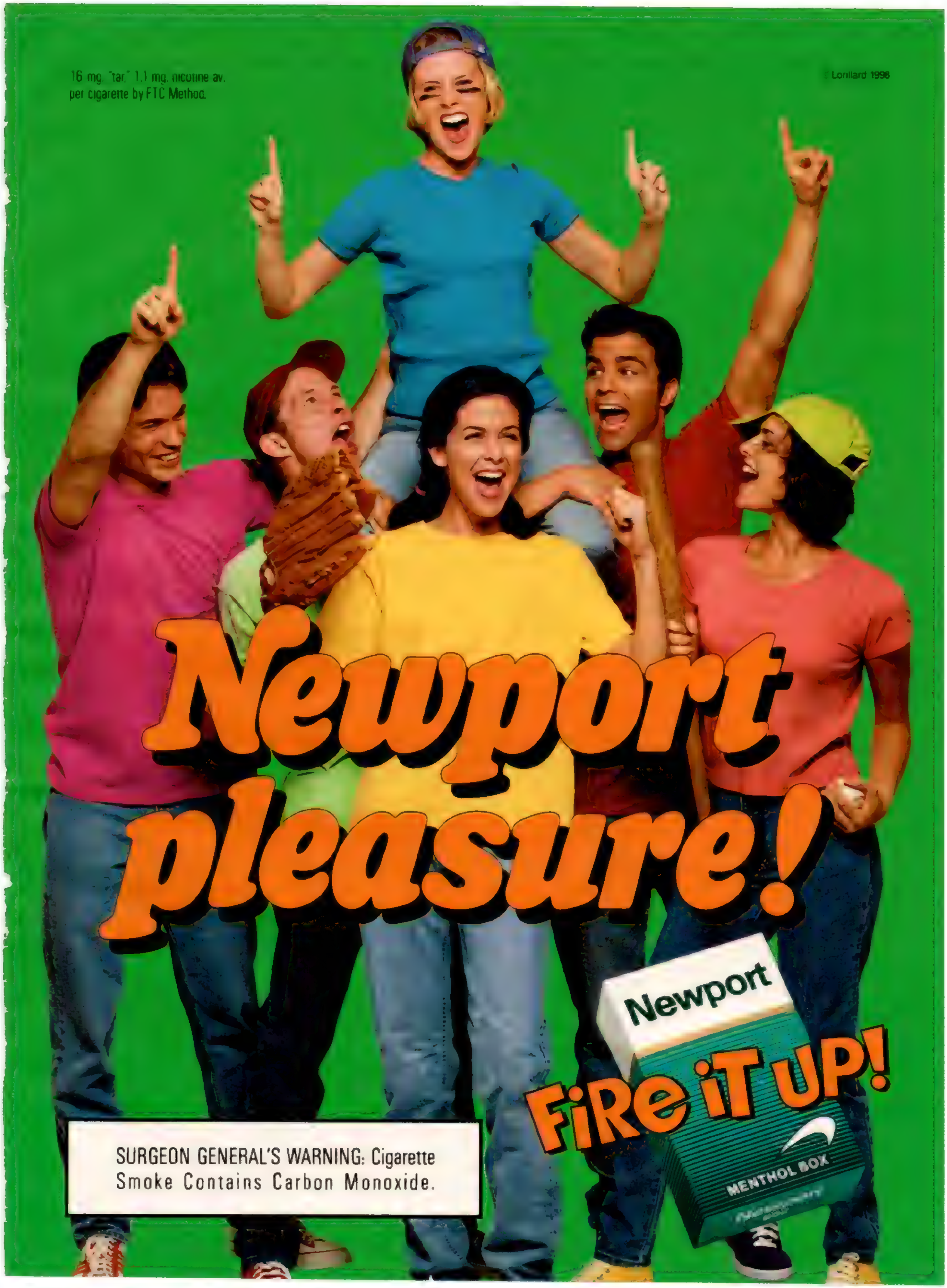
The opinion of our sources is that Barkley's offensive capabilities are severely limited: He either shoots from the outside or he stubbornly backs the ball toward the basket. In fact most opposing coaches like to see Barkley *make* his first outside shot so he'll keep on shooting. Because he's reluctant to share the ball unless he can make a spectacular pass, Barkley's fundamental selfishness limits his team to a now-it's-my-turn, now-it's-your-turn type of offense.

At the other end of the court, Barkley's defense is often imaginary. "Charles talks a great deal about the importance of playing defense," says one Eastern Division coach, "but he won't rotate and he won't guard anybody." Another coach adds this: "Charles certainly has the capability of playing tough defense. I've seen him guard Michael Jordan face-up when a ball game's on the line and do as good a job as anybody else. The trouble is Charles doesn't normally play acceptable defense simply because he doesn't want to."

N.B.A. coaches laugh at the fact that sportswriters named Karl Malone to the All-Defense team. "The reality," says one, "is that Malone is a poor defender."

Barkley is also legendary in the league for his laziness. "Charles never practices," says a veteran coach, "and even in games he only plays hard when the spirit moves him." Because of his monstrous ego and his insistence on being the primary authority figure on his team of the moment, N.B.A. insiders consider Barkley "difficult to coach." Barkley's numerous critics are likewise infuriated by his casual hypocrisy. He is forever scolding young Allen Iverson (the flashy second-year guard with the Philadelphia 76ers) for being wild and disrespectful—even though Sir Charles was the N.B.A.'s original bad boy.

According to one insider, Charles Barkley qualifies as the captain of the super losers: "Charles is only concerned with his own self-aggrandizement. And because he can never keep his mouth shut, he'll fuck up whatever team he's with."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DAVID ROBINSON. *San Antonio Spurs; seven-foot-one, 250 pounds; nine-year career averages of 11.7 rebounds and 25.5 p.p.g.; seven All-Star games.*

Even his detractors concede that Robinson is the most talented big man in the league, blessed with grace, agility, and even dignity. Some of his former coaches, however, report that Robinson's terrible shortcoming is his lack of passion for the game. "David doesn't want to practice in the off-season," says one of these former mentors, "because he doesn't love basketball."

Perhaps it's this emotional deficiency that accounts for Robinson's being strictly a finesse player who'd rather take the outside jumper than stick his head into the trenches. Indeed, he's considered "soft," and one opposing coach points to his "stinker games in the clutch, especially at the foul line." Instead of playing "big" in the shadow of the basket, Robinson too often exhibits the instincts of a guard, trying to draw a charge instead of going after the difficult shot-block.

That's why he's most effective when he's paired with a bruising, headstrong power forward—he was the league's M.V.P. in 1995, when Dennis Rodman was his front-court sidekick. (Unfortunately, the Spurs' highly touted rookie, Tim Duncan from Wake Forest, is another finesse player; he lacks the gangbusters mentality to push San Antonio into serious contention for a championship.) According to a source close to Rodman, the main reason Rodman left the Spurs in 1996 is that he didn't think Robinson was a bona fide competitor.

Privately, various ex-teammates also harbor a profound disrespect for Robinson's pussyfooted game plan. Whenever the Spurs play Houston and Robinson is matched against Hakeem Olajuwon, I am told, he asks for double-teaming help on defense. Since Robinson was the N.B.A.'s Defensive Player of the Year in 1992 (and four-time selectee to the All-Defense team), his peers wonder why he's so afraid to rise to the challenge and guard Olajuwon head-to-head.

Several reasons are cited for Robinson's on-court timidity. "He's too smart," says a high-profile coach, "and he's got too many outside interests. Like playing the piano. Like his interest in computers. Like his Christian business. David lacks focus during ball games because hoops is just one more of his businesses." Robinson is also accused of suffering from Wilt Chamberlain syndrome—the need to prove that he's a great player not because he's so tall but because he's intelligent and has genuine skills.

"David is a really nice guy," says a well-traveled N.B.A. scout, "but we sometimes call him 'The Tin Man' because he has no heart."

KARL MALONE. *Utah Jazz; six-foot-nine, 256 pounds; 13-year career averages of 10.8 rebounds and 26.1 p.p.g.; ten All-Star games.*

Another study in selfishness. Malone was the only member of the original Dream Team, put together for the 1992 Olympics, who didn't buy into the team consciousness so earnestly promoted by the coaching staff. One eyewitness reports that Malone "had to get his own points, no matter what."

Despite Malone's formidable numbers, several coaches contend that he secretly suffers from a lack of self-confidence, especially at the foul line. In his rookie season Malone was only a 49-percent free-throw shooter. With the help of a hypnotist and a mantra, he's since improved to the mid-seventies. But historically, no matter how much they improve, bad free-throw shooters will continue to doubt themselves. Because they've missed so many free throws over the course of their careers, errant shots are deeply patterned into their nervous systems. Malone *knows* he's going to miss crucial free throws in the endgame—just as he did against the Bulls in game one of last season's championship series.

Even though Malone can take his right hand to the middle of the lane with remarkable power, his offense is entirely predictable. This is partially the fault of Utah's system, which consists of a collection of separate and distinct plays rather than the coordinated flow of forceful and reactive movements. And because Malone doesn't have a live body, he doesn't catch and explode when he's in the pivot. This means that the defense always has a chance to make adjustments.

Like Robinson, Malone is perceived as a player whose effectiveness wilts under pressure. "He simply makes bad decisions whenever a ball game's up for grabs," says a long-time assistant coach. "That means bad shot selection, usually jumpers turning to his left, and trying to force pinpoint passes into heavy traffic."

N.B.A. coaches laugh at the fact that last year the sportswriters selected Malone to the league's All-Defense team. "The reality," says a Western Division coach, "is that Malone is a poor defender. He's much too concerned with avoiding personal fouls to play good defense, so he always goes for the strip. The result is that he'll knock the ball out of bounds, make a steal, or, most often, give his man an easy shot."

Adding up all the negatives, one prominent coach comes to this conclusion: "I don't care how long he plays, how many points he scores, and how many regular season games Utah will

STUDENT COUNCIL
P.C. VEY

"First of all, I'd like to get your attention by detonating a small nuclear device in the back of the auditorium."

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By Michael Anthony

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win. The bottom line is that Karl Malone will never win an N.B.A. championship."

PATRICK EWING. *New York Knicks; seven feet, 250 pounds; 13-year career averages of 10.4 rebounds and 23.6 p.p.g.; 11 All-Star games.*

"This is our year. The championship belongs to us." That's what Ewing said in 1994, 1995, 1996, and 1997.

"Ewing is just like Barkley," says one coach, "a big talker who can't back up his boasting." And like the other super losers, Ewing's downfall is his selfishness.

Whenever constant double-teaming reduces an authentic basketball superstar's opportunities to score, he'll compensate by running the floor, rebounding, passing, setting all-out picks, and playing gut-busting defense. But not Ewing. Most opponents double Ewing every time he touches the ball, knowing that he'll force shots. His favorite recourse is to spin toward the baseline to shoot from a poor angle before the second defender arrives, or else he'll fake a pass to make the second defender retreat—and then fire away.

"Shaq approaches basketball like a true Gen Xer. It seems as if he's not motivated to arrive on time, and once there, he's loath to work hard."

"Patrick just wants to get his numbers," says the coach of a team that has had great success against the Knicks. "He isn't committed to passing, so he makes poor passes, and he's hesitant to trust his teammates." This kind of selfishness is almost understandable because whenever Ewing has relied on his mates, he has been extremely disappointed. The most notable example was John Starks's woeful three-for-18 shooting performance in the seventh game of the 1995 championships against Houston. (Nor should one overlook Charles Oakley's game-long invisibility in last season's seventh-game conference-finals loss to Miami. Teammates Charlie Ward and Larry Johnson are also renowned for choking in the endgame.) One coach advises Ewing to "buddy up" to Allan Houston—cautioning, however, that Houston is unable to make accurate passes off a dribble.

Ewing is justifiably praised as a hard worker who always gives a great effort, yet there are significant holes in his game—the most noticeable being his propensity for missing free throws late in close encounters. Moreover, says an ex-teammate, "Patrick can't guard anybody, especially not players who can score facing the basket. He also has a quick trigger on defense—just show him the ball and he jumps to block the shot. I think his problems on defense have a lot to do with his bad knees, which limit his lateral movement. Before every game, and at halftime, Patrick's knees need long doses of electric stimulation. And his hands aren't so good either."

One of the N.B.A.'s premier coaches sees a more basic cause for Ewing's inadequacies: "In general, Patrick can't quite figure out what he has to do to win."

SHAQUILLE O'NEAL. *Los Angeles Lakers; seven-foot-one, 300 pounds; five-year career averages of 12.5 rebounds and 27 p.p.g.; five All-Star games.*

O'Neal's big mistake came at the end of his school days in San Antonio, when he chose the wrong college (Louisiana State University), where he played for the wrong coach (Dale Brown). Says one of the N.B.A.'s top-notch scouts, "Brown was a great recruiter and a wonderful salesman, but he only used junk defenses, like a box-and-one and various gimmicky zones, so O'Neal never learned the fundamentals of defense. During O'Neal's three years at L.S.U., the big fellow learned absolutely nothing."

Shaq is universally seen as an overpowering physical specimen who should be a dominating force, but is too unsophisticated to have his way in the N.B.A. On the defensive end, he doesn't use his strength and bulk to move post-up players away from their favorite spots. "It's incredible," says one coach, "how the big guy repeatedly lets smaller, weaker players catch the ball on the box." Moreover, Shaq confuses blocking shots with legitimate defense, so he repeatedly jumps at the ball and commits silly fouls.

Because he can't pull up his dribble and make an accurate pass, he is easily confounded by double-teaming. But the biggest flaw in O'Neal's offense is his career .537 average at the free-throw line. That's why the standard N.B.A. strategy against the Lakers is to stay close, then play "Hackie-Shaq" down the stretch. "The Lakers sure pay him a lot of money to miss free throws," says one old-line coach. And Shaq's inept foul shooting burdens his teammates, forcing them to tighten up at the charity stripe as they try to compensate by shooting 100 percent.

Experts also question Shaq's commitment. He lifts weights in the off-season, but doesn't work to improve his basketball skills. "O'Neal thinks he can just keep cruising along," says one coach, "and that's why there hasn't been any meaningful improvement in his game. But he's got that Superman tattoo on his biceps, and he thinks he's as good as he has to be."

Shaq approaches basketball like a true Gen Xer. It seems as if he's not motivated to arrive at practice on time, and once he gets there he's loath to work hard. "Practice is where you should develop individually and as a team," says a well-known workaholic coach, "but the Lakers' practice sessions are a joke. They just run up and down the court in a half-assed scrimmage. Shaq should be setting the tone, but he's too young and he has a terrible work ethic."

The name of Shaq's personal-services company is Mine O'Mine, an appropriate expression of incorporated selfishness. "Shaq has little sense of camaraderie or partnership with his teammates," notes a former player. "Therefore there's no way to solve any of the problems that normally develop over the course of a season. If Shaq doesn't get the ball when he thinks he's open, the only input he receives is from his boys telling him that he's getting fucked. And all of his off-court relationships are bought. Shaq's best friends are his freeloading entourage, his accountant, his marketing man, and his beeper. Rather than defining himself as a basketball player, he sees himself as a movie star and a glamorous businessman."

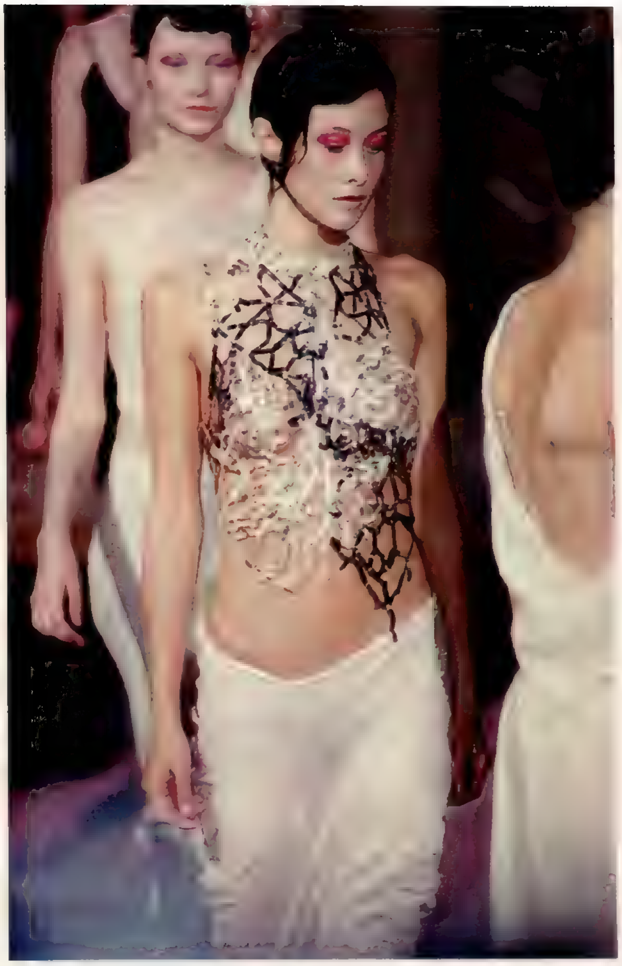
Even his harshest critics, however, concede that Shaq is still young enough to evolve—the sole member of the Super Loser Five who could ever become a bona fide superstar. After all, once Michael Jordan retires and the Bulls' championship run is over, *somebody* has to win the last game of every season. With the help of an assertive coach whom he can respect and a better supporting cast—which we may be seeing in the 1998–99 season—Shaq could eventually be the heir apparent to His Airness. But only if he realizes that the glory he has achieved up to now is bogus.

Alas, the likelihood is that, like Sir Charles, The Admiral, The Mailman, and Patrick, young Shaq is too content inside his golden cage. In 1996, when O'Neal abandoned the Orlando Magic to sign as a free agent with the Lakers, this was his pitiful boast: "I've won at every level except college and pro."

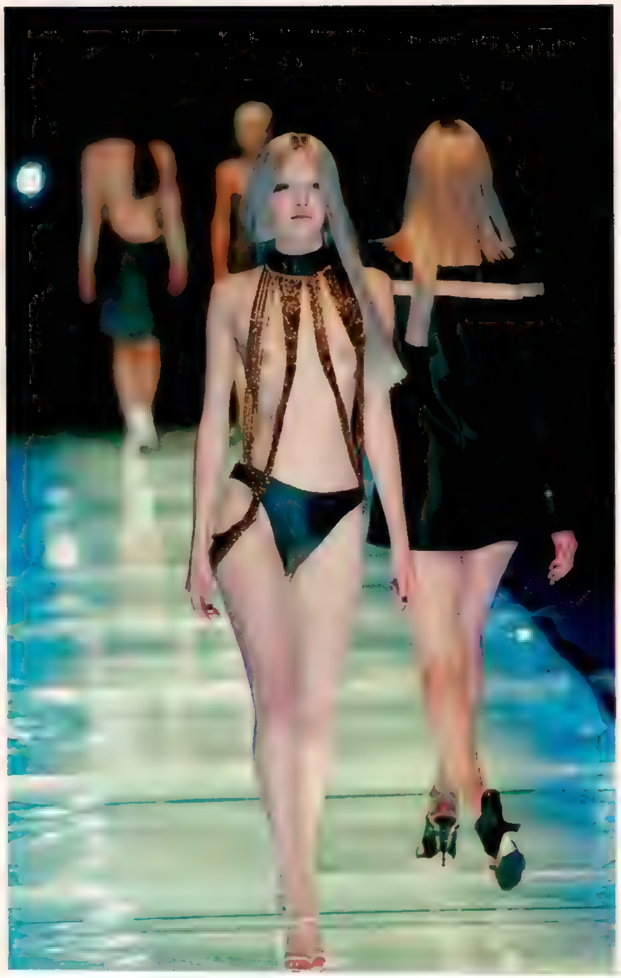
Win or lose, the scouting reports prove that we'd be better off searching for our heroes in other, more meaningful arenas.

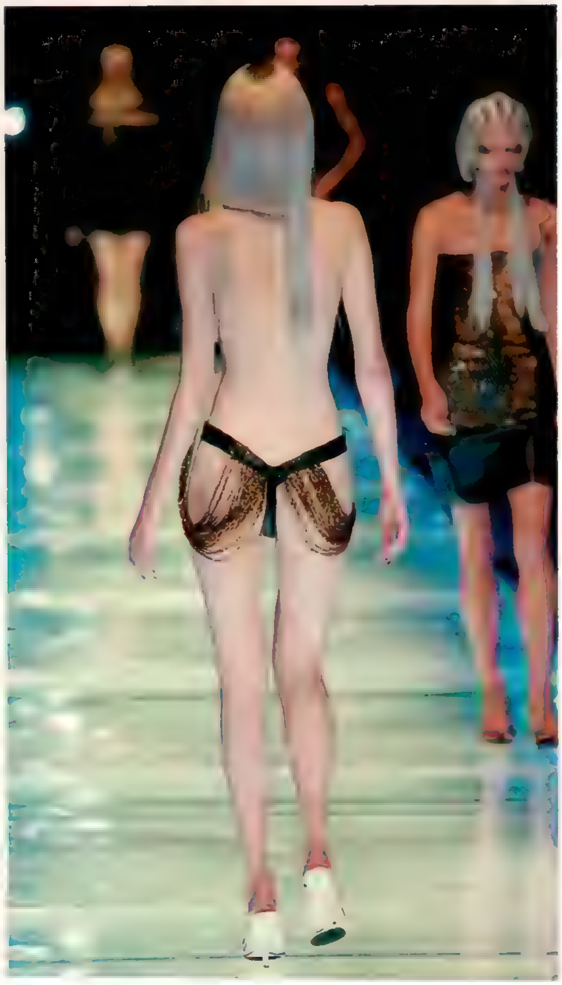
BELLES DU JOUR

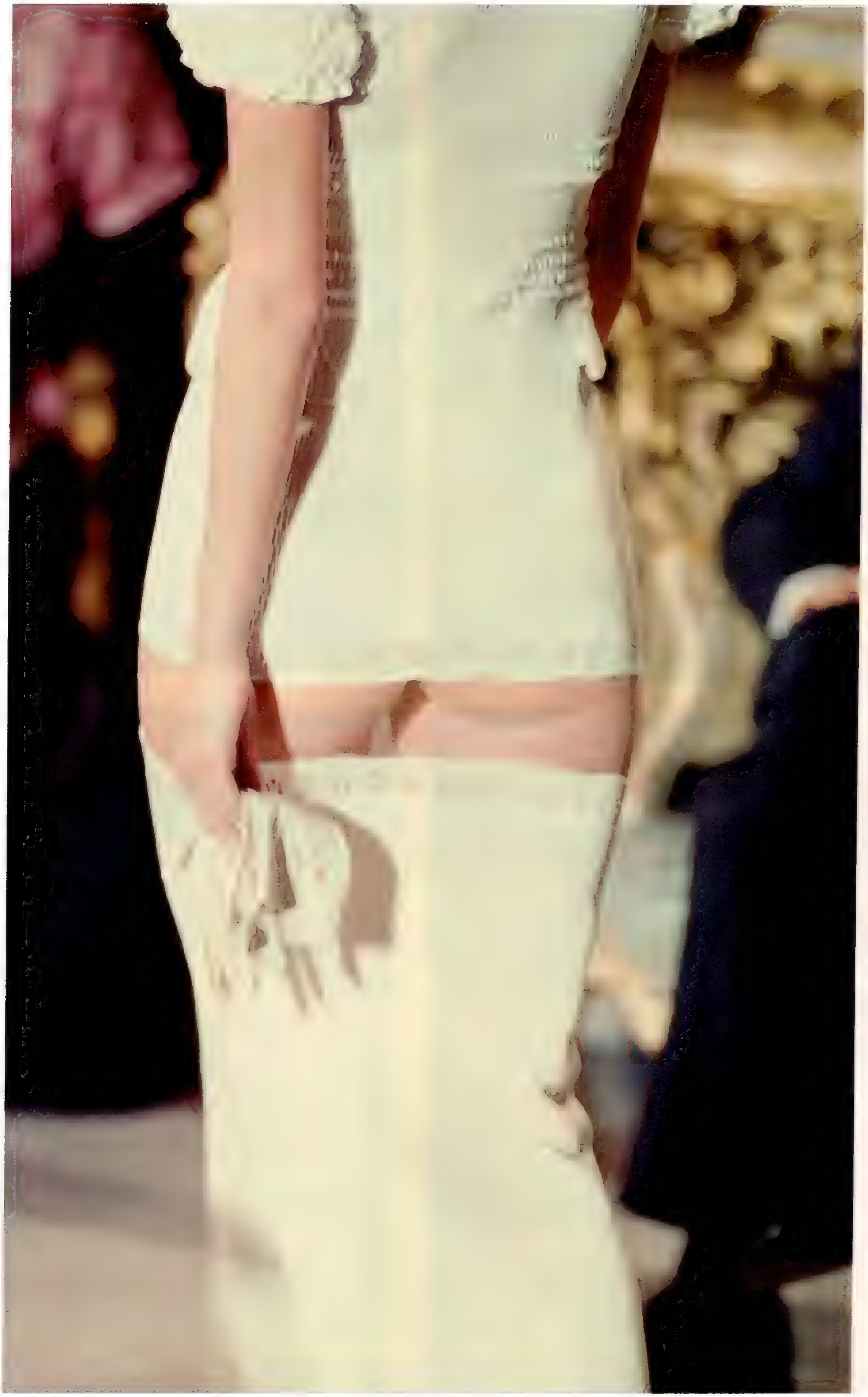
Once again, designers adorn their runways with the world's sexiest Venuses and vixens. Their beauty is often so overwhelming that the couturiers take a backseat to the nude female form.



Gone are the days when stage starlets, movie darlings, and opera divas enjoyed cult status among the trendy set. Today supermodels are our goddesses, and their most devoted worshipers are the designers who dress them.



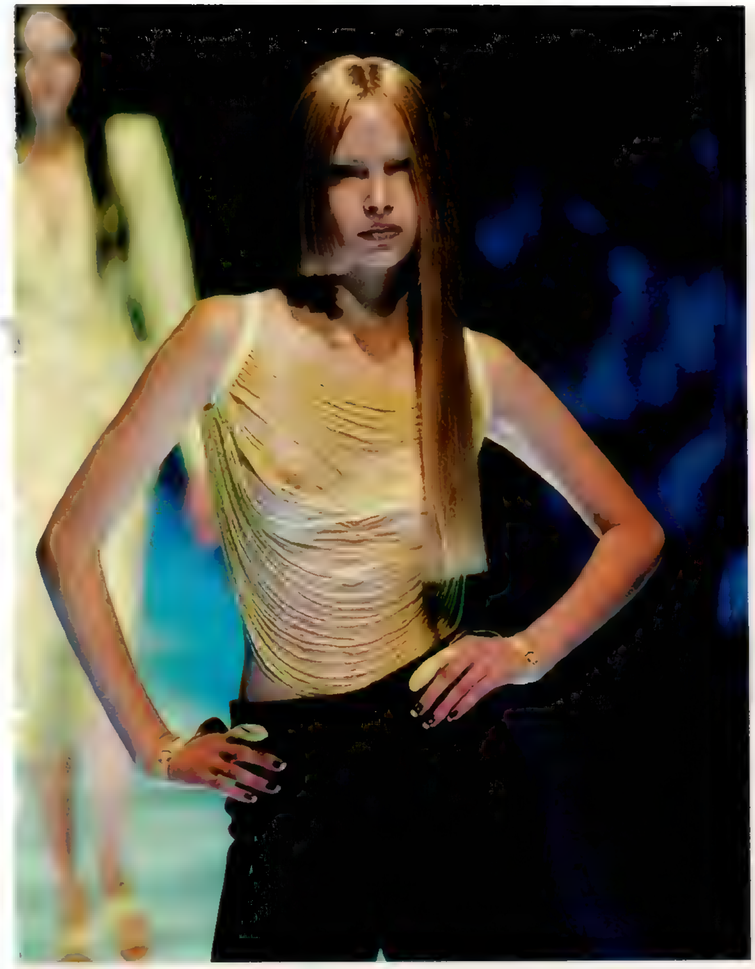


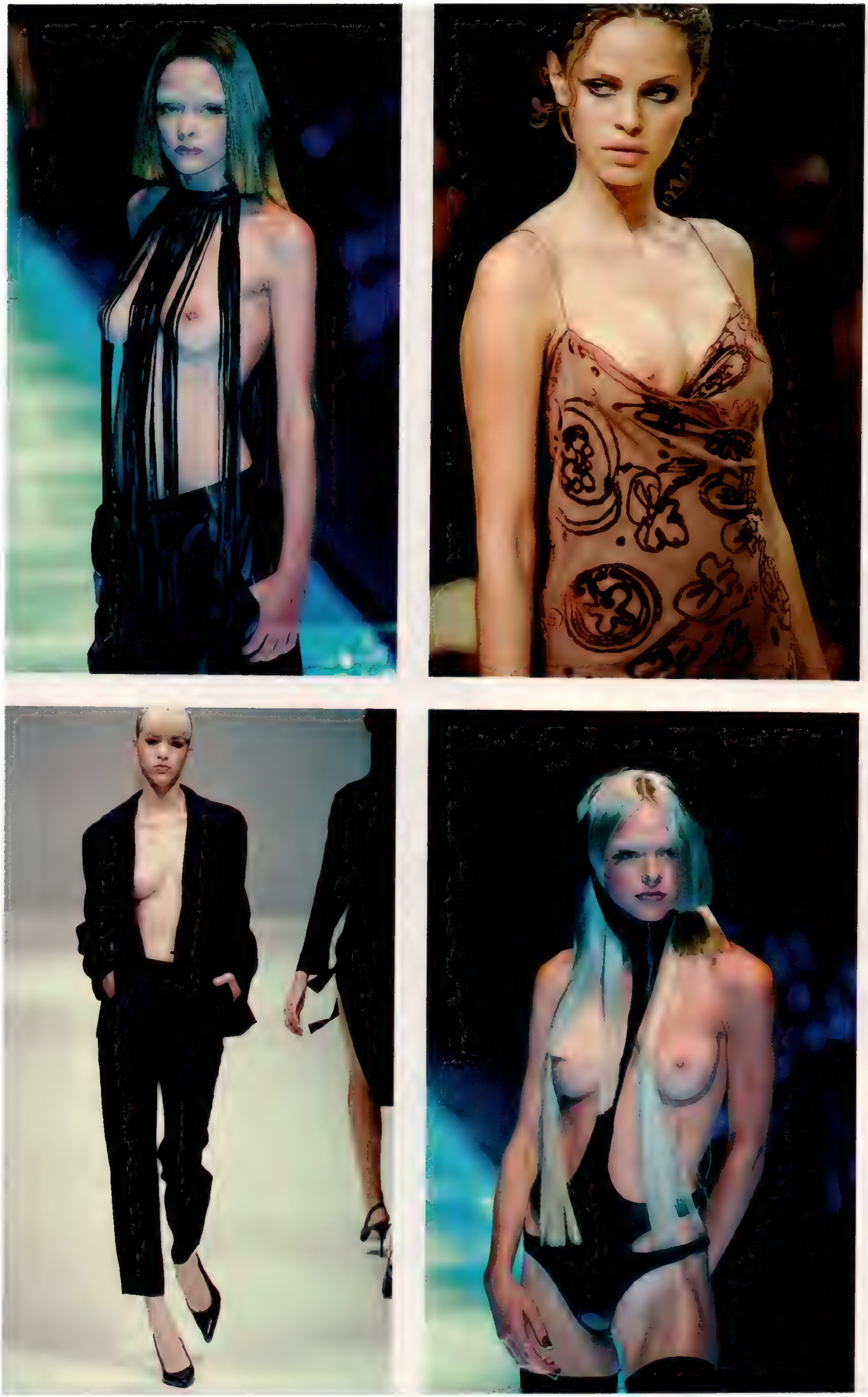


At first glance John Galliano's creation (left) seems a tad incomplete, but further inspection reveals that his vision is picture perfect.

At $110, the latest Gucci undergarments (right) are hardly a bargain, but when they're packaged like this, these panties are priceless.

Although the ultra-racy clothing displayed at a runway show is usually not meant for the general public, there's no doubt about its message: Sex sells, big time. B. Jackson's flower-power look (above) presents a romantic pajama feel, complete with tousled hair and innocent pout. Galliano's gold (opposite page, top left) is reminiscent of Cleopatra, a role model for any supermodel. Alexander MacQueen's metallic warrior (far right) makes fashion's future seem brighter than ever; and Missoni creates candy stripes that are good enough to eat (opposite page, bottom left).





The modern goddess rules with spiked stiletto and vapid gaze, showing us both what we will never have and what is ours for the taking. Clockwise from top left: MacQueen, Romeo Gigli, Ocimar Versolato, MacQueen, and Laurel.

USA confidential

By John Connolly and Allan Sonnenschein

Although it is April—autumn in Brazil—São Paulo, a city of more than 15 million, moves slowly in the high temperature and intense humidity. Even at four o'clock in the afternoon you have to walk only a few blocks to feel beads of perspiration on your skin. If you quicken your pace, or, worse, are frightened and nervous, the beads turn to rivulets of sweat. Not even the long shadows stretching from the U.S. embassy in the city's old business district do anything to relieve the oppressive heat.

Ten years ago Roxanne Dacus revealed that she had been Jessica Hahn's madam. Today she has an even more incredible story to tell.

At this very moment an odd couple is passing the embassy building. She is big, brassy, and blonde, while the man accompanying her is tall, thin, and black. But it is her outfit that draws stares from the basically tolerant Brazilians. She is wearing a hand-painted white blouse embroidered with black pearls, a black skirt, and white sandals on bare feet.

Streams of perspiration run down the cleavage of her very ample bosom. Later she would recall in a sweet Texan drawl, "I was afraid all that sweat was going to short out the microphone in my bra."

Natives and tourists are not the only persons eyeing the couple, and she's not the only nervous figure in this scene. The black man's anxiety is mounting as he repeatedly tries to hand her a large shopping bag from one of the country's more expensive boutiques. Inside it is a specially constructed alligator-leather carry-on case. In Nigerian-accented English the man shouts, "Here, you take the package! I'm going to leave now!" But for her, the timing is all wrong, and rather than take the bag she pretends to be sick, pleading with the Nigerian to help her up the street to the Staff Café, where they had met for the first time the previous evening.

"I'm going to faint—I have to get to a bathroom," she tells him, dragging him into the café. Once inside, she rushes up some stairs, ostensibly to the ladies' room.

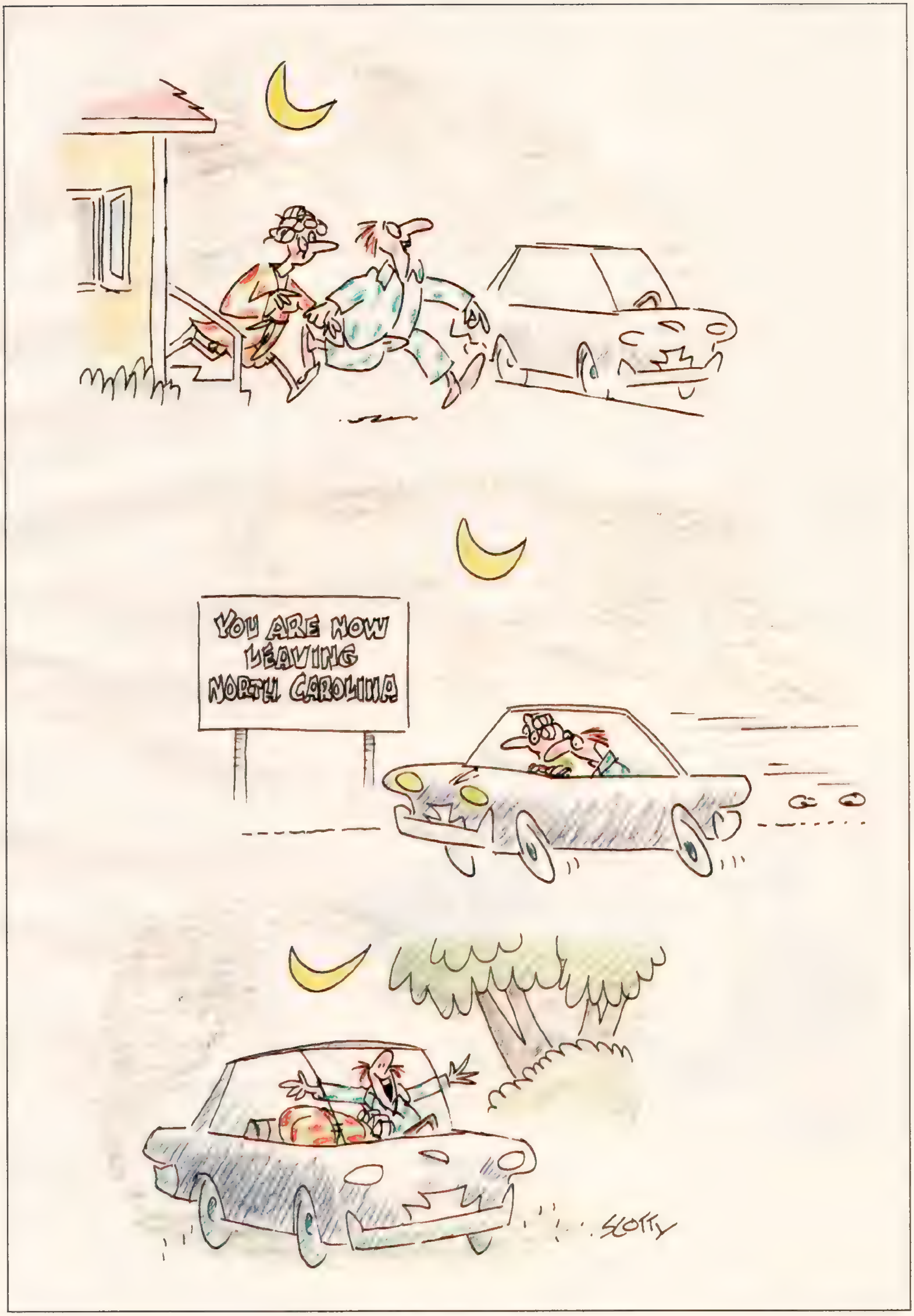
As she reaches the wraparound balcony that overlooks the bar, she rapidly and repeatedly whispers code words into her body mike. Down below, the man has sat at a table, placing the shopping bag a few feet away. Suddenly, sensing that something is wrong, he springs to his feet and bolts for the door.

The blonde, not getting any response from the Brazilian and U.S. drug-enforcement agents she'd spotted in the bar—and fending off the advances of a large Australian tourist—begins to jump up and down, gesticulating wildly to the men below to grab the Nigerian.

For what seems an eternity nothing happens—then all hell breaks loose. D.E.A. agent Jeff Moran, at least a head shorter than the fleeing Nigerian, runs after the suspect screaming, "Take him! Take him!" Other plainclothes agents are whipping out automatics and machine pistols. The woman remembers, "I was afraid that one of the guns might go off and I would be killed by friendly fire, so I threw myself on the floor." Half a block down the street, Agent Moran tackles the Nigerian, and with the help of the rest of the team handcuffs him and bundles him into an unmarked car.

A few minutes later, back at the café, the feds open the expensive alligator bag and find in its hidden sidewall compartment 3.7 kilograms of a fine white powder. Chemical tests later confirm that the substance is 100-percent-pure cocaine. The woman is hustled out of the café, into a waiting car, and driven to her hotel a few blocks away. There, agents help her pack her belongings, then drive her to another expensive hotel across the city.

This was no run-of-the-mill D.E.A. buy-and-bust operation in a foreign country, but part of a huge international drug case, and Roxanne Dacus, the brassy blonde with a mike in her cleavage, was not a D.E.A. undercover agent, but a 49-year-old housewife from suburban Long Island, New York—and, as we'll soon see, no stranger to *Penthouse* readers. Although she had had previous encounters with law-enforcement authorities, she says—and sources confirm—that she is not your usual drug dealer turned cooperator, trying to lighten her sentence by setting up other drug dealers. Rather, she has transformed herself into an avenging angel fighting drugs—a story that would be strange under any circumstance, but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SCOTTY

is even stranger, given her past.

To date she has been responsible for the arrests of more than 125 people, from Long Island to Brazil to Istanbul. There may be many more to come. Like the circles that widen from where a stone hits a tranquil pond, the effects of this woman's dangerous work continue to expand, and D.E.A. agents confirm that more arrests are expected. It's unusual for any D.E.A. official to comment on cases that are not closed, but Arthur Scalzo, head of the D.E.A.'s Long Island office, says of Roxanne, "She was a good citizen, and came to us." Another agent involved in the operation says, "Without Roxanne there wouldn't be any case, much less cases. Roxanne is her own one-woman task force." She has come a long, long way in ten years.

In 1987 a big juicy scandal centered on Jessica Hahn, an attractive young woman who all but destroyed the career of TV evangelist Jim Bakker. Hahn claimed to have been a churchgoing tender virgin who'd been lured by Bakker to a Florida motel and raped.

Penthouse investigative reporters, as part of a series of articles on hustler TV preachers, were already preparing a story on Bakker when Hahn's lurid account surfaced. Although her story certainly helped to discredit the hypocritical Bakker, the *Penthouse* reporters were also developing information that cast doubt on much of what Hahn was saying. The fact that *Penthouse*'s chief competitor, *Playboy,* was paying Hahn to pose for that magazine and presenting her narrative as the unvarnished truth gave the whole episode an additional edge.

As the *Penthouse* article was being readied for print, and as *Playboy* limos were chauffeuring Hahn to TV appearances, Roxanne Dacus called *Penthouse* with a sensational supplement to the story. She herself was, she proved to our reporters, the madam of a busy prostitution ring on Long Island. And Hahn, she said, was as bogus as Jim Bakker—having been a hooker who actually worked for Dacus before seeing greater opportunities in Bakker's P.T.L. church. Although Hahn and her lawyers denied the whole thing, Dacus had the evidence, and her *Penthouse* interview in January 1988 caused a media sensation.

Ten years later, in the autumn of 1997, Roxanne came to *Penthouse* with another story about Long Island women. This time it was a tale about a drug ring of housewives that was broken almost singlehandedly by the former madam. This time even born-again Christians would probably acknowledge that Roxanne was on the side of the angels.

IRS
Leo Cullum

"Frankly, sir, the I.R.S. doesn't care how much sperm you've donated."

She was born dirt poor in Austin, Texas, and life has never been anything but hardscrabble for her, yet Roxanne has a great sense of humor and laughs easily. Her mother delivered her on the floor of the garage of their home on North Congress Street. "I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth," says Roxanne. "In fact we were lucky to have any spoons at all." To escape, at the age of 14 she ran off and married her sweetheart. Within a year she had her first child, and the year after that, her next. But the marriage, not surprisingly, failed, and in late 1974 Roxanne took herself and the kids to visit her brother in New York. She never looked back.

Roxanne is an enigma, maybe even to herself. Most people, as they approach the half-century mark, gravitate toward quieter, if not more peaceful and secure, endeavors. Not Roxanne. She has lived her life on the edge, and has no intention of changing. "I get a real high when we take one of these people down," Roxanne says about her undercover work. In her diaries—copious notes kept in Chunky Memo Books decorated by marine artist Christian Lassen—there is little if any mention of fear. Her entry about the Brazil arrest is typical: "The rush you feel when the climax finally comes is like nothing you can put into words. I love it!"

She is tough yet often gentle, and for someone with very little formal education she speaks amazingly well. The long polished nails and the heavy makeup belie a very savvy, street-smart woman. Her father, brother, and ex-husband were members of the Pagans, a notorious Texas motorcycle gang, and although women cannot be "officially" considered members of the gang, Roxanne says she's treated with the respect usually reserved for a Pagan 13, the highest level a gang member can attain. She says, "If there was a bar fight or something, I wasn't going to run away and leave the men alone to fight; that wouldn't go down well with me."

Roxanne's choice of men has not always been stellar. Most of the guys in her life either wound up behind bars, or should have. But it was her involvement with one of these men that would, strange as it seems, result in her metamorphosis over the years from a life of crime to a law-enforcement heroine.

In late 1977 Roxanne was dating a self-professed hoodlum related to the late Mafia boss Carlo Gambino. During the course of their affair the affectionate mobster took her from a life as a hooker and set her up as a madam in her own bordello on Long Island. Not long after, her mentor was arrested by U.S. Treasury agents on a variety of charges, convicted, and shipped off to prison.

In the course of following her boyfriend's legal problems, Roxanne be-

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RIBALD RIMES

Our continuing compilation
of today's wittiest and lewdest limericks

Illustrated by David Miller

There were two young ladies from Grimsby
who wondered what use could their quims be?
The bit in the middle
was clearly for piddle,
but what could those hair-covered rims be?
—submitted by stacyh91

There was a young lady of Dee
who went down to the river to pee.
A man in a punt
put his hand on her cunt,
and God, how I wish it were me.

There was a young lady of Dover
whose passion was such that it drove her
to cry when you came,
"Oh dear, what a shame!
Well, now we shall have to start over."

There was a young fellow named Goody
who claimed that he wouldn't, but would he?
If he found himself nude
with a gal in the mood,
the question's not woody, but could he?

Original limericks can be submitted via the *Penthouse* Website, http://www.penthousemag.com. We'll publish our favorites in upcoming issues, and winners will receive a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse*.

the new MORALITY

By Marcia Pally

In November 1995 an article in *The New England Journal of Medicine* alluded to the case of a Maryland banker who had gained access to medical records, "cross-referenced a list of patients with cancer against a list of people who had outstanding loans at his bank, and then called in the loans."

Patients may not learn that their medical files have been accessed illegally until they are harmed by the results.

Among the problems that dog health care today is patient privacy—and erosion of it comes ironically from one of the greatest boons to medical care, computer technology. With the 1996 passage of the Kennedy-Kassebaum Health Insurance Reform Law, the government mandates that each American have a "unique patient identifier" that allows all physical and mental health-care files to be linked in a central data bank much like those that store financial records and provide credit ratings. In the fall of 1997 the Maryland-based Sequoia Corporation won a multimillion-dollar federal grant to develop a national Master Patient Index, the technology that will eventually cross-reference computerized patient records.

The advantages of such a data base are significant. Composite medical records can aid in treatment, as doctors punch in patient identifiers and retrieve necessary background information. They can also reduce paperwork, duplication of expensive tests, and medical fraud, thereby lowering Medicaid and Medicare costs.

Yet concerns about privacy have become serious enough to prod the formation of the National Coalition for Patient Rights, dedicated to restoring confidentiality to health care. With the 1996 law the basic question of whether or not medical information should be centrally computerized has been settled. But four issues remain.

The first is: What information should be included in an individual's medical data bank—medical history, allergies, current medication, the subject of each visit to a doctor or therapist?

The second issue has to do with who decides what information should be included—the doctor? the government? the insurer? the data bank? Should a patient have the right to demand that certain information be withheld?

The third question centers on access to patient information, with or without patient consent. With so much information so widely available, control by the patient becomes tenuous. "The loopholes regarding access," says Denise Nagel, M.D., executive director of the N.C.P.R., "swallow the privacy principle. The exceptions swallow the rule."

The fourth issue concerns safeguards against and punishment for illegal access. The government has always emphasized penalties for illegal data retrieval, and the law provides for such penalties. But as patients have already lost control of their files, they may not learn of illegal access until they are harmed by the results of it—loss of a mortgage or insurance, public disclosure of a medical condition, etc.

It is more long-sighted to build patient privacy into the law from the beginning than to police abuses after the fact. The key requirements are patient control over data that go in, patient permission before data go out, and elimination of the "unique patient identifier" that enables instant cross-referencing of files without patient knowledge. Such provisions are possible. In Britain the primary-care physician decides who gets access to patient files at all, and which ones require patient consent. Senator Patrick Leahy (D-Vt.) and Congressman Jim McDermott (D-Wash.) have introduced bills in Congress that approach this sort of system.

"The public must be very careful," Nagel says, "because the rhetoric is tricky, and it's confusing which bills protect privacy. The administration is using the right language, but in the current political climate there is nothing to demonstrate anything but a trend to open access. When patients and doctors talk about confidentiality, they mean keeping information between themselves. When insurers and government talk, they mean information will be kept within 'a community of authorized users' defined by insurers and the government."

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OUT OF CONTROL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

Meanwhile, the U.S. government continues to encourage American businesses to invest in Russia as a means of furthering stability. De Borchgrave says he's deeply worried about American C.E.O.'s who fly to Moscow under the aegis of the U.S.-Russian Business Council to sit with their counterparts on the other side of table "[because] the counterparts are the top criminals in Russia."

This leaves President Clinton in a bind; he has decided that Yeltsin's commitment to fight corruption at home and to coexist in friendly fashion with the U.S. make him worth supporting. And foreign investment in Russia is crucial to giving that country a chance to get on its feet. But what can Clinton do if the Russian Mafiya outmaneuvers and defies Yeltsin in a manner designed to cut him off from his friend at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue?

> "Even Russia's honest cops were unprepared for the avalanche of violence and politically connected conspiracies by the Mafiya's crime families."

An American Nightmare

It would not be farfetched for Clinton—or any American president—to be suddenly confronted by a scenario of rapidly growing horror in which coordinated bombings, including the detonation of a suitcase-size nuke, widespread power blackouts, and an air-traffic-control system blacked out by computer sabotage, plus the release of radioactive waste and chemical and biological agents, had suddenly taken thousands of lives and spread panic across the country.

As for the more than 20,000 city-smasher nukes still known to be in the arsenal of Russia's Strategic Rocket Force, William Webster, former head of both the F.B.I. and the C.I.A., is worried, and with good reason.

"A decade ago," Webster says, "the Soviet Union had very tight control over its nuclear [weapons-production and -basing] operations. There was a whole series of safeguards. We felt very secure. Today their scientists are not being paid, their soldiers are not being paid. Even the [Russian] government is not sure it can count on [its own] people [who are directly in charge of nuclear weapons and their components]."

Webster's words—spoken during a news conference at C.S.I.S. in which he warned against the rising power of the Russian Mafiya—should alarm everyone.

Taking It Personally

I say this from two perspectives. First, as the father of a one-year-old girl whose existence has me deeply desirous of a future without a radioactive mushroom cloud in the sky, without a poison-gas attack in the D.C. subways, or the unleashing of a biological weapon at the next July 4th celebration on The Mall.

My other perspective is that of a reporter with more than 30 years experience around the world, who prides himself on not being easily rattled. Not even after our 1988 terrorism-book research, which showed me how lax the French were about guarding their biggest airports, how arrogant the it-can't-happen-here Germans were, only five months before the bomb that blew up Pan Am 103 was loaded into a plane at Frankfurt Airport—and on and on, from country to country....

Despite all that, my usual sense of invulnerability wasn't seriously disturbed by everything we'd learned. Now, however, I feel very vulnerable, because of the unlimited nature of what the Russian Mafiya can do for itself or for a wide variety of potential clients.

Making matters worse, the U.S. government is only just beginning to prepare for such an attack.

On a cold, wet day in Washington, in an unassuming suite of offices high above the prestigious K Street corridor, Kupperman shared his fears with me. "I am convinced that the dangers are very real and that without effective intervention soon, we will all pay a price," he said. "I don't know how we can stop the Russian Mafiya and its potential clients from doing extremely serious damage to our country."

On Capitol Hill, where security against terrorist attack is minimal at best, at least one member of Congress understands what's happening. "The real power lies with the Russian godfathers and their allies," writes Senator John Kerry of Massachusetts in his book *The New War.*

Kerry knows what he's writing about. He is the ranking Democrat on the Senate Subcommittee on Terrorism, Narcotics, and International Operations, as well as a highly decorated combat veteran of the Vietnam War. That gives Kerry some credibility even with Republicans. Maybe he can get other members of the Senate to listen for more than just a couple of hours. It isn't easy to do.

For almost 23 years Robert Kupperman has tried to get Congress and the executive branch to look squarely at the challenges of terrorism, and to look ahead to how it is apt to change in the near future. Only on occasion, and never for very long, have Senate and House leaders, or a sitting president and his senior staff, been willing to look head-on at the complex and extremely difficult issues Kupperman raises. The most significant exception was Oliver "Buck" Revell, executive assistant director of the F.B.I. and principal architect of America's counterterrorism policies in the eighties.

A brilliant and courageous advocate of much of Kupperman's thinking, Revell was pushed aside at the bureau just when he was in position to be named director and make his greatest contribution to the defense of the country. His tough, controversial positions on fighting terrorism are believed to have played a part in his being denied the F.B.I.'s top post.

Hope at Defense

But there is some hope for a change in consciousness about the new danger to America posed by the Russian Mafiya and other non-state entities. Secretary of Defense William S. Cohen, an imaginative man (and published poet) not stuck in the old it-can't-happen-here thinking that permeated much of the Pentagon's leadership over the past decade, has begun to understand and respond to the emerging threats of cyber, nuclear, radiological, chemical, and biological attacks.

The recent fielding by the Marine Corps and the Army of prototype special units trained to respond inside the U.S. to attacks with biological weapons was only Cohen's first step. His second got the immediate attention of the whole world. The Secretary of Defense has ordered all 2.4 million active-duty and reserve U.S. military personnel to be vaccinated against anthrax, widely regarded as one of the deadliest biological agents, additionally feared because it is relatively easy to manufacture and only moderately difficult to use.

This is the first time that the Pentagon has prescribed vaccination against a biological weapon for the entire military, way beyond the decision to inoculate front-line troops during the Persian Gulf War. But ordering the massive vaccination is a far cry from making it happen.

There is only one F.D.A.-approved

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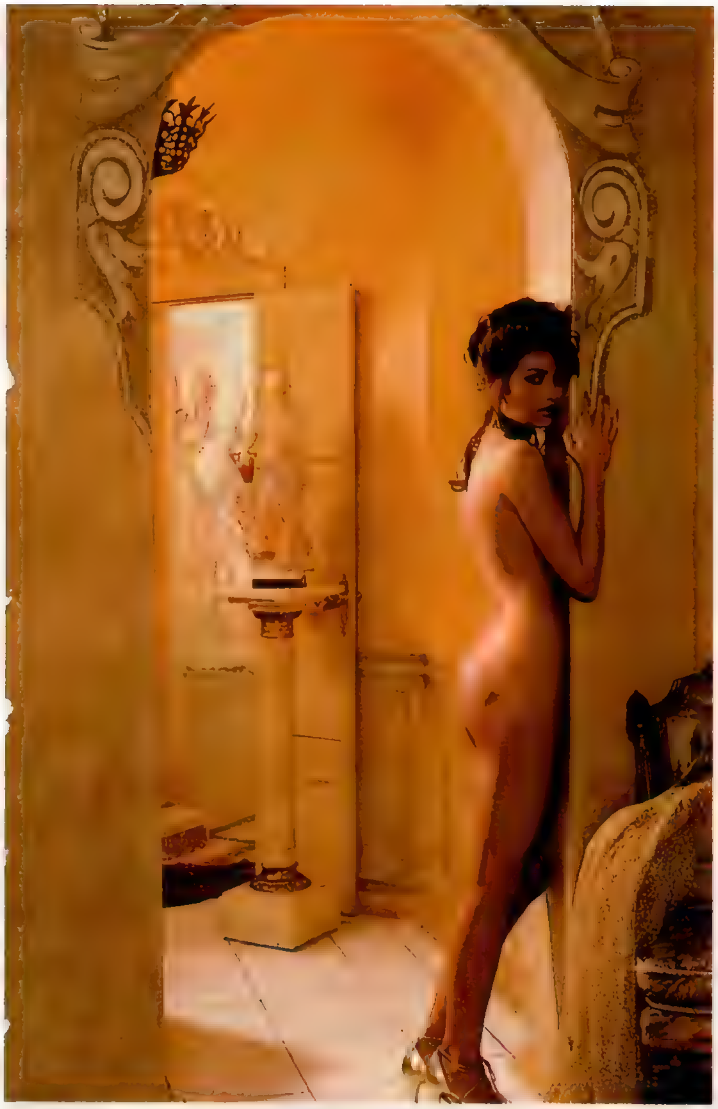
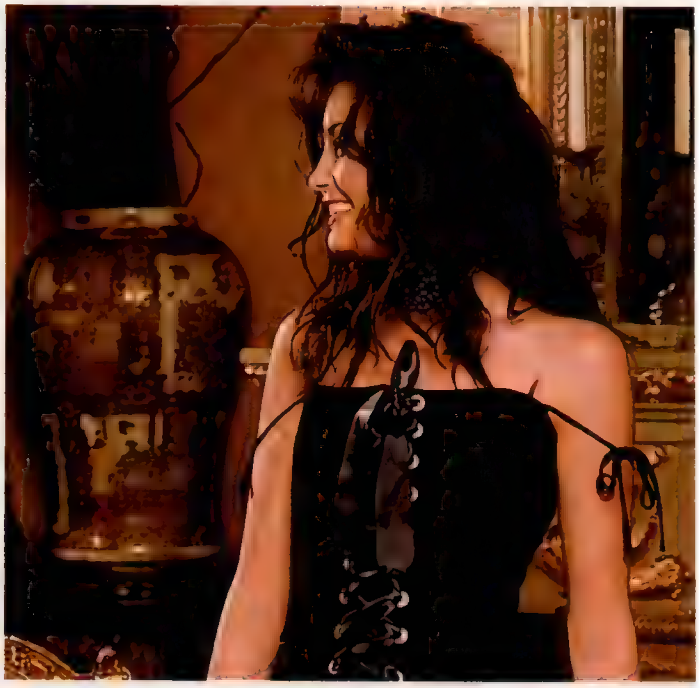
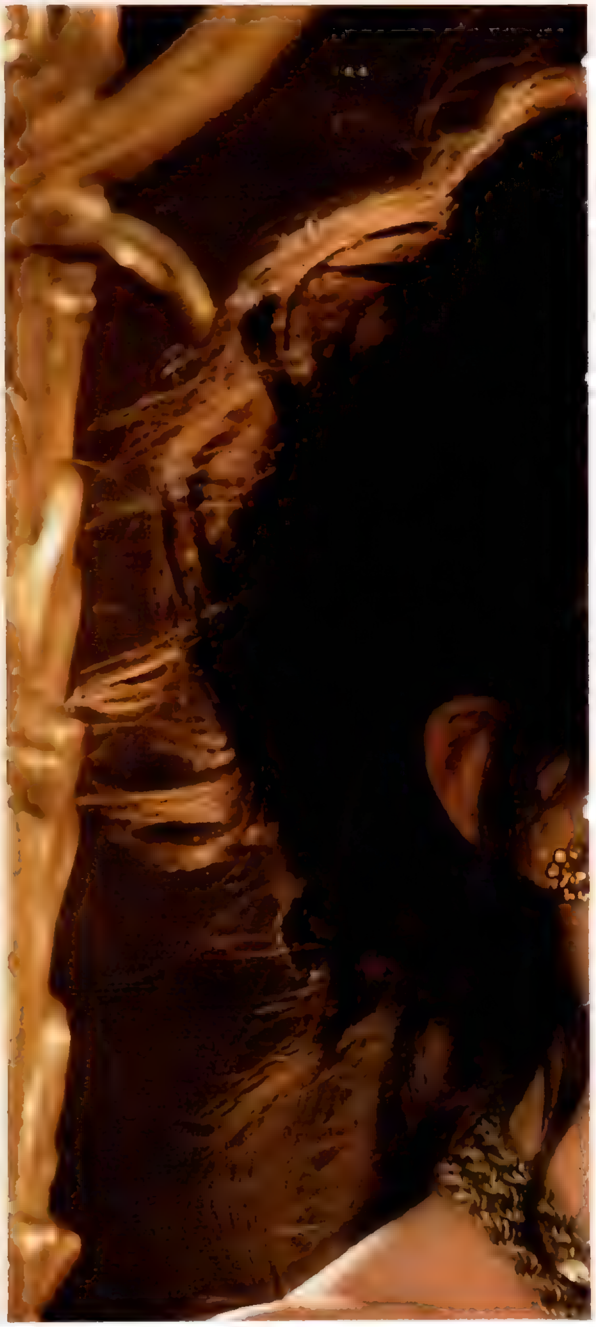


“Because my work requires a lot of lip service, it's important that they be soft and supple, yet firm enough to handle the vibrations.”

KELLY





JUST PUT YOUR LIPS TOGETHER AND BLOW

When Lauren Bacall gave voice to the immortal line, "You know how to whistle, don't you, Steve? You just put your lips together and blow," she left many a man dry mouthed, but when Kelly Havel puckers up, she leaves men—and women—whistling a happy tune. A professional flutist from Michigan, Kelly has performed in concert halls across the country. "Most kids laughed when I chose band class," she tells us. "But great teachers helped me to cultivate my talent." As for those naysayers-turned-fans, Kelly says, "I just blow them off."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

“I know people are fascinated by technological innovations, but some instruments will always require a human touch.”

“I love ornate things,” the 35-24-34 19-year-old admits. “At one point I was obsessed with buying gilded picture frames and statues. My roommate called it my baroque period, but I spent so much money that I refer to it as my ‘broke period.’”

"I know people are fascinated by the technological innovations in music," Kelly says, "but some instruments will always require a human touch."

Kelly takes a "hands on" approach to more than her music. "After a concert engagement there's usually a lot of downtime," she confides. "Some musicians like to relax by turning into couch potatoes, but that doesn't do it for me." Kelly spends her free time sculpting, painting, and volunteering at hospitals. "I like to play in children's wings and at seniors' centers," she says, then adds with a smile, "I try not to spread myself too thin, though. I do spend a lot of time taking care of myself. Because my work requires a lot of lip service, it's important that they be soft and supple, yet firm enough to handle the vibrations."

MISS KELLY HAVEL / PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

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"I'm a sucker for romance," Kelly adds. "Long-stemmed roses, candle-lit dinners, and sunset views can *always* put me in the mood."

As for what her future holds, Kelly says she'll be deciding on a college soon. "Continuing my education is very important to me," she says. "The music industry is tough. I'll need a few more tricks up my sleeve." Kelly, we think you're handling yourself pretty well already.

To see more exciting pictures of Kelly,
visit our Website at http://www.penthousemag.com/hottest

MILITARY *affairs*

I bet you didn't know that your commander in chief—and the rest of the military brass—"endorse" smoking and drinking. They also "endorse" the type of sexual promiscuity that is advocated by *Cosmopolitan* magazine, as well as abortion on demand, gambling, atheism, communism, junk food, vegetarianism, and even nudism. But what they most certainly don't endorse is "lasciviousness," even between spouses.

That's the bizarre message underlying the recent decision of the United States Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit that upheld the so-called Military Honor and Decency Act of 1996. In supporting the government's appeal and thereby reversing the District Court's decision, which had declared the said statute unconstitutional, the Court of Appeals emphasized that Congress has the power to censor what is sold at military post exchanges in order to avoid the appearance "that the military, by selling sexually explicit material in military exchanges, *endorses* [emphasis added] these materials."

Soldiers, take heart: You may not be able to *buy* Penthouse at your P.X., but you can still *read* it in your barracks.

Is there a soldier anywhere who has ever believed that the assortment of stuff sold at military bases—from condoms to playing cards to chewing tobacco—was being "endorsed" by the brass? Of course not. Until this paternalistic statute was enacted, local post exchanges stocked their shelves based on customer demand. In other words, *Penthouse* was being sold because soldiers, sailors, marines, airmen and -women wanted to read it and look at its pictures—not because the base commander "endorsed" it.

But now everything has changed—at least until and unless the Supreme Court overrules the Court of Appeals. Under the latter's decision, everything that is permitted to be sold from a P.X.'s shelves should be viewed as having been endorsed by the chain of command. If you see a tabloid with a headline about President Clinton having had sex with a space alien you had better believe it, because that magazine has been endorsed by the commander in chief. Let's get real.

The Clinton administration argues that pornography is "controversial and unpalatable to many." So are cigarettes and liquor, yet these items continue to be sold to those to whom they are palatable. Censorship is also controversial and unpalatable to many, but by enacting this ridiculous law Congress has endorsed blatant censorship.

The idea that controversial material should be censored at military exchanges is inconsistent with the First Amendment. It is also an unworkable standard. If all controversial material had to be removed from the shelves, no books or magazines would ever be sold. Even some cereals would probably have to be banned. I, for one, find Froot Loops "unpalatable" and do not want to see the Pentagon endorsing them.

The Military Honor and Decency Act is an insult to the intelligence and dignity of every member of the armed forces. It assumes that men and women in uniform are not capable of dealing with controversial speech, and treats them like elementary-school children who need to be told what is on the "approved reading" list. The Court of Appeals decision adds insult to injury by accepting the proposition that military honor and decency would be compromised if soldiers could buy *Penthouse* on their bases.

But military fans of *Penthouse* need not fret too much. Although you may not be able to buy "the Magazine of Sex, Politics, and Protest" at your base exchange, Congress doesn't seem to care if you get it by mail, or at a store a few yards off the base. You can read it in the barracks, share it with your friends, even write a letter to its editor.

Let us hear from you about what you think of this restriction on your liberty, and whether you believe that everything being sold on the base is being "endorsed" by the military.—*Alan M. Dershowitz*

OUT OF CONTROL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

manufacturer of the vaccine, a small facility in Michigan. By the time all the production problems are worked out, experts believe almost half a year will have passed from the day this past December that Cohen issued the command, saying, "We owe it to our people to move ahead with this immunization." Clearly, Secretary Cohen understands that our troops could come under anthrax attack at almost any time.

As the Iraqi-American confrontation hardened, Cohen began educating the American people on the potential impact of Iraqi biological weapons that could be delivered not only against U.S. troops in the Middle East, but on targets across the U.S.

Cohen went on network TV, held up a five-pound bag of sugar, and said that if it contained anthrax spores and they were carefully released into the air over Washington, half the population of the nation's capital would be wiped out. The sugar-bag statement in November was followed by his announcement, just ten days before Christmas, of the anthrax-vaccination plan. Cohen was signaling exactly how serious all this is.

I live and work very close to the White House—a likely target of a terrorist's weapon of mass destruction. At the recent one-year birthday party for the daughter of close friends, I met a physician who asked me if I personally would want an anthrax vaccination. I told him that I would jump at the chance.

If the government doesn't find some way to stop the Russian Mafiya and those it might choose to serve, these guys could get a lot of us, including my family and maybe yours too. Thus far, the Pentagon hasn't even suggested that it might make the vaccine available for any U.S. citizen who wants it—only the 2.4 million members of the military. The estimated $13 billion tab for vaccinating the entire population is certainly a big part of the reason there is no move to do that. Making life even more complicated, Russia's extensive biological-weapons program is believed to include genetically engineered anthrax, against which it would be very difficult to develop a vaccine.

As it happens, Secretary Cohen hasn't yet publicly mentioned the Russian Mafiya, which has become the only criminal organization in history with access to weapons of mass destruction, making it a completely unpredictable wild card.

"He doesn't smoke."

Thinking the Unthinkable

One of the most intriguing insights into how that wild card could soon be played comes from Chuck de Caro, a former CNN combat reporter, now president of Aerobureau Corporation, developer of the world's first flying news center. One-time Green Beret de Caro is widely regarded as a truly far-seeing thinker on how the next battle will be shaped by the manipulation of mass media. He told me that "when you take information warfare, especially SoftWar [the hostile use of global television to influence another nation's will by changing its view of reality], and mix it with panic-inducing chem-bio attacks, you get a tremendously powerful hybrid."

De Caro, driver of hot sports cars with a track record of dating some of the most beautiful women in the country, launched into the impassioned style with which he lectures at the Defense Intelligence Agency and the National Defense University.

"Think," he said strongly. "If those bastards purposely popped a bio[logical weapon] for the apparent effect—say, at the Super Bowl—and then revealed a videotape threat, by an 'unknown' group, that there was more to come, even if it were a bluff the ensuing panic would trump the United States. Why? Because U.S. military power is based on destroying armies, navies, and air forces of identifiable, sovereign states, not on [countering] non-state actors like international criminals and terrorists."

Over the past 75 years no nation other than Iraq (during its 1980–1988 war with Iran) has made significant use of chemical or biological weapons. Few leaders in the West took seriously the immediate nature of the threat of attack by "non-state actors" using nukes, chemicals, or biological agents.

Even the release by religious fanatics of deadly sarin gas in the Tokyo subways March 20, 1995, killing 12 and injuring more than 4,000, failed to sharply mobilize world leaders. Those leaders were missing a grim signpost that reads, "The old rules don't apply—dare to think the unthinkable or perish." In that context, think the unthinkable about the following:

Boris Berezovsky, Russia's chief of national security, has personal wealth estimated by *Forbes* magazine at almost $3 billion—although his official statement of net worth is a mere $39,000. What makes this terrifying is that Berezovsky has the keys to the world's biggest storehouses of poison gas, biological weapons of every description, and the largest arsenal of thermonuclear weapons on the planet.

Clearly, Berezovsky didn't come by his nearly $3 billion through the death of an uncle in the vodka business.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 206

Men's Health & Fitness

Contributing Editor Kim Dalton

Be stronger, smarter, harder, better! *Ultimate tune-ups for top performance*

ACUPUNCTURE GOES MAINSTREAM

Scary stories of medications going wrong, together with their often unpleasant side effects and costliness, have prompted many Americans to try alternative approaches, and to demand a fair hearing for them from a skeptical medical establishment.

Finally, in one case, the latter has happened. An expert panel convened by the National Institutes of Health recently reviewed the available studies on acupuncture and concluded that the traditional Chinese needle technique can relieve pain and nausea as effectively as, and more safely than, conventional medicine.

Specifically, the panel found acupuncture to be helpful for postoperative dental and surgical pain and for nausea associated with pregnancy and chemotherapy. There is suggestive but nondefinitive evidence of its usefulness for addiction, headache, tennis elbow, muscle pain, lower-back pain, carpal-tunnel syndrome, and asthma.

Acupuncturists insert fine needles into strategic points on the body in order, they claim, to restore the proper flow of *Qi* (pronounced "chee"), or energy. Part of most physicians' reluctance to accept acupuncture stems from what they see as the gulf between this kind of fuzzy theory and a scientific explanation. The panel didn't close that gap completely, but it cited evidence that the needles induce natural painkillers called opioids, alter levels of other brain chemicals, and improve circulation.

The N.I.H. consensus statement may persuade insurance companies to cover acupuncture for some indications, but check first. The panelists cautioned that the technique should be considered a complement to, not a substitute for, traditional care. To locate an acupuncturist who is a doctor, call the American Academy of Medical Acupuncture at (800) 521-2262; lay acupuncturists should be licensed by the state and certified by the National Commission for the Certification of Acupuncturists.—*K.D.*

DISSOLVING AWAY DECAY

Dental phobes, take heart: Scandinavian researchers are out to strip dentists of their drills. The gentler way: to simply swab cavity-harboring teeth with a gel that painlessly dissolves away decay, causing less damage to healthy tissue.

Developed by a company called Medi Team in Gothenburg, Sweden, Carisolv consists of a gel containing three amino acids, plus a weak solution of sodium hypochlorite; the two are mixed and then applied to the tooth surface. After 30 seconds or so, the dentist gently scrapes away the decayed tissue, then cleans out the cavity with cotton wool or water before filling it. For certain cavities, such as those underneath fillings or offering limited access, some drilling will still be required, says Irene Herrmann, Medi Team's manager of clinical research.

About 1,000 Swedish dentists are now testing Carisolv on their patients. The American Dental Association is reserving judgment until it sees a lot more clinical data.—*J.G.*

Contributors: Bill Lawren, Jane Garrard, Jim Schmaltz

Men's Health & Fitness

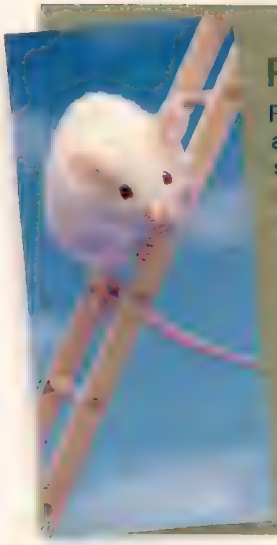
Eye-chart re-vision: High-tech testing means less strain for computer jockeys.

GLASSES: THE P.C. PRESCRIPTION

Between working at a computer at the office and surfing the Net at home, many of us spend six hours or more a day staring at a glowing screen. The result is an epidemic of eye strain—blurry vision, tired eyes, and headaches. Even though characters on paper differ visually from those on a computer monitor—they're well defined, with sharp contrast and even density, while computer-dot images are fuzzy and of varying brightness—most glasses are still prescribed using the traditional printed "E" chart. Now Portland, Oregon, optician Cosmo Salibello has developed a device, called the PRIO VDT Vision Tester, that simulates the visual experience of a computer user to determine the best prescription for that purpose.

A study at Lewis and Clark College in Portland backs up the advantage. Thirty-seven people who wore corrective lenses, used computers at least two hours a day, and reported symptoms of visual stress were provided two sets of glasses: one pair prescribed through use of the vision tester, the other via the standard chart. The result: 70 percent preferred the PRIO-prescribed glasses, saying they suffered less eye strain and fewer headaches when wearing them.

PRIO testing, which is F.D.A. approved, adds about $25 to the cost of a regular eye exam.—*J.G.*



Weird Science

PHARMACEUTICAL WHIZ-ARDRY

For several years scientists have been genetically engineering farm animals to get them to produce useful drugs in their milk. Now researchers at the U.S. Department of Agriculture in Beltsville, Maryland, have found a way to get mice to make drugs in another natural secretion—urine.

Robert J. Wall, M.D., and his U.S.D.A. team isolated a gene expressed only in the mouse bladder (dubbed UP2, because it stands for uroplakin 2, and for other obvious reasons), then attached the gene for human growth hormone to it. "Milking" the urine turned out to be a no-brainer—just hold the mouse over a piece of plastic wrap and away she goes.

Is "urine pharming" the drug factory of the future? Further genetic tinkering would have to be done to make animals produce comparable amounts of drugs in their urine as in their milk. An equally daunting problem: To collect the urine, "pharmers" may have to hook entire herds up to catheters.—*B.L.*

DID YOU KNOW ...?

- Did we or didn't we? Amazingly, up to a third of American couples disagree on how frequently they had sex in the previous week. (*New Scientist*)
- Laser pointers, those high-tech highlighters favored by slide presenters in classrooms and boardrooms, can cause eye injuries if wielded carelessly. (Food and Drug Administration)

- Handwashing isn't enough to ensure that infections aren't passed by doctors from one patient to the next. A German study found that more than half of doctors' pens, used to write prescriptions or medical orders, carried at least one strain of infective bacteria. (*The Lancet*)
- On the way is a synthetic form of melanin, the skin-pigment chemical, that could be used in creams to produce a natural-looking tan and protect against skin cancer at the same time. (Yale University School of Medicine)

TWINGE AND SHOUT

Cramps and side stitches … they may sound like a punk-rock double bill, but they can be real workout busters. With new insights into what causes these painful interrupters, sports-medicine experts have developed strategies for preventing them.

Cramps. A new study in the *Journal of Sports Science* reveals that during cramping electrical activity in muscles is high, suggesting that overstressed muscles are "wired." Also contributing are electrolyte imbalances. To avoid cramps, stretch before you exercise and make sure you have enough sodium and potassium in your system.

Side stitches. These sharp pains can suddenly double you over. Besides common-sense approaches like increasing your stamina gradually, there's really no way to steer clear of them. But according to exercise physiologist David Brennan of Baylor College of Medicine, if you're running and you feel a stitch, exhale forcefully with each stride. If the stitch is on the right, exhale as your left foot hits the ground; do the reverse for left-side stitches. Also, breathe more with your stomach. Preventionwise, adds Brennan, it helps to strengthen your abs.—*J.S.*

TATTOOS: REMOVAL AND RENOVATION

The tattoo on your wrist says "Born to party," and now you're applying for a job as a stockbroker. Tattoo's got to go. But how?

There are three basic paths to a clean slate. The heavy-duty approach is to cut out the decorated skin and suture the sides together—a painful procedure that often results in scarring. Second, a laser can be used to shatter the pigments in the ink, but some colors and some inks resist this method. Finally, there's dermabrasion, in which the top layers of skin are sanded off. In a variation called salabrasion the doctor also places salt on the skin to soak up any remaining ink pigment. Dermabrasion isn't pain free, but at about $150 and 15 minutes, it can be the cheapest and quickest route. (On the other hand, very deep tattoos can require as many as ten sessions.)

Despite the pain and the cost, according to W. Gregory Chernoff, M.D., medical director of the Chernoff Plastic Surgery and Laser Center in Indianapolis, up to half of men between 18 and 35 who have tattoos want them removed or altered. Sometimes it's just a matter of revision. If someone wants to change the name on his tattoo from, say, Trixie to Rebecca, reassures Chernoff, "we can do it."—*B.L.*

Some mistakes you just have to live with. A tattoo isn't one of them.

OLD SALT, NEW CULPRIT?

If your blood pressure has drifted up, you're likely to hear two things from your doctor: Lose weight and cut back on salt. Now researchers at the University of California at San Francisco have gotten more specific on the latter.

Salt, you may remember, is sodium chloride. It turns out that, contrary to the common assumption, it may not be the sodium that's the pressure culprit, but the chloride. This revision, says researcher R. Curtis Morris, Jr., M.D., means that people with hypertension should probably avoid not only common salt but other chloride-containing seasonings (check labels).
—*B.L.*

Men's Health & Fitness

Tired and depressed? Do a neck check—maybe your thyroid's let you down.

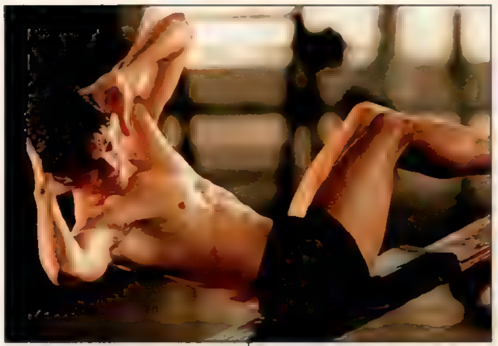
THYROID BLUES

If you've been feeling down lately, it may not be your head that needs examining, but your neck.

No, your brain didn't slip. The neck is home to the thyroid gland; when the thyroid's production of metabolism-regulating hormones goes awry, you're apt to experience fatigue, weight gain or loss, forgetfulness, irritability—all symptoms easily mistaken for depression, even by doctors, says Stanley Feld, M.D., associate professor of medicine at the University of Texas Southwestern Medical School in Dallas.

If you've been having some of the above symptoms, try this simple at-home test: Stand in front of a mirror and, tilting your head back, observe your neck while swallowing. Look for abnormal bulges in the area below the Adam's apple. If you spot something, see your doctor.

For more information on this neck check and thyroid disease, visit the American Association of Clinical Endocrinologists' Website at www.aace.com.—*J.G.*



THE 20-MINUTE WORKOUT

Here's a way to firm up and cut back on heavy lunches at the same time: It's a 20-minute weight workout you can do on a nine-to-five schedule—perfect for Type-A overachievers who have no time to buff up after work.

The five-days-a-week cycle trains every body part, fast. All exercises are done for three sets of eight to 15 repetitions. (For the first couple of weeks, just do two sets each.) Allow only 20 to 60 seconds of rest between each set. If some of the exercises don't ring a bell, ask someone at the gym to explain them, and feel free to substitute some of your favorite movements, as long as you keep the number of repetitions and body-part sequence the same.

Monday. *Chest:* (1) bench press, (2) incline dumbbell press, (3) machine, cable, or dumbbell flye. *Shoulders:* (1) shoulder press, (2) dumbbell lateral, (3) barbell press. *Triceps:* (1)

OLESTRA: LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY

Ever since Procter & Gamble announced nirvana for nibblers, a fat substitute called Olestra, the product has been dogged by controversy, with detractors saying that it can cause indigestion and interfere with the body's absorption of vitamins.

Now a new study from Johns Hopkins Medical Institutions (funded by P & G) may ease queasiness on the first score at least. Half of 1,100 moviegoers were given regular-fat chips, while the other half snacked on chips made with Olestra. Interviewed later, 16 percent of the Olestra-chip group complained of upset stomachs—but so did 18 percent of the people who ate regular-fat chips. There was no real difference.—*B.L.*

cable pushdown, (2) lying dumbbell extension.

Tuesday. *Abs:* superset of crunches and leg raises. *Back:* (1) lat pulldown, (2) seated row, (3) lower-back machine. *Biceps:* (1) seated or standing (alternate) dumbbell curl, (2) machine preacher curl.

Wednesday. *Abs:* crunches. *Legs:* (1) leg press or squats (alternate), (2) leg curl, (3) leg extension, (4) calf raise.

Thursday. *Chest and back:* (1) superset of incline press (machine) and pulldown, (2) superset of dips and pull-ups (machine). *Shoulders:* military press (machine). *Triceps:* dumbbell kickback.

Friday. *Abs:* superset of crunches and leg raises. *Legs:* (1) superset of leg extension and leg curl, (2) lunges.—*J.S.*

HEALTH CLUBS: EXERCISE YOUR SMARTS

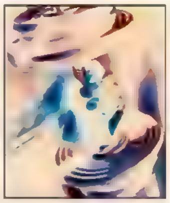
Summer's almost here, which means there'll be no place to hide that winter gut. Time to get serious about joining a gym or health club. Remember, this is a commitment, so don't just sign up with the one that has the hottest ads or the cheapest deal. Here, courtesy of Neal Spruce, president of the Apex Fitness Group, in Thousand Oaks, California, and the Better Business Bureau, is what to do and ask:

- First visit the club; go at the time you want to be working out, to make sure it's not too crowded.
- Are you comfortable with the layout, the people, the atmosphere? Are the facilities clean and well maintained?
- Check that there's plenty of equipment available.
- Ask about the ratio of trainers to members. Trainers should be certified.

Also key to making a good decision is a close look at the contract and financial arrangements. Ask:

- Does the contract specify all the services and facilities available? Don't rely on verbal assurances.
- What's the cost of the total package, including any enrollment fee and finance charges? Do some services cost extra?
- Does the contract allow for a try-out period, and if so, is any fee for that applicable to the cost of membership?
- Is there a three-day cancellation policy in case you change your mind?
- What are your refund rights if you should move, get hurt, or the club closes?
- Is the club bonded and licensed?

A final caveat: Whatever the come-on, don't sign up if a club hasn't opened yet. —*J.G.*



Choosing the right health club can make the difference between getting fit and skipping it.

Serious Snoring

TO SLEEP, PERCHANCE TO BREATHE

Sleep apnea, in which breathing stops for up to ten seconds, then starts again with a frightening snort, has been linked to high blood pressure, heart disease, and stroke. Until recently the condition was thought to afflict only those in middle age and beyond. Not so, say scientists from the Milton Hershey Medical Center in Hershey, Pennsylvania. In fact the most severe cases occur in people under 45. Adds Edward Bixler, Ph.D., professor of psychiatry at Pennsylvania State University College of Medicine, "Even mild cases of sleep apnea need to be treated more aggressively in the young." For such mild cases the first step is losing weight and curtailing the consumption of alcohol. If the condition is more severe, sufferers may have to sleep wearing a mask that forces air into the lungs.—*B.L.*

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

When Horses Fly

Last Saturday night I celebrated my 30th birthday with my wife, Sylvia, and a large group of couples at a nearby restaurant. Sylvia's best friend, Kristin, showed up without her boyfriend, Steve, since he could not get the night off. After dinner I opened my presents. I didn't understand why my wife gave me a figurine of a winged horse.

After the guests left, we went home. To my surprise, Kristin was waiting at the house wearing a red silk teddy. I looked at my wife with a sly smile and asked, "Is this for real?"

"Yes," she said. "Didn't I always tell you I'd get you a threesome when horses fly?" At that moment I had no doubt about the significance of the figurine. I knew it would always be my favorite birthday gift.

> "Hearing her talk dirty like that really turned me on, and I rammed my rock-hard cock in and out as forcefully as I could."

Kristin and Sylvia each took me by the hand, led me to the bedroom, and sat me down on the bed. They performed a slow striptease, which got me extremely excited. I was already imagining what was to come. After several minutes I could see that Kristin had small breasts with dark and very erect nipples. When she finally took off all her clothes, I could see just a hint of her dark pubic hair. It had been trimmed very short and shaped into a small rectangle just above her glistening pussy.

Sylvia undressed and stood next to Kristin. My wife's large milky white breasts, pink nipples, and tall, athletic body were a good complement to Kristin's short, petite body. Together they made the perfect combination.

After several minutes of touching each other, they motioned for me to join them. I leaned over on my back, buried my head under my wife's thighs, and began licking the wetness that had formed between her legs. Soon after, I felt a wet mouth envelop my rock-hard cock. When I looked down and saw Kristin's lips around my prick, I got harder than I had ever been before. Kristin had just turned my fantasy into reality. I reached to my side and with my right hand started rubbing Kristin's clit until she began moaning with delight. Then I reached up with my left hand and gently rubbed my wife's hard nipples as she ground her clit into my face.

After my wife came she got off me and placed her face near my cock. Then she and Kristin took turns giving me the best blowjob I had ever received. After I came like I had never come before, I told them it was their turn.

With both of them on their hands and knees, I got out two of my wife's vibrators and worked both women into feverish orgasms that shook the room. Afterward we fell into a much-deserved slumber. I positioned myself between my wife and Kristin, and enjoyed the feel of their warm flesh around me all night long. The next morning we reenacted the previous evening and included some new scenes. We ended it with a hot shower for all of us.

When we were dressed my wife told me there was no longer any need to ask about a threesome because it would never happen again. I felt content being able to look at the winged horse on the mantle and smiled, because it would always have a special meaning for me.

I was feeling very good until I heard Kristin say good-bye to my wife and ask her where she got the figurine. Then I realized that Kristin's boyfriend would soon be celebrating *his* 30th birthday, and my wife might be a part of *his* birthday present.—*S. E., California*

Good Vibrations

I am a single, rather plain 35-year-old "shy guy." I'm married to my job, travel frequently, and don't care for the bar scene. My sex life has been uneventful until recently, but just thinking about a recent experience gets me excited.

I have this client named Gina. She's a true blonde with outrageous legs, and has been the object of my many wet dreams for quite some time. We recently had a business meeting over dinner, as usual, only this time I sensed there was something wrong. After dinner and over a drink she openly discussed some problems she was having with her husband, Bill. She said she'd had to marry Bill right after high school, even though she did not love him. Lately their sex life had become routine; it seemed as if they were both just going through the motions.

Sympathizing with her as best I could, I drove her back to her house, told her that things would get better, and wished her good luck with her situation. I expected nothing more than the usual hug and good-night handshake, but this night was different. While we were in the driveway she slid over and planted a full, wet kiss on my mouth. Her tongue felt like a snake as it wormed around inside my mouth.

Instantly my cock sprang to attention. She caressed my cock and balls through my pants and lightly pinched the head. I was going crazy, and almost came right then. I had fantasized about something like this for as long as I had known Gina, but had never had enough nerve to initiate anything.

She broke the kiss and said, "Bill's away on a business trip and won't be back until next week."

I kissed her back and said, "I've always wanted to see your house," or something inane like that.

She just laughed and whispered huskily, "Well, let's go see it."

We were both *very* horny and groped each other as we walked toward the house. When she opened the door I saw that the fireplace in the living room was already aglow, and there were champagne glasses and a bowl of strawberries on the dining-room table. I couldn't believe she'd planned all this. I'd never had this kind of luck before.

As Gina filled both glasses with champagne she spilled some on her silk blouse. I pulled out my handkerchief to wipe it off. I was as nervous as she, so when she caught my hand and held it for a moment, we both trembled.

We started slowly, exchanging kisses that traveled all over each other's body. The fire felt nice and warm, and we fell back comfortably on the sofa. I tongued her ears and nibbled the lobes. She loved this, and responded by doing the same to me while fondling my cock with her hand. I reached over to unbutton her blouse, exposing beautiful tits that were just the right size. I popped her plump nipples into my mouth, sucking and biting each one as I undressed her.

The heat from the fire felt so good against our naked bodies that we moved to the bare hardwood floor. I fingered Gina's clit and cunt lips. Her blonde pussy hair was coarse and curly, unlike the silky hair on her head. She was so wet that her cunt made little sucking sounds as I worked my fingers in and out. She moaned and tongued my ears as she clutched my stiff cock.

Whispering for me to hold still, she bent to lick my dick and balls. Her tongue roamed up and down the shaft, stopping every now and then so that her fingers could slide around the tip of my

CONTINUED ON PAGE 167

Pet of the Year

PLAY-OFF

What better way to usher in bathing-suit season than with our annual Pet of the Year Play-Off? We have *five* spectacular Pets competing for your attention. Only one can succeed Paige Summers (above), and since the winner will be decided largely by reader response, don't put off voting even one minute. Our 1999 Queen will be showered with gifts and prizes, and celebrated in a new pictorial. Send your vote to: Pet of the Year, 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10172-0003, or—to cast your ballot as quickly as possible—e-mail our Website at http://www.penthousemag.com.

TANIA

September 1996

Penthouse publisher Bob Guccione was so captivated at the Cannes Film Festival by 21-year-old Tania Russof that he asked her on the spot to pose for the magazine. The 35-24-34 Tania is currently living in Paris and working full-time as a model. "I enjoy my work," she says, "but I'd like to get married, have children, and be a stay-at-home mom." The still-unattached Tania isn't ready to settle down just yet, though. "I can make love five times a day," she tells us. "I've made love in places that are as deep as the sea and as high as the Alps. But even making love on a couch can be like paradise—if it's with the right partner."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER

SAMANTHA

November 1996

"Everyone has something that makes them special," says Samantha Michaels. "For me it's my eyes. If you look deep enough, you'll see a part of me that you don't get with just a passing glance." The 36-24-36 Samantha began her career as a professional dancer after entering an amateur dance contest. "I came in third, and that was enough to get me to consider dancing full-time. I love expressing myself onstage. I use a lot of drama in my dance—and, of course, a lot of eye contact." The 22-year-old also manages to relax. "I love having sex in a Jacuzzi," she admits. "The feeling of water pulsating between my thighs gets me really hot."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

HEATHER

December 1996

Twenty-six-year-old Heather St. James is an exotic dancer from Reno, Nevada. Underneath the makeup and glamorous costumes, however, is a down-to-earth beauty. "The best thing about my job is I can be sexy, openly and honestly," says the 38-24-34 Heather, "and that's made me more open in every part of my life. I was once on a road trip with my boyfriend, and we were both getting tired. I unzipped his pants and went down on him, and he didn't nod off once."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER

NIKIE

March 1997

Twenty-seven-year-old Nikie St. Gilles has a daring streak in her. The 37-23-35 bombshell from Brussels tells of a rather moving experience. "My date and I got on the train at Brussels North and started to make love. We got off—literally—when the train reached Brussels South." Then Nikie adds, "Actually, I've thought about how much more fun it would have been with a stranger. Having a moment of passion with a man I don't know would be dangerously exciting."

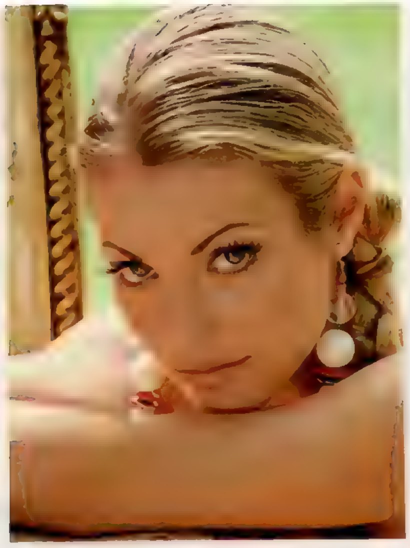
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILIP MOND

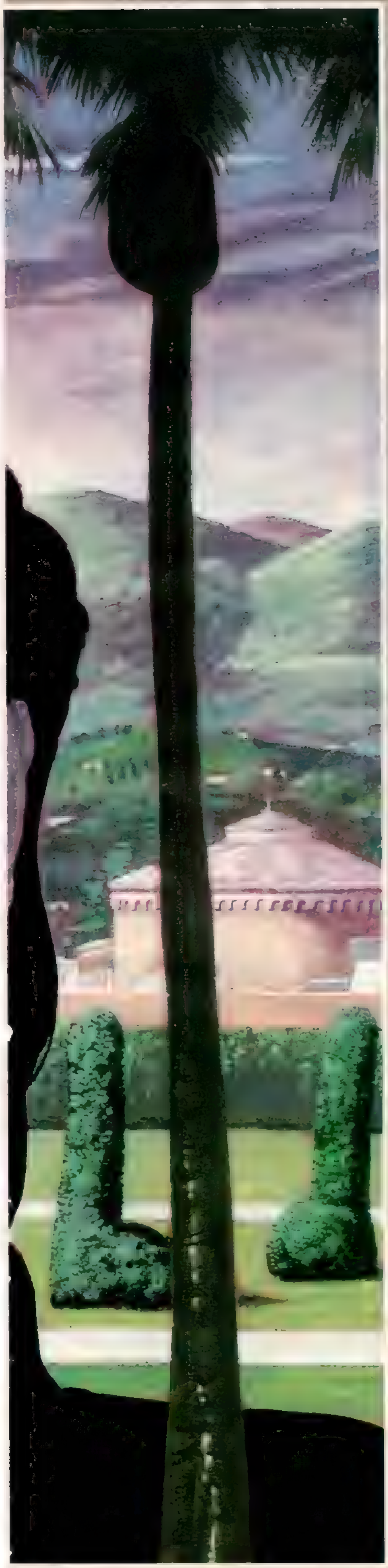
JESSICA

January 1997

Twenty-three-year-old Jessica James, who originally appeared in *Penthouse* under her stage name, is an advocate of living a well-rounded and balanced life. She plans to attend art school on a four-year scholarship, and she keeps physically fit by swimming, Rollerblading, and skiing. Her other hobby is her favorite indoor sport. "Talking about sex totally turns me on," the 34-24-34 beauty says, "and in my experience men like it too. And sex toys and lingerie keep things spicy." Jessica's feisty and independent edge comes from her Australian-Welsh heritage. "I don't live my life to please anyone," she explains. "I make myself happy."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER





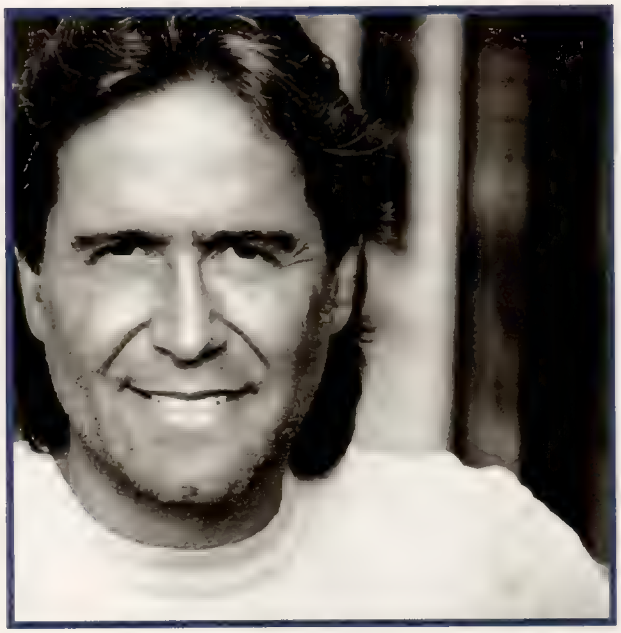
ARTICLE BY CHARLES FLEMING

"How do you know it's enough until it's too much?" asked bad-boy Hollywood producer Don Simpson. "That's the only way to find out."

Hollywood takes itself very seriously. Even though it is an industry cliché to say, "Hey, we're just making movies, we're not curing cancer," many executives and producers behave as though the fate of the free world depended on their ability to make successful motion pictures. Whatever their motives, Hollywood people work very, very hard. The typical executive or agent is generally working the phones by 7:30 A.M., whether it is former Paramount and Columbia marketing executive Sid Ganis making calls to New York while working out at home with his personal trainer or United Talent Agency executive Nick Stevens boasting that he's out of his driveway, making calls from his car, getting the jump on his competition. "By 7:45 it's like I've got a gun in my hand," he says, "and I'm dialing and I'm firing—bang, bang, bang, bang, bang!—and I've shot five guys before I even hit the office." The hours that follow are long and intense. Jeffrey Katzenberg receives and must

DONE TO DEATH

PAINTING BY C. F. PAYNE



Don-ward spiral (clockwise from above): Simpson's favorite photo of himself; Simpson flanked by studio honcho Barry Josephson, Bruce Willis, Demi Moore, and partner Jerry Bruckheimer; with Martin Lawrence, Bruckheimer, and Will Smith at the *Bad Boys* premiere; the surgically enhanced Simpson squeezes into his jeans.

return so many phone calls every day, he has said, that he keeps a timer on his desk and allows no call to go longer than two minutes. There are meetings after meetings. Millions of dollars are on the line at each of them, and decisions have to be made.

The typical movie studio has an annual overhead of more than $300 million. That means product has to be made and moved constantly. That means you don't eat breakfast unless it is to discuss business with someone. You don't eat lunch unless you're sitting opposite someone you can do business with. At the end of the day you don't go home. You go to a cocktail reception to work your contacts, meet a director, schmooze an actor, or flatter some producer whose deal at a competing studio is running out. Then you go to a screening, for the same reasons, to see and be seen, to show support for someone's movie, to buy a little industry karma that might someday pay off. Then, if you're a real hustler, you arrange a late dinner with someone you're trying to romance—not romantically, of course, but in the business sense.

As the late Don Simpson once said of his time as a Paramount executive, "I worked so hard that I went five years without speaking to my best friend and roommate. Five years I never said a word to him. All I did was my job. It takes that kind of commitment." It was the fierce competition, Simpson reasoned, that drove young executives to push themselves so hard. He saw himself as a lethal part of that competition. "Anytime I see someone come into this business who is smart and talented and has all those things, and likes to go to lunch and dinner and party, I know he has failed already," Simpson said. "He hasn't got a prayer. Because someone like me is just going to run over him."

It may have been the same competitiveness that drove Simpson and so many others toward drugs, particularly cocaine. That drug was socially acceptable. It was a great way to "bond." It gave you self-confidence, made you feel witty, loquacious, and articulate. And it kept you going, fueling you with the false energy required to keep up the pace. Besides, it was chic. Cocaine was in the cool clubs. It was even in the cool music. Eric Clapton turned Ry Cooder's song "Cocaine"—"She don't lie, she don't lie, she don't lie ... cocaine"—into a hit in 1980. Until cocaine turned into a problem, it was Hollywood's drug of choice.

But then for many users it did become a problem. And it became passé. By the late 1980s and early 1990s, executives all around town were checking into rehab. They helped turn rehab into a growth industry.

Founded in 1925, the Menninger Clinic is one of America's oldest facilities specializing in substance abuse. More than 178,000 patients have received treatment at the 95-bed clinic, set on a 20-acre former farm outside Topeka, Kansas. The Menninger Addictions Recovery Program, established in 1974, is one of the country's foremost and most forward-thinking programs of its type, offering the most advanced diagnostic assessment, psychotherapeutic treatment, and medical detoxification. The clinic specializes in, among other things, what the rehab industry calls refractory patients, those who, despite drug or alcohol rehabilitation and treatment, continue to have "pervasive and continual problems with self-destructiveness," or "extraordinarily severe, complex, and unremitting symptomatology," or who show a "failure to respond to adequate trials of less intensive treatment." The descriptions fit Simpson perfectly. It was to Menninger that he would turn for one unsuccessful rehabilitation after another.

He also made repeat visits to the Hazelden Center, another of the country's leading recovery institutions. Founded in 1949, set on 488 woody acres near Center City, Minnesota, Hazelden is a nonprofit organization whose sole mission is "helping chemically dependent people and their families."

Simpson also made one attempt at rehab at the more

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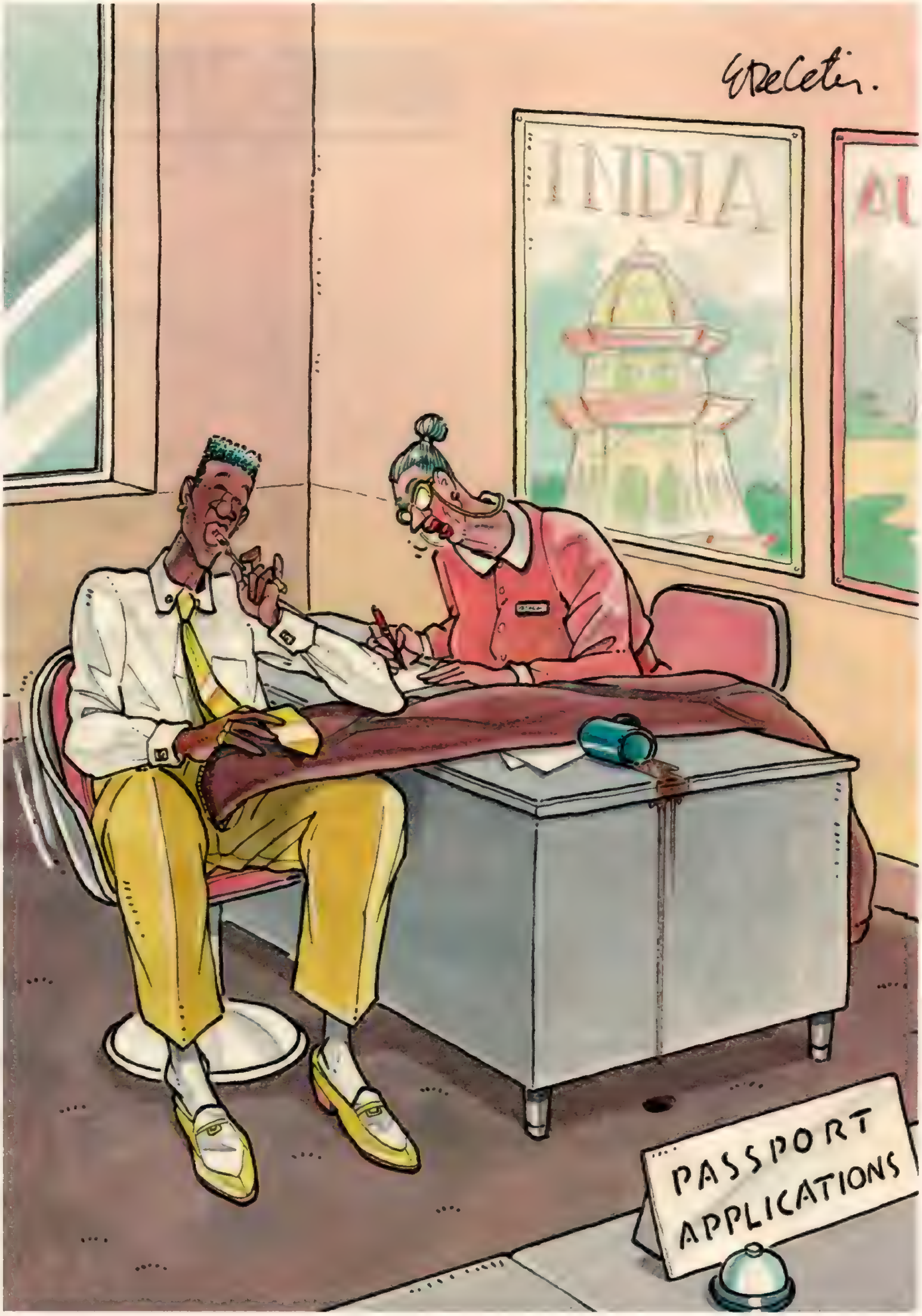
INDIA
AU
PASSPORT APPLICATIONS

"I think we can enter that under 'Scars, birthmarks, or outstanding physical characteristics.'"

ADVISE & DISSENT

WHAT'S BETTER THAN SEX?

BY BEN STEIN

Ben Stein is a writer, law teacher, actor, host of "Win Ben Stein's Money"—and above all father of a ten-year-old son. His book on fatherhood, *Tommy & Me—The Making of a Dad,* is being published this month by The Free Press. He is a longtime *Penthouse* contributor.

I have a clear memory of what my life was like when sex was my god. It was not long ago—the regime lasted from early teenage years until middle age.

My main aim in life was to find pretty or at least appealing girls, make friends with them, flatter them, pay attention to them, and then seduce them or allow them to seduce me. There was little that was more precious in life than the feeling that I was succeeding at each and every major or minor campaign, that the girl I was after was responding to my advances. Nothing was better than the moment of triumph, the moment I had, as antique writers might have said, "conquered" her, and she had admitted me to the high rank of lover.

Even after I became a married man, the peak of life's pleasures was the moment of congress with my beloved. In fact I used to drive down the streets thinking that no matter what else happened to me in life, even if I got to be a TV star or a millionaire or a household word, sex would always be number one with me.

To be sure, there were always some problems with sex. One was that women did not stay conquered. They wanted more. More of me. More of my time and attention. They wanted to have more of Ben Stein sitting across from them at Morton's listening to their problems with their fathers, their problems with their roommates, their problems with their bosses, their problems paying their bills. In a word, they got boring. Unless the girl was uniquely interesting in her story-telling, and her demands were interesting and elegantly phrased, I wanted to spend less time with her rather than more as I got to know her.

That makes sense, right? Because if the thrill was in the conquest, then obviously I had to have new battles more or less daily, or certainly weekly or monthly. This led to jealousy and anger on the part of the girls I already had in my orbit, intense guilt on my part, and a painful, Vietnam War–like dragging out of inevitable defeat and withdrawal.

That was a problem, to be sure, even in marriage, where a man enters into a contract but basically remains the same flawed being he always was.

Thus, commingled with my exultation in sex was a certain apprehension that occasionally turned to outright horror. Nothing in the world was as good as sex, but nothing was as bad as a furious woman on the warpath, with suicide attempts, trips to the emergency room for stomach pumping, visits to psych wards. Little was more chilling than the moments of embarrassment at having to explain late-night calls to a patient, devoted wifey.

Now, as I say, I can remember all of that well, because it was a huge part of my life, and if they reverse the aging process it might still come again.

But now my life is all about a little towheaded angel ten years of age. He's my son, Tommy, and spending time with him doing almost anything is better—at least for me, at my age—than sex ever was. My son and I adore each other. We spend our whole summer together on a lake in northern Idaho. We boat together, fish together, race our Wave Runners against each other. In the winter we ride our bikes along the bike path in Santa Monica and peer over the immense berm at the Pacific Ocean. We trudge up Schweitzer Mountain in Idaho, where he skis and I snowshoe. We sit in front of the TV watching "The Simpsons" and "South Park." I make him bacon and toaster strudels for breakfast. My wife and I stand over him with a rod and make him do his homework.

He rides with me in the car at night and says, "Daddy, tell me about the tanks in the First World War" or "Daddy, tell me everything you know about submachine guns."

He lies in the bed next to mine at the Edgewater Hotel on Lake Pend Oreille in Sandpoint, Idaho, and tells me he can't sleep unless I tell him a story.

Sometimes he catches me kneeling and praying and asks me what I'm doing. "Praying," I say, "usually with thanks for you."

Being with my son feels almost perfectly right.

It doesn't have any of the guilt that sex often had (which of course was a big part of the thrill that sex often had).

Fatherhood has none of the conflict that sex often had. I have only one son. I don't play around looking for other sons. I am never going to get a call from another, jealous son.

My son is never going to yell at me because I don't pay enough attention to him. (In fact he recently complains that I spend too much time with him and don't let him play video games with his friends enough.)

There is no such thing as failing unintentionally at being a father, as there is at sex. I can recall humiliating moments at sex when, for some reason locked in my unconscious, I could not have sex no matter how much I wanted to. That made for embarrassment, at the least. But if I am really available for my son, really feeling his glory and his fear, I cannot fail at being a good father. If I make him what he wants for breakfast, stand over him watching him demolish the enemy at "Command and Conquer," I will never have a moment of embarrassment or failure. If I am there to tuck him in and to sit with him until he falls asleep, I am never going to feel like a failure.

Nor is he ever going to call me with the sudden news that he is going out of town with a new dad for a week because the new dad gave him a gold bracelet. My son is never going to tell me he has a new dad because his new dad gets a bigger credit on the movie screen than I do, or because the new dad bought him a better car or video game. Just as the relation between men and women is by nature filled with deceit and trickery, the relation between a boy and his dad is by nature straightforward if the father sets the example of straightforwardness for the son. *"Cosí fan tutte,"* said Mozart about women lovers. "They all do it"—cheat.

But fathers who play fair with their kids almost never get kids who don't play fair with them. This takes a devil of a lot of fear and uncertainty out of life.

In a man's life as lover, the wounds that his partners can inflict on him can rank number one in his hide of scars. If you play the love game long enough, you collect a mass of wounds. But when you are a dad of long years of experience, your score gets better and better. You learn what the child wants, how to correct him without driving him crazy, how to teach, how to comfort—and the child never has a motive to get back at you. As a lover and sex addict you run into women who have been incredibly mistreated in earlier life and carry around a seething vat of rage that they want to ladle out to you. As a father, if you have been a good dad paired with a good mom, you have a kid largely devoid of anger at any major level, largely ready to love, without much motive to harm you. This is a concept unknown in modern sexual relationships.

I think there is something innate that makes men want to have sex. There is certainly a major emotional and physical "high" from sex.

But there is something just as innate compelling men to be fathers—or so I find.

There is just as rich a feeling walking with my boy in the snow as there is holding a woman's body. They are two different feelings, to be sure. But seeing the wonder on a son's face when he first sees snow is every bit as rich a sensation as attaching oneself to a new woman.

There is even a "pop" to being a dad that is like the "pop" of sex. It has to do with a moment of just plain soaring, when you realize you are the daddy you always wanted to be—and maybe you are the daddy you always wished you'd had when you were a child. It is the moment when your son calls you from the snowy field below your hotel window and says, "Daddy, come build a snow fort with me. We've never done that before."

A fire of love—hot, straight, clean, and true—burns right through you. It's honest, and you never need to feel guilty about it, and you know you are exactly where you are supposed to be.

No conflict.

No second guessing.

No doubt that this is the highest and best use of your time. It never gets boring and it never gets old.

Every day's broad smile, every day's new renderings of Garfield and Calvin-and-Hobbes jokes, are fresh and perfect. The look of happiness on his face, his shining blue eyes, his tousled hair, the touch of his hand as he says, "C'mon, Daddy, cover me up with snow." It's all there in that bond between father and child. That's what life is all about.

It's better than sex.

It's being a dad.

THE PENIS PAGE

FACTS & PHALLUSES OF AMERICA'S FAVORITE ORGAN

By Teri Wingender

Acupuncture: Energize your erogenous zones.

As an emperor in ancient China, your concerns would lie not only with maintaining your dynasty but with keeping your many wives and concubines sexually satisfied.

What the Han and the Ming have left behind for modern men is the secrets of ancient Chinese medicine for rejuvenating, energizing, and strengthening every man's priapic potential.

According to Dr. Jon Tsoi, a certified acupuncturist and herbalist practicing in Connecticut, male sexual problems—including diminished sex drive, impotence, premature ejaculation, and low sperm count—can be helped by the energizing effects of acupuncture and Chinese herbal therapies. "Men often blame getting older for sexual problems," says Tsoi, a native of China's Szechuan province, whose father and grandfather are also doctors of Chinese medicine. "They think it's inevitable, but that is not true."

Tsoi explains that it is not the penis that is the underachiever. Practitioners of traditional Chinese medicine view the body not as a bundle of discrete organs but as a unity of complex organ systems, which are understood only in relation to one another and are both influenced by and affect mind and spirit.

A typical examination by a practitioner of Chinese medicine includes questions about a patient's symptoms, observation of the tongue, and feeling the pulse. With this information a skilled practitioner can identify deficiencies or excesses within and among the organ systems and restore the balance between *yin* (qualities of cold, fluids) and *yang* (qualities of heat, dryness).

According to Tsoi, imbalance can be caused or aggravated by physical trauma, illness, medications, stress and emotional upset, environmental toxins, or poor diet. A lack of sex drive often indicates a shortage of *yin* or *yang* qualities and may be accompanied by other symptoms, including frequent urination and weak stream, ringing in the ears, back pain, knee pain—all related to deficiency in the kidney system. "When you restore the system, not only sex drive comes back but all these other problems go away too," notes Tsoi.

Some sexual problems, such as impotence, can be caused by overuse of the body's sexual capacity. "If you only have the capability to have sex once a week, but you try to have it five times a week, you're putting your body in the position of overuse," says Tsoi. Penile implants and pumps, he says, override the body's capabilities—they don't solve problems internally. "Those things are not healthy," asserts Tsoi. "If the system is not working and then on top of that imbalance you try to do these very harsh things externally, the system is damaged even more."

To restore balance—and penis power—open the Chinese medicine chest. Acupuncture, best known in the West as a pain reliever, uses hair-fine needles placed at stimulation points corresponding to the internal organ systems to manipulate the flow of *qui* (energy) and send it where it is needed. (Relax, there are no stimulation points on the penis or testicles.) For sexual dysfunction, treatment is focused on the lower torso at points related to the kidneys and bladder. The needles are not painful; in fact most patients report a profound relaxation while the needles do their work. Healthy changes in diet plus Chinese herbal teas—which should be taken under the supervision of a certified herbalist—work in tandem with acupuncture. Tsoi combines up to 50 different nourishing herbs in pill (*wan*) form, or in a packet for patients to brew at home.

How soon balance is restored depends on the severity of a patient's deficiency or excess, the frequency of acupuncture treatments, and how conscientiously he consumes the prescribed tea. Most of Tsoi's patients who seek help for sexual problems see improvement within a week to a few months of treatment. "I think all men need some support," he notes. "Many men think they're doing well if they have sex once a week, even if they feel tired most of the time. They don't realize they can do much better."

The National Certification Commission for Acupuncture and Oriental Medicine, a nonprofit organization accredited by the National Commission for Certifying Agencies, administers certification programs for practitioners who meet its standards. N.C.C.A.O.M. certification is accepted by most states. For $3 the N.C.C.A.O.M. will provide a list of certified acupuncturists and herbalists in your state. Call (202) 232-1404, or visit their Website at www.nccaom.org.

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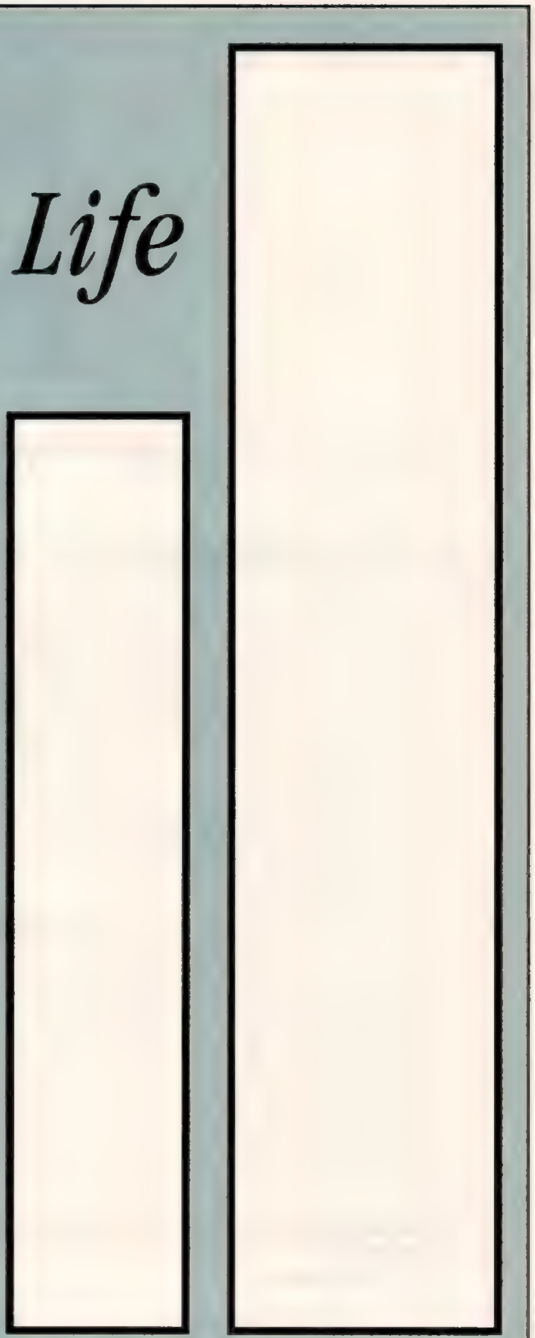

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THE JOKE MAN

This month's crop of zappers, snappers, and one-line knee-slappers from the comic cosmos of ...

JACKIE MARTLING

Where do you look when there's a missing gerbil?
The Lost-and-Brown Department.

• A guy walks into a drugstore, buys a condom, then walks out laughing hysterically. The next day the guy comes back to the store, buys another condom, and again leaves laughing like crazy.

This makes the druggist very curious. He tells his clerk, "If that guy ever comes back, I want you to follow him to see where he goes."

The next day the guy comes in, buys a condom, starts cracking up, then leaves. The clerk follows the guy out and comes back about an hour later.

The druggist says, "Where did he go?"

The clerk says, "To your house."

• After Sunday Mass, Mary Clancy goes up to Father O'Grady in tears.

He says, "Mary, dear, what's bothering you?"

She says, "Oh, Father, I've got awful news. My husband passed away last night."

The priest says, "Mary, that's terrible. Tell me, did he have any last request?"

She says, "That he did, Father."

"What was it, Mary?"

Mrs. Clancy says, "He said, 'For the love of God, Mary, put down that gun!' "

What sexual position should a woman use to make an ugly kid?
Ask your mom.

• Two guys decide to have a fucking contest, so they agree to each get a girl and a motel room for ten hours. The first guy does it once, then he takes the girl's lipstick and marks a number one on the mirror.

After a while he finishes again and marks a second number one next to the first.

After a lot of struggling he finishes again, and he's marking up yet another "1" just as the ten-hour alarm goes off.

The second guy comes running in, looks at the mirror, and says, "A hundred and eleven? You beat me by four."

• One gay guy is trying to convince the other gay guy that he's pregnant.

The second guy says, "Well, if you're pregnant, who's the father?"

The first guy says, "How should I know? Do I have eyes in the back of my head?"

What's the shortest distance between two points?
A tight blouse.

• A guy walks into a bar with an octopus and says, "This is a very talented octopus. He can play any instrument in the world. I'll give five hundred bucks to anybody who has an instrument that the octopus can't play."

A guy walks up with a guitar. The octopus takes it and starts playing like Jimi Hendrix.

Another guy walks up with a trumpet, and the octopus plays it better than Dizzy Gillespie.

A third guy walks up with a bagpipe. The octopus picks it up, fumbles with it for a minute, then sets it down with a confused look.

The guy says, "Hah! You can't play it."

The octopus says, "Play it? As soon as I get its pajamas off, I'm gonna fuck it."

What do most women do to their assholes right before sex?
They drop them off at the golf course.

• What's the best way to make your wife scream when you're having sex?

Call her up and tell her where you are.

• Old Mr. Schwartz is rushed to a Catholic hospital for an emergency operation. A nun says to him, "Before we can proceed, we have to know who will be responsible for the bill."

Schwartz says, "I've only got one relative, my sister. She's an old maid who converted to Catholicism and became a nun."

The nun says, "Nuns are not old maids. We're married to Jesus Christ."

Schwartz says, "Then do the operation and send the bill to my brother-in-law."

A girl says to a salesman, "I'm not sure if I should buy a sweatshirt or a windbreaker."
He says, "Well, that depends. Are you gonna sweat, or are you gonna break wind?"

• The world's first mother-in-law joke:

Mrs. Ugluk screams to her husband, "A saber-toothed tiger just ran into my mother's cave!"

Mr. Ugluk says, "So who cares what happens to a saber-toothed tiger?"

For more of Jackie Martling's universe of laughs, be sure to check out JokeLand's World Wide Web page at http://www.jackiejokeman.com. Or if you think you can stump the Joke Man with a joke he doesn't know, send it to JokeLand, c/o Penthouse *magazine, 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10172-0003. If Jackie doesn't know it, you'll receive a free copy of his* Sgt. Pecker *CD.*

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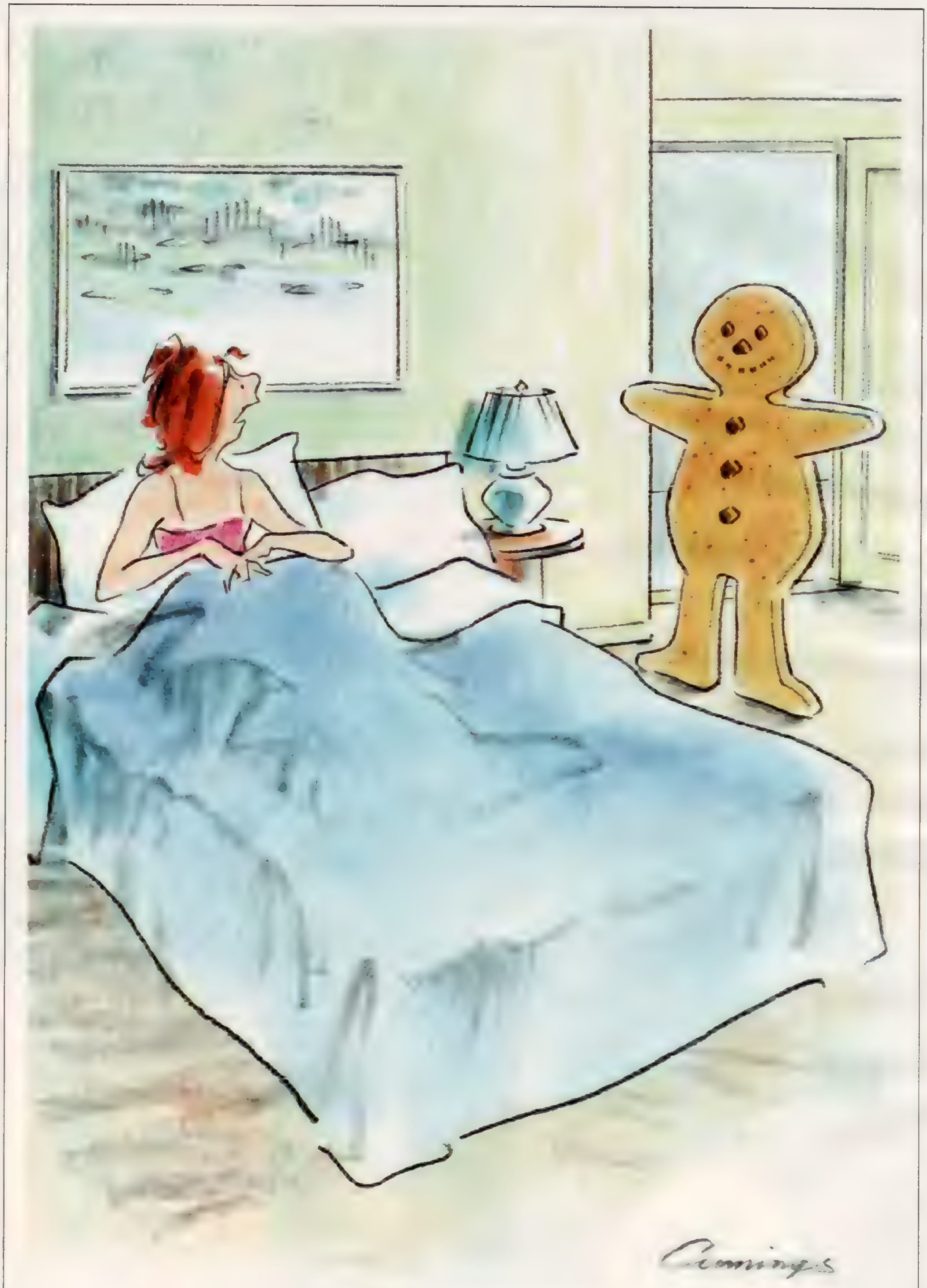

"Forget it! I can't stand crumbs in my bed."

U.S.A. CONFIDENTIAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

came acquainted with a government agent. Roxanne says of her relationship with the married agent, "We've had a very special personal and professional relationship for almost 20 years. He has been very important in my life."

A year later, after a seven-month investigation that included surveillance and 40 hours of wiretapped telephone conversations, Long Island police arrested Roxanne and three of her hookers in Massapequa, Long Island. "I was in jail for one night," she says, "and I promised God that if I ever got out I would never do anything to get in trouble again. I just hated it in there. Never again, I said to myself." She refuses to say if her agent friend may have been helpful in her receiving a rather light suspended sentence, but she did make new friends in law enforcement. She vehemently denies she ever bartered information in return for a mild sentence. "I was never a rat. I occasionally helped the cops on some cases, sure, but only if it was an important one."

Roxanne remarried. She became a part-time beautician and full-time wife and mother. Never a wallflower, the ever-loquacious Roxanne was a big hit with her customers, who thoroughly enjoyed her brashness and outspoken sense of humor. But life was not simple. One of her sons ended up going to prison for a long stretch for involvement with drug dealers, and another child has been in and out of drug rehab several times. Roxanne blames herself, in part, for not seeing what was happening until it was too late. But she blames the drug dealers more.

After one of her more dangerous exploits abroad, Roxanne wrote in her notebook, "If *one* family is saved from the heartache years of drug abuse or the loss of a child or family or friend, then it's all worth it."

Her personal war on drugs began three years ago. By then the mother of six, Roxanne had recently undergone an operation that required a long period of convalescence at home. Unable to care fully for herself and her two youngest children, she hired a nurse's aide, 25-year-old Lucann Palladino, to help her at home.

Not long after Palladino began on the job she started to talk about how she and some other women she knew made a lot of quick money by taking drug trips for Nigerians she described as "good friends." It wasn't long before Palladino suggested to Roxanne that she too could make up to $10,000 a trip just by bringing in a few kilos of drugs from overseas, or $5,000 for trips within this country. Not only would you make this kind of money, Palladino claimed, but you'd get to fly to great places and all your expenses would be paid. What could be better? (Palladino is currently out on bail. Her attorney, Terrence Buckley, refused to confirm reports that she was cooperating with authorities. He would only say, "I cannot comment if a plea agreement is in the works, but a plea is always possible.")

According to the D.E.A., Palladino's Nigerian "friends" were cogs in an elaborate scheme through which the Colombian drug cartels "test-market" potential customers. In the given case, they had housewives fly to the Caribbean or South America, pick up a package of cocaine, and fly that package to Europe, where it would be sold in Russia or one of the Baltic nations. In Europe the woman would be given another package containing Asian heroin to carry with her on her return to the U.S. Three kilos of heroin would bring in about $2.3 million on America's streets.

Initially Roxanne dismissed Lucann Palladino's talk as "just so much bullshit," but when Palladino said she had told her "friends" about Roxanne, and that they were eager for her to take such a trip, Roxanne called her agent friend and told him about the conversation. He advised her to stall until he could contact some people in the D.E.A. A few days later she secretly met with members of the D.E.A.'s Suffolk County Task Force. Her home was wired, her conversations monitored, and she was given a wire to wear. We asked her if any of the drug dealers, or their female "mules," ever tried to search her or frisk her for such a hidden device. Her eyes flashed. "They wouldn't dare!"

Setting up drug dealers can be deadly business, but Roxanne, like cops everywhere who are constantly confronted with dangerous situations, enjoys joking about the narrow escapes.

One time, for example, Lucann walked in unannounced as Roxanne was on the phone with one of the Nigerians—with a tape recorder attached in plain sight to the phone. "Here I am tape recording this creep and Lucann walks in on me," Roxanne says with a laugh. "I put my back to her and, covering the phone and tape recorder with my body, like I didn't want the person on the phone to hear me, and I sure as hell didn't, I yelled at Lucann, 'I'm on the phone with my ex-husband. Do you mind?' " Lucann quickly and discreetly exited.

According to Roxanne, Lucann was initially the focal point for all the women. She recruited them, introduced them to the dealers or their representatives, and paid them their fee after it was given to her by the dealers. But within a year after joining the ring, Roxanne knew which woman was going where, and when, and for whom. That meant the D.E.A. knew too.

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Roxanne kept copious notes on her trips. On some of the pages of the notebooks there are hastily scrawled questions the agents wanted her to ask the person she was speaking with on the phone, and her replies. An agent asks of a Rio dealer, "What kind of problem?" Roxanne's answer: "He's a day late and a penny short."

Her notebooks also contain detailed records of daily expenditures, some of which show another side of the secret agent: "$8.00 to homeless boys," "$3.00 for orphan on street." "Roxanne is a softie," says one D.E.A. agent. "If someone just looked poor, Rox would want to give them something."

Of course neither drug deals nor well-orchestrated D.E.A. operations always go down as planned. A year and a half ago Roxanne's cover was almost blown when a serious snafu developed as she was returning to Kennedy Airport. She'd been in the Caribbean and was transporting four kilos of cocaine ingeniously hidden inside bottles of liquor. Once through Customs, Roxanne was scheduled to be picked up by one of the "mules" and taken, with the stash, to the boss. Roxanne's D.E.A. controllers believed the liquor bottles would easily pass through Customs. No such luck.

"I had declared the liquor on my Customs card and the bottles were in my carry-on bag. When I get to the counter, this fat bitch decides to open one of the bottles. I look up to the balcony and see two of the agents, but they're afraid to show, for fear the mule is watching. Out of the side of my mouth I'm telling this woman that I'm with the D.E.A., and for her to look up or call her boss or whatever. Instead she grabs me and takes me into one of the interviewing rooms with another agent and handcuffs me. She then tells me that she is going to body-search me. I tell her to go fuck herself."

Before the situation could get any further out of hand, the agents arrived. It now became impossible to deliver the drugs, and in order to cover Roxanne, the agents had Customs officers arrest their prized confidential informant. A "slipup," conveniently arranged by the D.E.A., permitted Roxanne's case to be dismissed later on a technicality. Meanwhile she had to go through the motions of hiring a lawyer to fight the charges.

"I get a real high when we take one of these people down," says Roxanne. "The rush you feel is like nothing you can put into words."

Once free, the irrepressible Roxanne turned the situation to her advantage; she bitched to the dealer that he was going to have to pay for her lawyer and bail money. Moreover, the foul-up served to validate Roxanne's criminal credentials: Because none of her confederates were nabbed after she was arrested, the dealers believed that she had "stood up" and not "rolled over" to the cops. In short, it was proof that Roxanne could be trusted.

The word got out, and other dealers approached Roxanne and asked her not only to take trips for them, but to recruit other mules. It was time to start making arrests, the D.E.A. thought, even though this ultimately might put Roxanne in jeopardy.

Two years earlier 26-year-old Jennifer Morris had been arrested in Italy with four kilos of cocaine. It was the first trip for Morris, who like most of the other women had been recruited by Palladino at a Long Island nightclub. Roxanne had alerted the D.E.A. to Morris's itinerary—from Turkey to Italy and eventually home with the drugs. According to Roxanne, D.E.A. agents were monitoring the Morris trip and had planned to arrest her upon her return to the U.S., but somehow they lost her en route. Her arrest by an Italian agent and the confiscation of the drugs from her luggage caught the D.E.A. by surprise. Morris has spent the past two years in an Italian prison awaiting trial, and will also face U.S. charges.

Before Jennifer's arrest in Italy she suddenly had disappeared from Long Island. There was much speculation about her disappearance, but some of the women suspected that she was to meet the mysterious Mr. Big of the housewife drug mules, who goes by several names but is mostly known as "Jimmy." Roxanne likes to believe that if she rather than Jennifer had met "Jimmy," he would now be a guest of the U.S. government at a federal prison, not on the loose.

Roxanne describes her final trip to Istanbul with the glee one would normally expect from a vacationing tourist, not a confidential informant on assignment. "I loved the mosques and the architecture, the people and the way they lived and dressed. It was like being in another time, another civilization." But of course Roxanne was not in Turkey to absorb the culture. A United States District Court complaint filed against a Lonnie Lee Lloyd, also known as "Rick," an Al Grimes, and a Lisa Solimene confirms Roxanne's mission. On September 14, 1996, she and several D.E.A. agents flew to Istanbul to pick up four kilos of heroin for "Rick." They were there for ten days before the deal finally went down. After a series of delays, Roxanne, on a taped overseas telephone call, demanded that Rick give her Jimmy's number so that she could make the pickup and get back home.

On September 24 Roxanne met in Turkey with a courier who would identify himself only as "Islam." He gave Roxanne a specially made camera bag and backpack containing the drugs. The bags and the drugs were turned over to Turkish drug agents, and Roxanne flew home, where Lisa Solimene, a 25-year-old former Long Island topless dancer, was to pick up Roxanne at Kennedy, take her home, and receive the bags and drugs—or, rather, the fake substitutes. According to sources close to the case, Solimene, who like most of the other women mules had never been in trouble before, became involved in the drug deal through a friend.

Roxanne says it was one of the only times she ever got really nervous. "The backpack and camera bag the D.E.A. agents gave me to give to Lisa were very different than the ones that I had picked up from 'Islam,'" she says. "I knew that agents were ready to pounce on Lisa when she left my house. But I didn't want them to take her then, because Lisa had told me in the car that she was to place the bags in the woods behind her house that night, to be picked up by others in the ring. So I pretended that I was afraid we were being followed, and convinced Lisa not to look in the bags."

Roxanne had no immediate means of warning the agents following them not to take down Lisa. "When Lisa pulled away, I ran to the phone, dialed the D.E.A. emergency number I had been given, and demanded to be patched through to Brian [Suffolk County Detective Brian Laskowski, who works with the D.E.A. Task Force]. I screamed to Brian, 'Don't take her down! Call off the bust!' Thank God Brian listened. He called off the arrest as Lisa drove onto the entrance ramp to the highway."

Apparently, Roxanne had so frightened Lisa in the car that the younger woman never inspected the bags and put them in the woods behind her home just as instructed. Later that night two men were arrested when they retrieved the bags. In the next few days D.E.A. agents working with Turkish authorities arrested scores of people in Turkey.

Because *Penthouse* had paid Roxanne a not inconsequential fee for her Jessica Hahn interview, we checked to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 206

VICCA & PHILIPPE

*❛Vicca's cold Russian blood was
warmed by this amorous
Frenchman, and she began to
purr and quiver, thanks
to his skillful ministrations.❜*

DANGEROUS LAY

In the waning days of the French aristocracy, Catherine the Great sent an emissary to the court of Louis XVI. She was the beautiful Countess Vicca. She was also a spy. The king's secretary, Philippe, a nobleman of immense charm and dubious reputation, greeted her, pressing his lips to her offered hand. Their touch was like lightning.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

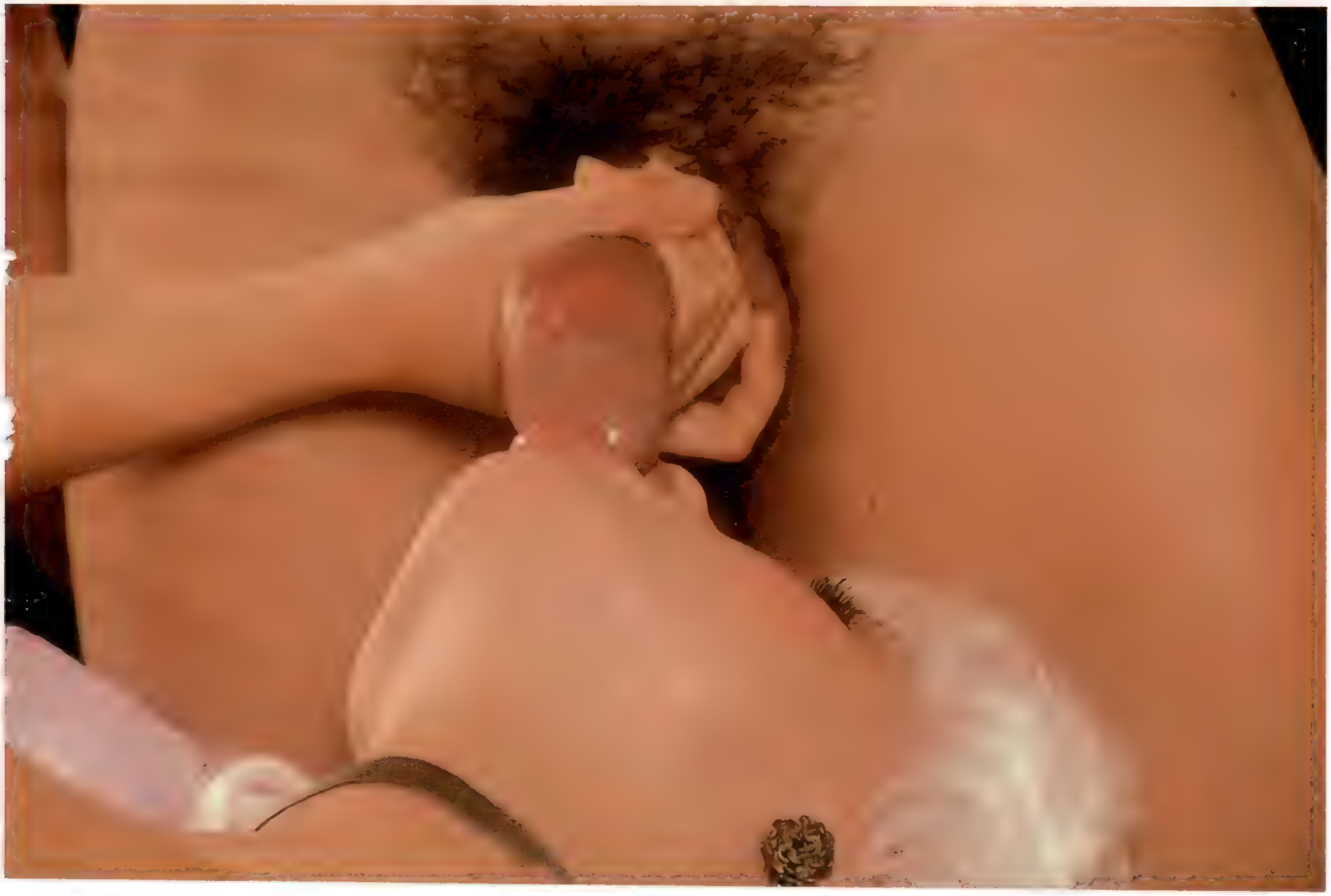
“She asked offhand questions about troop placement. Philippe could only respond by saluting her with his fleshy saber.”

As she slowly and seductively disrobed before Philippe's astonished eyes, the breathtaking countess asked offhand questions about troop placement. Philippe could only respond by saluting her with his fleshy saber.

"Let them eat cake," the countess had heard the French queen say. That may be fine for Marie Antoinette, but Vicca wanted a taste of something more substantial.

Vicca's cold Russian blood was warmed by this amorous Frenchman, and the countess began to purr and quiver, thanks to his skillful ministrations.

Vicca was wearing down his resistance, but Philippe's savory manhood was distractingly delicious. Staying focused on her mission was impossible.



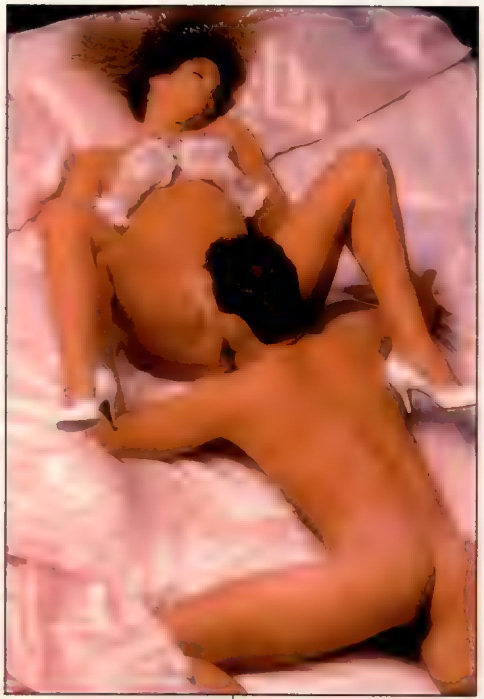
"Mon Dieu," Philippe gasped as Vicca blew a lively Russian folk tune on his French horn. He gave her all the palace secrets, and an orgasm as well.

Vicca's mission was a complete success. She made it
out of France just before the revolution. Philippe, poor fellow, lost his head.
Vicca slipped back into Paris years later and worked her

Fine-art acrylic sex toys created by Ray Cirino, Van Nuys, Calif

seductive charms on another libidinous Frenchman, siphoning military secrets from him, along with precious bodily fluids. His name was Napoléon. But that's a tale of war and peace for another time.

HYPERSEX



"Ohhh ... our tongues dancing together as you pinch my clit ... reaching down to cup your lush tits under your leather bra."

Along with its other pleasures, online fucking is a great way to improve your real-life sexual techniques. By listening to the fantasies and desires of your cyberpartners you can learn more about what women want (men too) than from a dozen self-help books.

Blow by Blow

Last month I confessed to a weakness for men who love to eat pussy. Recently I went online to return the favor.

StolenKiss: Kneeling between your legs on the bed … licking my lips at the sight of your engorged cock.

Brian322: Becoming even harder at the sight of you crouching between my legs, naked.

StolenKiss: I feel my cunt grow slick and hot as you stretch and moan.… It wants to be filled with cock … but I've promised to use only my mouth today. Flicking my tongue back up the length of your cock, I slide the whole eight inches down my throat and suck *hard*.

Brian322: Ahh!

StolenKiss: Building up a rhythm as your dick pumps my mouth, I grasp the base with my other hand and caress it … my pussy growing hotter and wetter as I feel you getting ready to explode.

Brian322: Can't take much more.…

StolenKiss: Come for me, baby.

Brian322: Oh, God … coming …

StolenKiss: Swallowing a pulsing stream of come … drops flying everywhere …

Brian322: Stroking your hair as you lick up the last bit of jism … such a good little cocksucker.—*StolenKiss@aol.com*

Beg for It

HardTom: Hi, baby. Are you dressed up for me?

HeatherAimee: I'm wearing a white, silky, very short robe … the silk feels slippery and cool against my skin.

HardTom: Lipstick?

HeatherAimee: Bright red, with matching nail polish.

HardTom: You know what I like. Taking you in my arms … feel how hard I am.

HeatherAimee: Your cock pushes against me, forcing my legs apart. My nipples are erect and aching to be touched.

HardTom: I kiss down your neck and take your long, hard nipples between my lips, one at a time, sucking and biting them.

HeatherAimee: Ohh!

HardTom: I pull down your panties to see sweet pussy, the outer lips glistening with your juices.

HeatherAimee: (*moaning*) Taste them, please.

HardTom: Kissing my way down your belly … your hands pull at your erect nipples as my tongue slides over your cunt. Your clit is swollen to twice its normal size.… I suck it, pressing my middle finger against your ass hole so that you arch your pussy against my face.

HeatherAimee: So hot.

HardTom: Now I kiss you, so you can taste your own juices … my cock rubs against your clit, teasing you.

HeatherAimee: Bucking my cunt against your cock … fuck me, *please* … I'll do anything to get fucked.

HardTom: All in good time, my love. I like you like this, wet and horny and begging for cock.—*M. T., New York*

Girl Talk

Sunshine3: I can't believe we're going on *another* blind double date.

CamiDoll: I know. Your date won't be able to take his eyes off your beautiful breasts in that black leather bra. I know I can't.

Sunshine3: Oh, Cami … and I got so wet just watching you slide your sexy body into your lace body stocking.

CamiDoll: I had no idea you felt that way … backing you against the wall and kissing you passionately.

Sunshine3: Reaching under your skirt to rub your cunt under the body stocking … no panties, mmm … I can feel your clit through the lace.

CamiDoll: Squirming with desire …

Sunshine3: Rubbing you slowly, teasingly, feeling your clit harden … then ripping the lace aside to slide my finger into your wet hole.

CamiDoll: Ohhh … our tongues still dancing together as you pinch my clit … reaching down to cup your lush tits under the leather bra, pulling it down so the nipples are exposed.

Sunshine3: Rubbing my nipples against your breasts as I plunge my fingers into you.

CamiDoll: Oh no, the doorbell! Our dates!

Sunshine3: Let them in, honey. They'll like what they see. *CamiDoll@aol.com*

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DONE TO DEATH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

famous Betty Ford Center, in the desert near Palm Springs—but just one. As Betty Ford media representative John Boop explains, "We're not very tolerant. We sometimes give people a second chance. We don't give people a third chance."

The visits were not inexpensive. The average bill for the average 28-day stay at the Betty Ford Center is $11,400. The first day of treatment at Hazelden costs $1,009. Treatment days two through four cost $814 a day. Additional days cost $412. A typical 28-day stay could run as high, then, as more than $13,000. The Menninger Clinic charges up to $1,300 a day for its hospital services, and $6,450 a month for its residence program.

That's not as expensive, however, as most addicts' cocaine habit.

Cocaine, in a sense, built the modern rehab industry. As a relatively expensive drug, it attracted relatively affluent users. Those attempting to kick the habit were willing to pay as handsomely for the cure as they had for the addiction. Treatment programs proliferated. According to a National Institute of Drug Abuse report issued in January 1995, "The widespread abuse of cocaine has stimulated intensive efforts to develop treatment programs for this type of drug abuse." In 1990, for example, more than 238,000 Americans sought treatment for cocaine abuse—and represented 36 percent of all treatment-facility admissions that year. In a 1987 survey the National Drug and Alcohol Treatment Unit Survey found that a staggering 834,077 Americans had received some form of detoxification or rehabilitation within the previous 12 months. By the late 1980s drug-treatment facilities could barely keep pace with patient demand, and rehab was big business. The cost of diagnosing, treating, and rehabilitating drug users in 1985, according to one report, was $2.2 billion, and rising fast.

The movie industry, meanwhile, was 12-Stepping itself to sobriety. Actors entering rehab became so much a part of the Hollywood fabric that *The New Yorker* lampooned the trend in a cartoon. A Hollywood producer wearing shorts and sunglasses and cradling a cellular telephone says into the mouthpiece, "Yeah, he's in rehab, but for the right role I can spring him."

Rehab was grossly unsuccessful for Don Simpson, but not for any lack of trying. The available services simply failed to affect his deepening addictions.

"I would take him to A.A. meetings about once every six months," says producer Howard Rosenman, a former cocaine user who had successfully cleaned up more than a decade earlier. "It didn't help. As an intellectual, he took ideas from it. But he could never get to that spiritual place where you 'surrender.'" Producer Steve Roth, having survived his own brushes with drug addiction, remembered taking Simpson to a detox center in Pasadena in 1983. "For a while he was 'hyperdetox,' very healthy," Roth says. "After he got out we'd go to Morton's, or we'd go to Spago, and he'd be fine. Then after a time he'd start pounding the drinks, and then he'd start smacking the coke again."

It wasn't only to those established rehab centers that Simpson turned. Friends say he also attempted short rehabilitations at St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica—a stay that ended when he slipped out of the hospital without informing doctors—and at the more exclusive Cedars-Sinai Hospital in Beverly Hills.

Moreover, Simpson attempted several assaults on his addictions using less mainstream methods. The Canyon Ranch, near Tucson, was a frequent retreat. Simpson would stay for weeks at a time, denying himself intoxicants and undergoing an extreme regimen of diet

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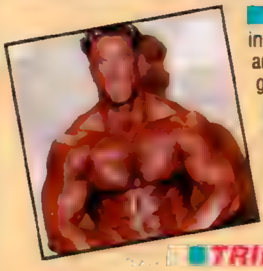

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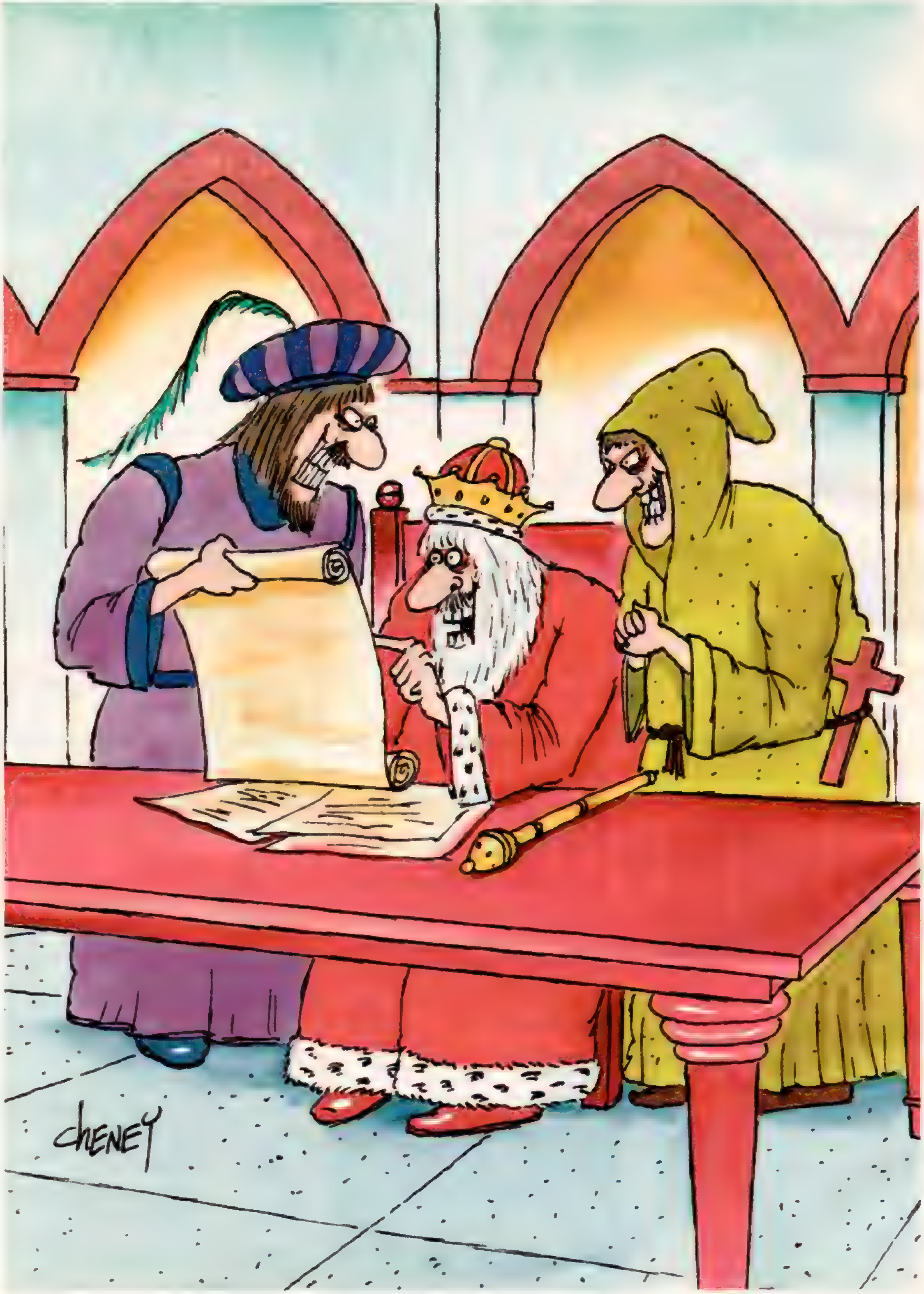

"Religion is the perfect justification for tyranny, because it doesn't require an ounce of reason or a shred of proof. . . ."

and exercise—hiking up to eight hours a day, bicycling in the gym for four-hour stretches, power-lifting or working out in the swimming pool with an "aqua-therapist." During other periods Simpson went to Maui, where without professional attention he would hike the Maui mountains, jog on back roads, swim in the sea, and maintain a rigorously fat- and drug-free regimen, until his weight and substance addictions were under control.

Simpson even, at one point, yielded to the well-marketed and trendy Church of Scientology. He signed on—at the suggestion of his friend screenwriter Floyd Mutrux—at the church's Hollywood Celebrity Centre, where before him luminaries like Tom Cruise and Kirstie Alley had enlisted. Mutrux himself had joined the church in the 1970s after reading the writings of founder L. Ron Hubbard. "I thought, this guy's writing is terrific, this might be it," Mutrux said. He was attracted to the clear, "scientific" approach to spiritual and mental well-being, and found immediate applications for the church's practices—among them "auditing," a process through which, using a sort of lie detector called an E-meter, the faithful remove negative influences from their thoughts and their lives. Paying hefty fees for these audits—more than $14,000 for the Hubbard Key to Life/Life Orientation Course—Scientologists would sometimes spend years attempting to "go clear," to achieve a nirvana-like state from which inner negative forces had been entirely exorcised.

(Hubbard's fundamental beliefs, rarely discussed outside the church, read more like science fiction than religious instruction. Hubbard believed that 75 million years ago an alien named Xenu had imprisoned enemy aliens inside volcanoes on Earth and then destroyed them, leaving their "thetan" spirits disembodied and searching for human form. Only a prolonged series of Scientology studies, Hubbard believed, could release the pure spirit of the thetans. The highest rung in the Scientology ladder—in which members receive titles and ranks to go with the military-style uniforms, complete with gold epaulets and ornamental woven braids, worn by church officers and employees—is called an Operating Thetan, to indicate a liberated thetan at rest finally, in fully realized human form. According to the *Basic Dictionary of Dianetics & Scientology,* the E-meter tracks "engrams," each of which is "a mental image picture which is a recording of an experience containing pain, unconsciousness, and a real or fancied threat to survival." An Operating Thetan is "a state of beingness" with control "over matter, energy, space, time, form, and life.")

Simpson would later claim that he entirely bought the Scientology theories. "I'm chagrined to say I almost went clear—did the E-meter, the whole thing," he told *Premiere* magazine writer John H. Richardson for a Scientology piece Richardson was preparing.

Simpson wasn't alone among Hollywood truth seekers. At a party celebrating his wedding to Nicole Kidman, thrown by his agents at Creative Artists Associates, Tom Cruise sat flanked by C.A.A.'s powerful head, Michael Ovitz, and David Miscavige, then the most powerful man in the Church of Scientology. In addition to Cruise, Kidman, and Alley, other actors attracted to Scientology were Mimi Rogers, who brought in Cruise when the two were a couple; Brad Pitt, a member while dating Juliette Lewis; Anne Archer; Kelly Preston, who joined with husband John Travolta; Lisa Marie Presley and her mother, Priscilla Presley; and Karen Black. Others who have dabbled in Scientology include Jerry Seinfeld and Patrick Swayze. Many of these celebrities have refrained from discussing involvement with the church with the press. Tom Cruise, for example, has bristled repeatedly when asked about his involvement, once telling *Premiere* magazine, "I have no idea why my religion, or anybody's, would be the subject of an article in *Premiere.* I shouldn't be subjected to an inquiry on my religion."

For Simpson, Scientology was potentially a perfect religion. Like the treatments he underwent at Canyon Ranch and the many rehab facilities, Scientology was expensive. Simpson estimated he spent more than $25,000 on Scientology courses—enough, in other words, to command his respect. Simpson felt convinced that if he spent enough money he could conquer anything—his weight problems, his drug addictions, his spiritual loneliness, and, later, his physical appearance; and, in his experiments with prescription drugs, his moods, sleep patterns, and even his heart rate. (Scientology offers its own brand of detox, a physically demanding series of procedures designed to cleanse the body called the Purification Rundown.)

Scientology represented a tantalizing offer: Spend the money and you will get well. Simpson spent but did not get well. After months with the organization, he asked a counselor there, "I've almost gone clear, why aren't I happier?" He was told he would be "okay" when he went "through OT3"—achieved a third-level Operating Thetan plateau. "At that point," Simpson told *Premiere*'s Richardson, "I realized it was a con."

Simpson's attempts at rehabilitation did not stop at the spiritual and chemical. He also became obsessed with creating, developing, or buying the body he felt he deserved. The English

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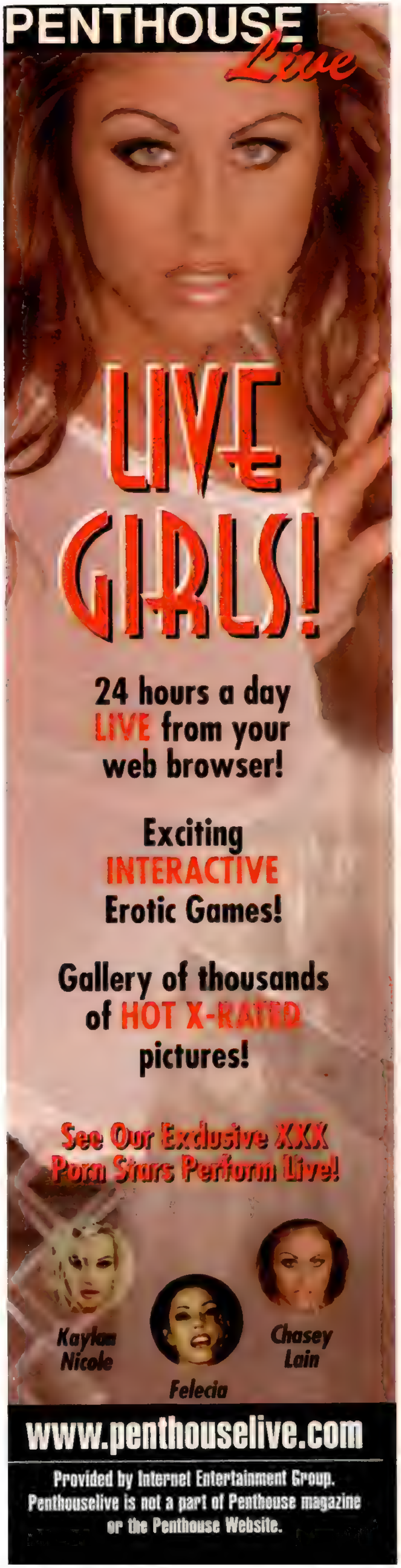
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wit Cyril Connolly wrote, famously, that "imprisoned in every fat man [is] a thin one wildly signaling to be let out." In Simpson's case it was the other way around. With exercise, medication, and surgery he forced his body to become thin, but the fat man within was desperately, persistently, fighting for dominance.

Between 1988 and 1994 Simpson underwent at least ten surgical procedures designed to increase his appeal and improve his looks. (He had expressed, in 1990, his horror of growing old and "turning into an aged Inuit of indeterminate gender.") During that period he had collagen injections in his cheeks and chin, to make them more pronounced; a forehead lift and a restructuring of his brow line, to give it sterner definition; liposuction on his belly, to make it flatter; a buttocks lift, to make his bottom firmer; collagen injections in his lips, to make them fuller and more sensual; and injections of fat into his penis, to make it wider and more wieldy.

In this, as in all things, Simpson was anticipating a national trend—and overdoing it.

Between 1992 and 1996, according to documents published by the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons, the number of men who submitted themselves to cosmetic surgery rose from 54,845 to 73,921. (California led the nation in most procedures, in 1992 and 1996, when it was the site of more than 25 percent of all breast-augmentation surgeries, for example—with almost triple the numbers for any other state.) Over that period the number of buttocks lifts quadrupled. (A friend of Simpson's said, "Every time I visited his office, he was in there trying on jeans and complaining about his ass. He always thought it looked funny in pants.") The number of cheek implants doubled. The number of collagen injections rose from 34,091 to 41,623. Liposuction treatments—Simpson underwent at least five, according to one former employee of his—rose during the period from 47,212 to a remarkable 109,353. In 1992 men accounted for just 12 percent of liposuction patients; by 1996 that number had risen to 15.7 percent. Simpson was, literally and figuratively, on the cutting edge.

And he was spending big money. According to interviews with several prominent plastic surgeons, an average rate for raising or restructuring the eyebrows is $4,000. A face-lift runs to $10,000, a nose job $5,500, and collagen injections $500 each. And, cautions Dr. Ronald Iverson, president of the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons and a 24-year veteran of the craft, "those figures don't include any accompanying costs" for things like hospital or clinic stays, anesthesia, medications, or follow-up visits.

Dr. Melvyn Rosenstein—who, as Southern California's preeminent practitioner of penile enlargement, was known as Dr. Dick—was charging patients $5,900 for the dual widening and lengthening procedure known as penile augmentation. (The specific lengthening procedure, according to sources, was originally conceived and designed by a plastic surgeon with the impossibly coincidental name D. C. Long.) For lengthening, the procedure involves making a V-shaped incision just above the pubic bone and then severing the suspensory ligament that attaches the base of the penis to the pubic bone. Severing this ligament releases the part of the penis anchored inside the body and allows it to extend outside. (Though one report indicates this can add up to 20 percent in new length, it also warned that the procedure "can change the angle of the penis during erection. Instead of pointing upward, it may point out horizontally. It may even point down." It can also result in deformities, as the newly freed length of penis may grow to resemble the pubic patch itself, complete with hair follicles. This has been called the hairy-donut problem.) For the widening procedure, known as a girth enhancement, fat is removed by liposuction from the abdomen and injected into the penis. This 15-minute procedure costs an additional $2,500.

The American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons reported that 21 percent of all cosmetic-surgery patients in 1996 were "repeat patients," and that 37 percent of those repeaters underwent multiple surgical procedures during the same visit.

It is not known—and not knowable—whether Simpson had his penis injected with fat liposuctioned out of his abdomen during the same day of surgery, though that would have been a handy bit of recycling.

It *is* known that Simpson underwent the girth-enhancement surgery and that, as is not uncommon, the surgery was a disaster.

According to several cosmetic surgeons, the injection of liposuctioned fat into the penis often leads to infection. There is often swelling, and often discoloration, and often pain. "The fat-injection procedure has led to 'bumpy' penises, some of them quite deformed," said Dr. Hunter Wessells, an expert in corrective penile surgery at the University Medical Center in Tucson. "This can make insertion or penetration difficult, or can make it difficult to keep a condom on, and anyway is not very cosmetically pleasing. And the fat injections tend to resorb quickly anyway. After a year or so there may not be any lasting increase at all."

Attention: Families of Cancer Patients who died between 1989 and 1993

Did a member of your family participate as a cancer patient in clinical tests of the drug hydrazine sulfate between 1989 and 1993? If so, you may be eligible to be part of a class-action lawsuit under consideration against the National Cancer Institute. There will be absolutely no cost to you, and you may be eligible to share in any awards.

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If a member of your family took hydrazine sulfate as part of these N.C.I. clinical tests during this period, please write to **Bob Guccione, c/o The Kathy Keeton Foundation, 277 Park Avenue, Fourth Floor, New York, N.Y. 10172-0003**, as soon as possible. Your name and address will be kept confidential. You can also send a confidential e-mail message to: **hydrazine@generalmedia.com.**

In Simpson's case the injections became infected. A former employee, who spoke on condition of anonymity, drove his boss on multiple occasions to visit the Sherman Oaks plastic surgeon who had performed Simpson's girth enhancement. "It had turned all black and blue, and it was very painful," said this source. "There was a lot of swelling and fever. In the end they had to take out whatever it was they put in there. You can't believe how pissed Don was."

Iverson and Wessells both said that reversing the process, removing the fat, is far more time-consuming and painful than injecting it, and can lead to additional scarring and discoloration of the penis and surrounding tissue. They also both note that the famed Dr. Dick, Melvyn Rosenstein, was investigated by the California Medical Board, and no longer practices penile-augmentation medicine. Both Iverson and Wessells also note that in the case of most patients they have met seeking penile enhancement, the procedure is more about psychology than physical reality.

"We always say that these men who want their penises enlarged ought to have their *other* head examined," Wessells said. "Because it's more a self-esteem issue than one of true size. Most of the people who want this operation, in my experience, had normal penises to begin with."

A similarly invasive procedure Simpson underwent before the production of *Days of Thunder* had similarly negative results. Eager to increase his sex drive and general energy level, Simpson had testosterone implants placed in his buttocks. Their "time-release" function failed, however, flooding his system with very high doses of the aggression-inducing hormone. This may have resulted in a reported exchange between Simpson and his partner, Jerry Bruckheimer, on the *Thunder* set in which, Simpson said, he "literally ripped the door off" one of the production vehicles. "I don't know what you're taking," Bruckheimer reportedly responded. "But whatever it is, stop taking it."

Bruckheimer turned not to liposuction but to diet and exercise. The usually reticent producer told an interviewer from *GQ*, for a 1990 story cheekily called "Beverly Hills Fops," "I really got into it when I started getting love handles. I wondered, 'How can you get rid of these things without plastic surgery?' So I went to Tom [Cruise]'s trainer on *Top Gun*. This guy took Tom and totally transformed his body in three weeks. I said, 'Well, if he can do this to Tom Cruise, it'll take a little longer with me, but maybe he can fix me up.' I'm telling you, my body changed completely."

Male cosmetic surgery was on the rise. Several people have competing theories to explain that.

"These are the guys who grew up in the 1950s, when the men in gray suits were the establishment, and they don't want to be that way," said plastic surgeon Dr. Stanley Teitelbaum. "They want to be youthful guys in sneakers and baseball caps."

Teitelbaum, who reports that as much as one third of his West Los Angeles clientele is now men, has performed more than 20,000 face-lifts and more than 10,000 breast augmentations. He identified several reasons for the increase in his male clientele: "It is far less stigmatizing than it was before. Men used to be afraid of anyone finding out. Now people don't care. Plus, men feel now, for whatever reason, that they need to remain looking attractive."

Simpson insisted this was not an issue for him personally. In 1990, asked if he was worried about losing his physical appeal, Simpson said, "That kind of thing wouldn't concern me." Nor, he said, did anyone's reason for finding him attractive. "I don't care why they come on to me. I never understood why women get upset when men come on to them (a) because they're sexy, (b) because they're well dressed—who gives a shit? The way I look at it is, folks, if you wake up and you're ugly, you know what real pain is. That ain't fun. So I don't want to hear 'I think it's real difficult to be good-looking and be an actress or be smart.' Give me a fucking break. The truth is, the more attractive you are, the easier life is. That's just the way it is." Besides, Simpson added, "I'm not attracted to them just because they're good-looking. They have to be extremely smart, extremely funny, ambitious. On the other hand, I don't walk across a room to meet a woman just because she's got a nice personality. Sorry, folks. And if I don't have a good ass, they ain't walking across the room to meet me. That's show biz, okay? So if somewhere along the curve and trajectory of one's involvement with a member of the opposite gender some of the elements fall off, the way I look at it is, one of the wheels fell off the wagon, so we ain't riding anymore. And if one of the wheels falls off the Don wagon, Don don't deserve to be ridden."

In the midst of that verbiage Simpson was speaking volumes about his own self-image. Although one woman close to Simpson said his physical equipment was more than adequate, Simpson obviously felt otherwise.

Like an anorexic who at 80 pounds still feels she is fat, Simpson gradually lost perspective on his physical appearance and continued experimenting with cosmetic surgery until he resembled an inflated ball of Naugahyde. A friend from the Paramount days was surprised when a man he did not recognize

CONTINUED ON PAGE 162

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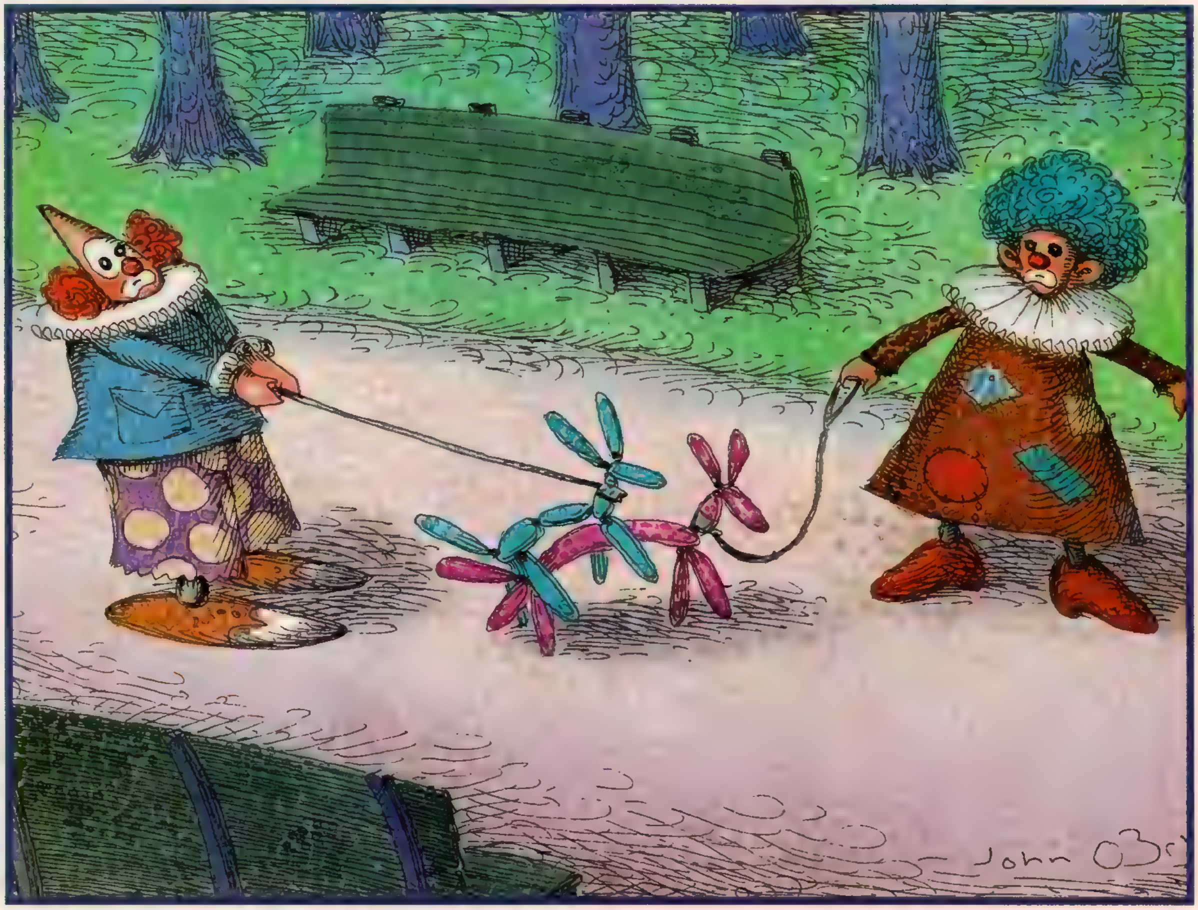

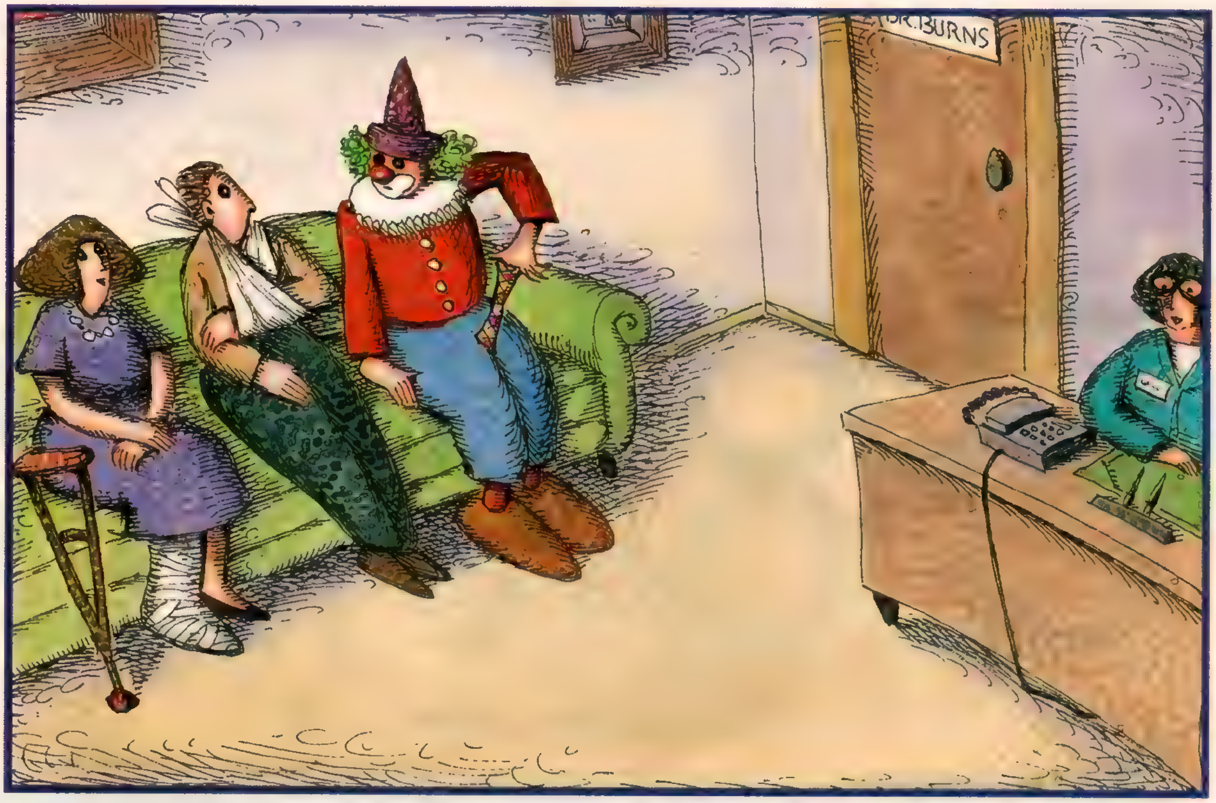
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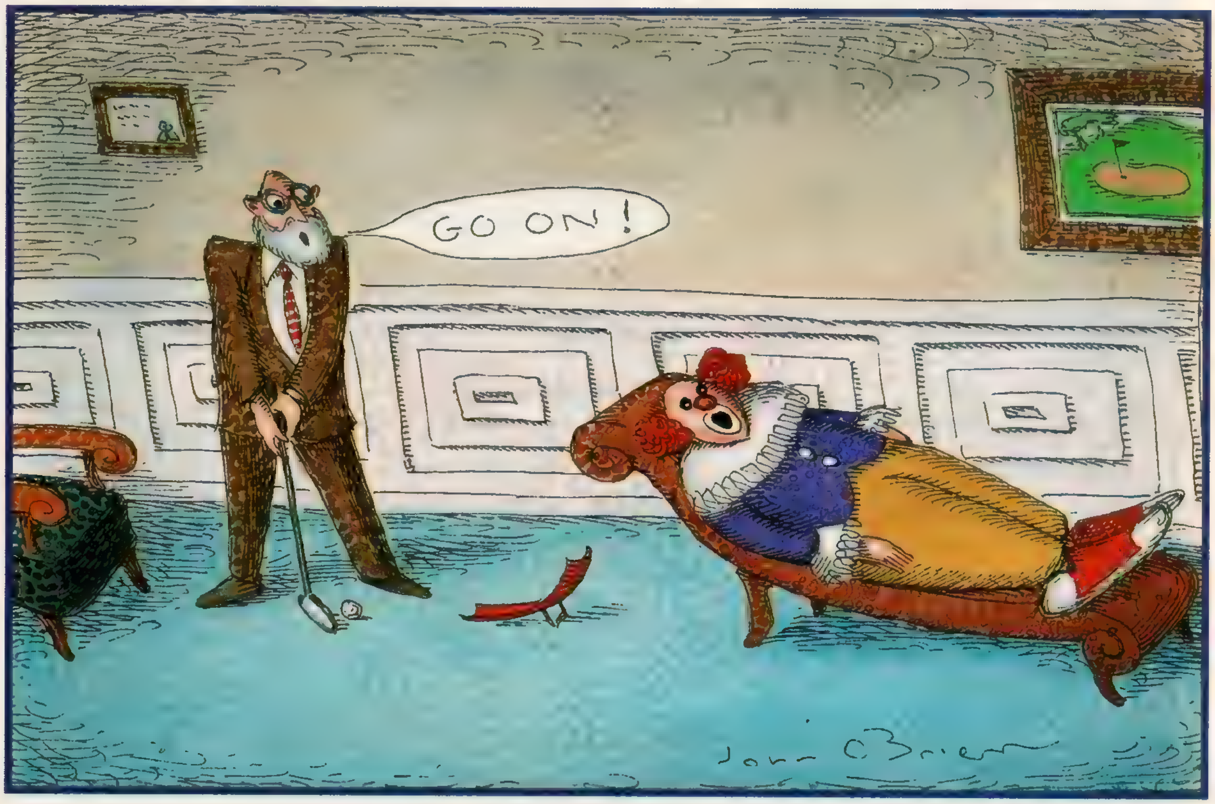
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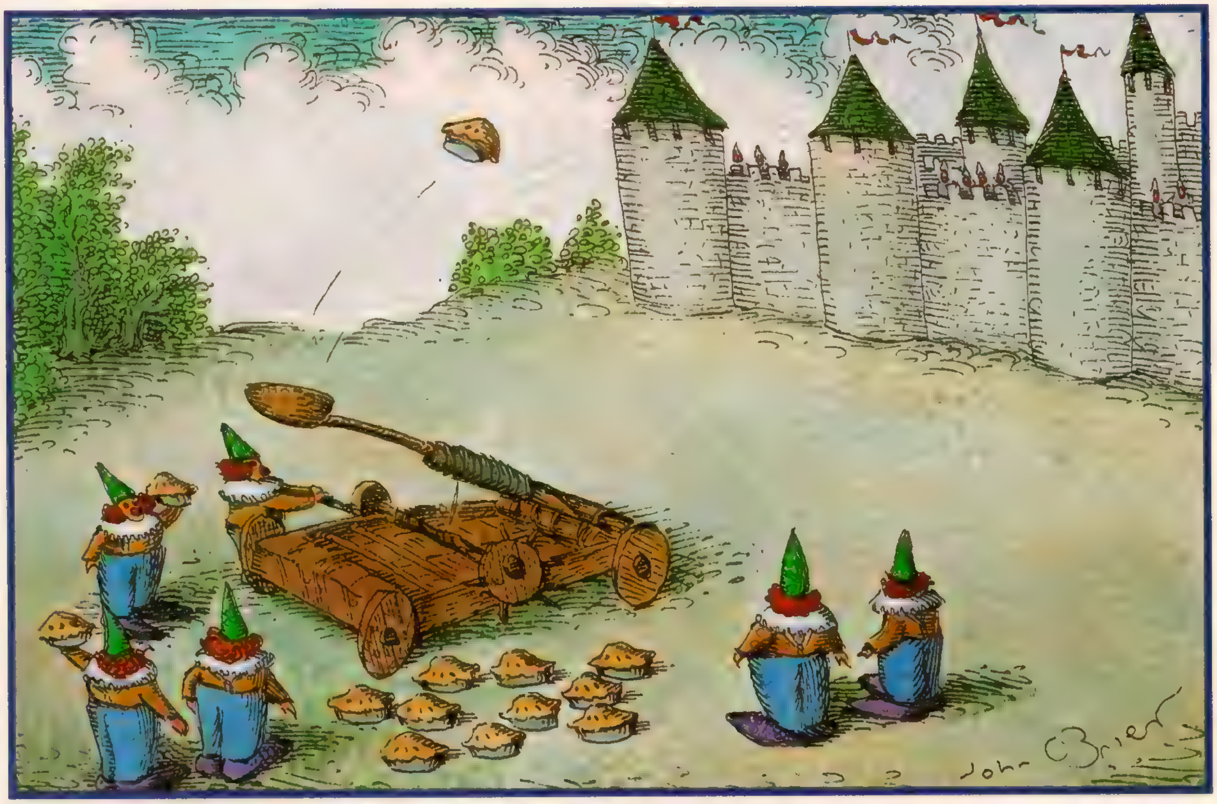

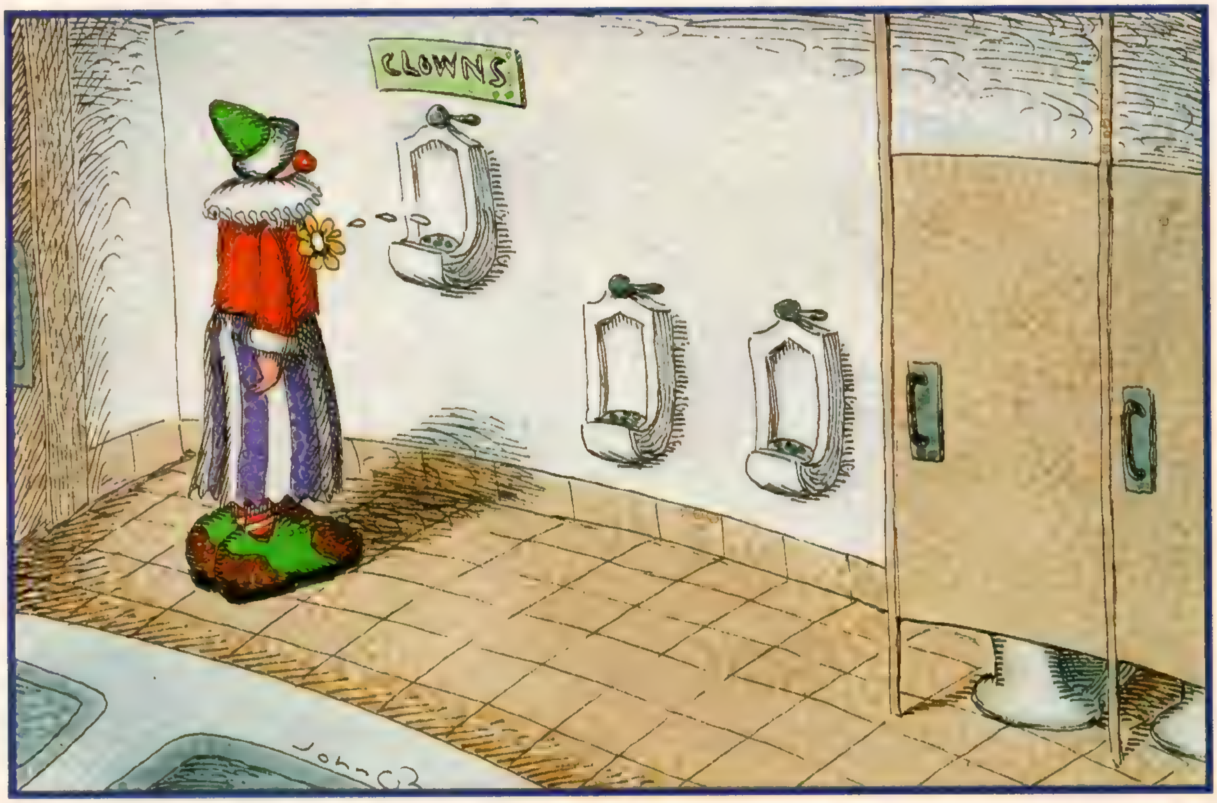
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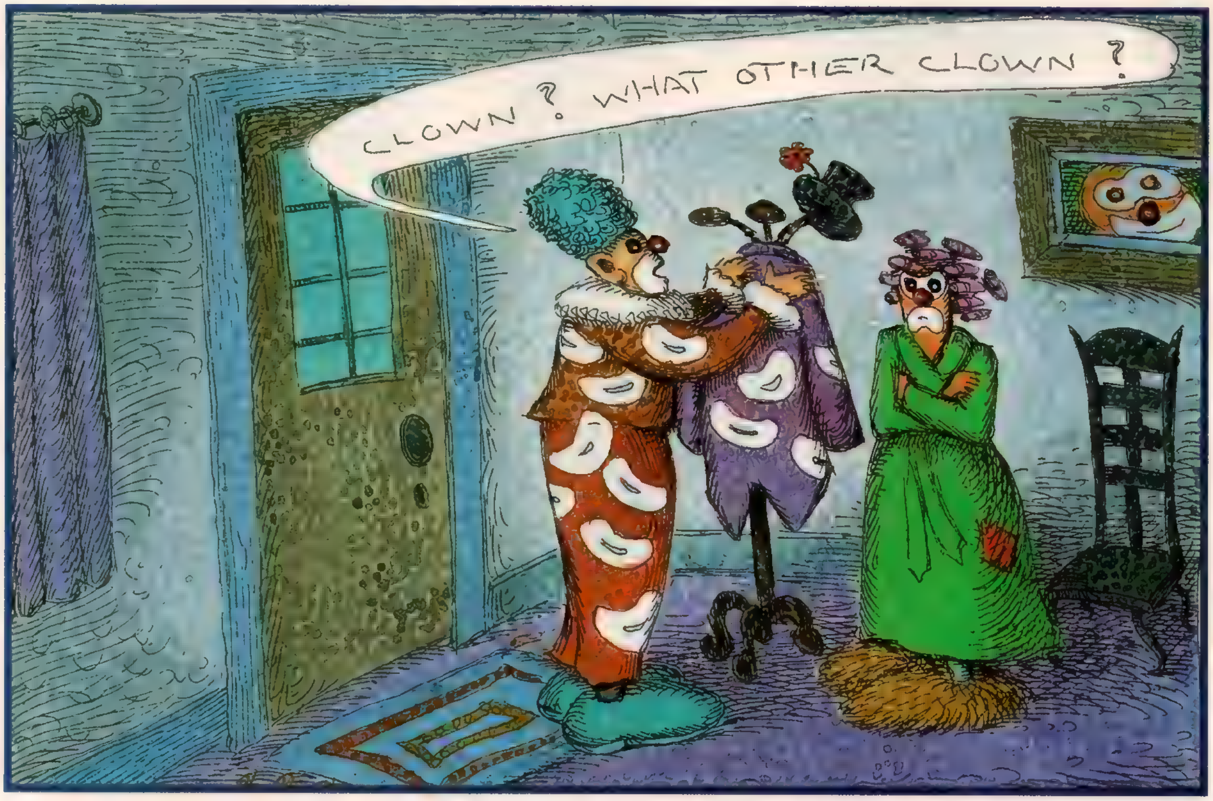
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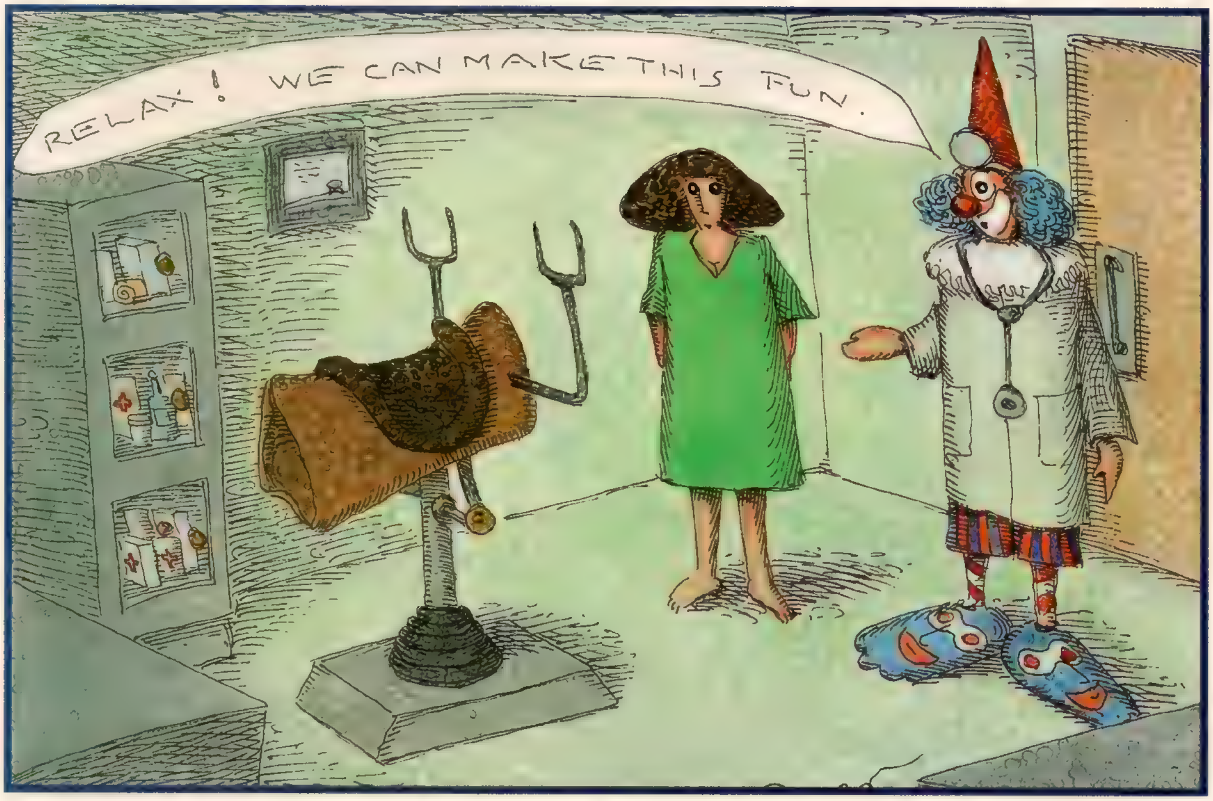
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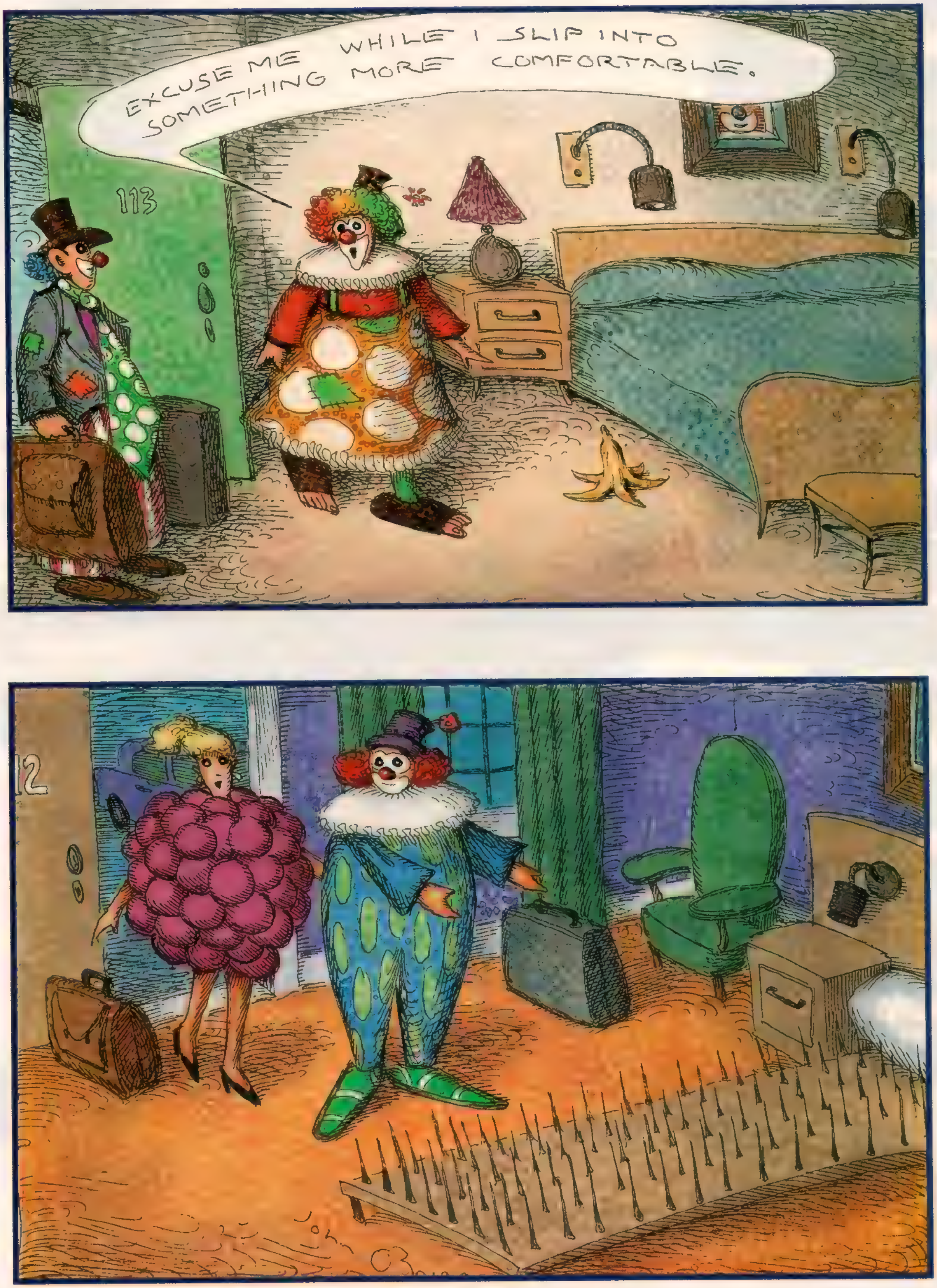
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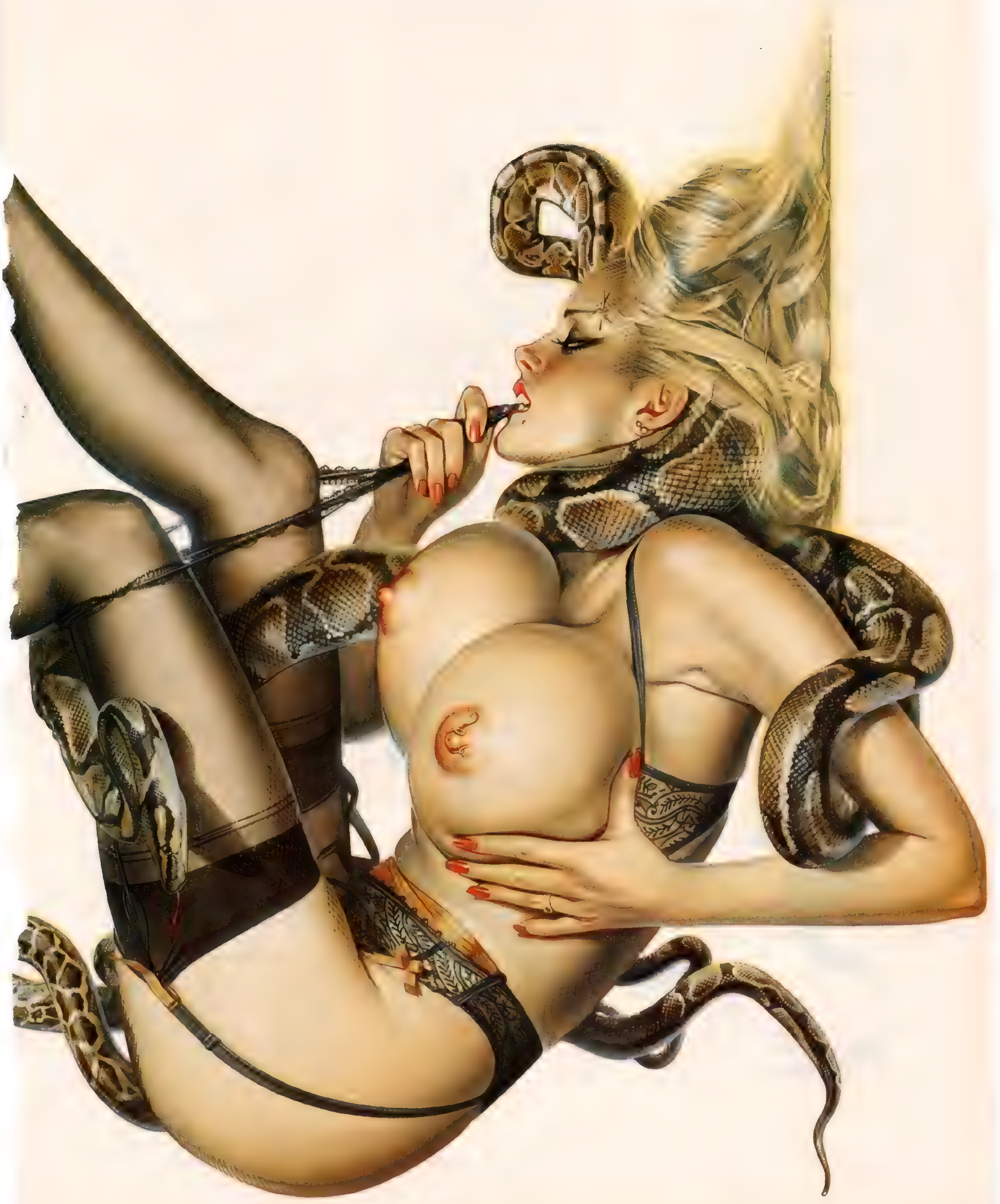


DONE TO DEATH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 154

stopped at his table in a restaurant, called him by name, and sat down. "He said, 'It's Simpson!'" the friend said. "I swear I did not know who it was." Gone, entirely, was any trace of fat. Simpson's face was lean, sharp, and angular. His lips were full. His brow was severe, and now entirely shaded his eyes, making them, in turn, look darker and more deeply set. His physique too had changed. His hips were narrower, and his chest fuller. (One source insisted that Simpson had also undergone collagen injections in his pectoral muscles to increase his new bodybuilder look.) To highlight the new body, Simpson began wearing tighter-fitting clothing—often a black leather vest with nothing underneath. As the cosmetic procedures continued, Simpson at last began to resemble nothing so much as the chiseled cartoon superheroes he'd obsessed over as a teenage comic-book fanatic.

But Simpson's loss of perspective affected the way he felt about his appearance even when his appearance was visibly worsening. He continued to wear sleeveless shirts and tight vests even as his weight, during the summer and fall of 1995, was rising precipitously. Unlike his former Paramount colleague Alan Carr, who hid his ballooning weight under elaborate caftans, Simpson kept dressing like James Dean. During interviews he conducted with the press in support of *Crimson Tide* and *Bad Boys,* Simpson dressed in black leather jeans, black boots with red highlights, collarless dress shirts buttoned up to his neck, and a black Armani sports jacket—everything several sizes too small for his expanding girth. His skin was browned—whether by the sun or at a tanning center, which he frequented, is not known—and leathery. He wore sunglasses whenever it was possibly acceptable, even at night, even indoors. Friends and acquaintances who saw him at his last official public appearance—in July 1995, when the reconditioned Beverly Hills Hotel reopened—found him bow-tied and bloated in his too small dinner jacket. Simpson apparently had no idea that his appearance was bordering on the ridiculous.

"Simpson was always going up and down in weight, constantly checking into clinics for a tune-up—'a nip here, a tuck there'—so that he looked different every time I saw him," wrote *Premiere*'s Peter Biskind in his postmortem. "He was an essence in search of an appearance." The last time the writer and the producer met, Biskind wrote, "his weight was up dramatically. His neck had disappeared into an aureole of fat that obscured the planes of his face. His hair, which looked unwashed and greasy, was long and pulled back into a ponytail. He was wearing a black T-shirt with the sleeves cut off. His arms were beefy, like sausages."

Simpson's attempts at perfecting his physical form did not stop at either bodybuilding or plastic surgery. He also experimented with hormone implants, which left him so agitated that, he told his masseuse, he had to drink 12 bottles of beer just to calm down. He told a different massage therapist that he had injected his penis with a special formula that made it possible to remain erect for 12 hours. "That way," the therapist explained, "he could have wild sex for as long as he wanted."

"The key to Simpson was that he wanted to remain 19," according to his friend screenwriter-director James Toback. "Everyone wants the fountain of youth, but Don was obsessed with it. 'Take these supplements, and your organs will be 30 years younger.' He was taking speed, downers—all prescribed—and arcane medical supplements and growth hormones. Stuff from Germany that Don said only he could get—or afford."

Toback reasoned that Simpson's life was "an ongoing flight" from his strict, repressive childhood and saw Simpson's weight fluctuations as an external expression of his internal struggle. "He would sink to the depths of self-abuse, then begin a quest for redemption. His weight was a paradigm: It's the most physical thing, the most personal thing. You wake up in the morning, you feel fat. You take a shit, there's a gut hanging over you that shouldn't be there. You can't escape your own body or the compulsion to inflate it to the point of self-loathing, followed by the compulsion to deny it so you can get back in shape. And the older you get, the more difficult it is to restore yourself. Metabolically, it just doesn't work anymore."

The last time he had seen Simpson, Toback said, was in September 1995 at the Buffalo Club in Santa Monica. "He was very fat then—215, 200. 'This is utterly grotesque,' he told me. But he was a compulsive eater—big jars of peanut butter every night at two in the morning, and no bread. People ask, 'What did he die from?' Try conspicuous consumption. You're 60 pounds overweight, and you treat your arteries to a full jar of peanut butter and jelly overnight?"

But that was Don Simpson. "Anything worth doing is worth overdoing," he once said. "It's not enough until it's too much. Because how do you know it's enough until it's too much? That's the only way to find out."

WOULD YOU LIKE A CUP OF COFFEE?
IS THIS A TRAP? SHOULD I CALL LEGAL? IS SHE WEARING A WIRE?
Leo Cullum

THE UNREPENTANT VOYEUR

Fueling Women's Secret Fantasies

ARTICLE BY RALPH GARDNER, JR. • PAINTINGS BY CHRIS GALL

IN AN UNGUARDED MOMENT A RATHER ALLURING WOMAN I know confided that throughout the first year of her marriage to a wealthy investment banker she'd had a torrid affair with a male model. Sadly, her husband's seven-figure annual income couldn't completely compensate for the fact that he was short, fat, bald, and 20 years her senior. However, the young woman realized that for the sake of her marriage, not to mention her future financial security, she had better end her relationship with the model, no matter how memorable the sex. And she did.

I asked her what filled the hole in her life.

"Romance novels," she flatly stated, escorting me into her bedroom—unfortunately not for a little foreplay before her spouse got home, but to show me the shelves filled with books featuring Fabio and dozens of other hunks.

She admitted that she didn't peruse these works for the quality of the writing or the exotic locales as much as because they sated her lust. In fact she confessed under oath that not only did she enjoy reading the stuff in her chaise longue overlooking Central Park or in bed, but also in the bathtub, where she'd hold the book with one hand while she pleasured herself with the other.

She was loath to part with any of her volumes, but she handed me a copy of *Romantic Times* magazine, the bible of the romance reader. Not only did it include lively profiles of favorite writers but it also reviewed and rated the books according to sexual content, under such categories as "Sensual" and "Very Sensual."

I saw an opportunity here—not just to make bath time more interesting, but also to get the inside scoop on female sexual desire. What are women's secret fantasies? What are their favorite male body parts, and how do they like them served? If I knew the answers to these all-important questions, it seemed to reason, my chances of getting laid would go up exponentially. And what better place to find those answers than sex novels written for women by women? It would be like breaking the enemy code in wartime.

SHE LOVED READING ROMANCES IN THE BATHTUB, WHERE SHE'D

Carol Stacy, *Romantic Times*'s publisher, whom I promptly contacted, suggested that if I was genuinely interested in the hot end of the genre, I should pick up a copy of *Love Storm*, by Susan Johnson, also known as "Lust's Leading Lady."

"We call it the plum book," Stacy said delicately. "There is a plum that is used."

And she didn't mean to make jam: "He reached down and spread Zena's distended, wet, oozing pink lips and forced the large plum into the crevice between them," I read breathlessly when I got my hands on the book, which takes place in the Caucasus at the turn of the century. In this scene the heroine is being sold into sexual slavery by local tribesmen, who are letting potential buyers kick the tires, so to speak.

"The pouting tissue covered no more than half the round plum," the passage continued, "while the remainder of the deep red sphere protruded from those moist, succulent lips. Ibrahim Bey caressed each side of the taut skin stretched over the crimson fruit, and Zena shivered with pleasure. A rush of pearly fluid ran over and around the wine-red plum and glossed the color with a white opaqueness."

I gathered two encouraging lessons from this brief paragraph. The first is that fresh fruit makes a perfect, inexpensive gift for the right woman. The other, equally heartening lesson is that Johnson's female readers are drawn to graphic, kinky depictions of sex.

Oral sex in these novels, for example, isn't only acceptable, it's epidemic. But the only condition under which it generally occurs is when the hero pleasures the heroine first—which seems to happen about once every five or ten pages.

"The women always receive it first—that's key," confirmed one of *Romantic Times*'s book reviewers. "It also inspires reciprocation."

All the heroines, even the virgins, are superstars in bed. "His hands moved to cradle her head as his hardness slid deeper," Johnson writes in *Brazen*, one of her latest, "and when she sucked with both skill and paralyzing energy, his eyes shut fleetingly, a soft groan lodged deep in his throat, and he stood utterly still, defenseless against the fierce pleasure."

"Everyone has constant orgasms," noted Bertrice Small, another romance writer. "Penises are large. Vaginas are always tight."

The amount of space devoted to describing dicks—their length, hue, angle of erection, and the sensations they trigger in the female—is enough to make any self-respecting male pause before dropping his pants next time.

"Men really only have one thing [for women] to dote on," Small stated unapologetically. "Women think of men as mostly penises. It's the first thing that pops into their heads. Nowadays the second thing would be his butt."

In fact *The Pirate and the Pagan*, a novel by best-selling romance writer Virginia Henley, starts with the line, "What a beautiful cock!" It turns out she's talking about a rooster, but it shows she knows how to grab her reader's attention.

But still, Henley advises, men would be foolish to think that all they need to make women want them is a pair of tight-fitting pants. "The secret is no sex without romance," she instructed, adding that once the relationship is consummated, lovemaking should be followed by a caress, a kiss, and a phone call—"some recognition that she lingers in his consciousness. Any man who knows that has got it made."

However, it also doesn't hurt to have a dick the size of the Empire State Building. Perhaps Henley's most memorable hero is Simon de Montfort, a warlord whose most fearsome weapon isn't his catapult or crossbow but his massive member, ominously sheathed in black leather. "It was huge and got in the way when he was in the saddle," Henley gushed.

One of Small's leading men possesses a 13-inch saber. "I kept looking at this thing against a ruler, thinking it's impossible, but it isn't," the author said, revealing the amount of research these ladies put into their books. "Rasputin had a 13-inch penis. When he was murdered one of the things they did was cut it off. It fell into the hands of a Russian noblewoman, who kept it preserved in a jar on her dresser. It looked like a blackened banana."

In addition to a penis of epic proportions, all the heroes seem

HOLD A BOOK IN ONE HAND AND PLEASURE HERSELF WITH THE OTHER.

to have full heads of hair, the bodies of Greek gods—though not all of them are conventionally handsome—lots of real estate, and a passion for monogamy. None of them are pushovers, however. Henley described her leading men as "dark, dominant, and dangerous. The woman's fantasy is to find the most dominant man she can and then tame him," as one of her heroines does effortlessly in this passage:

"Marcus felt all-powerful after he had mastered her in the ultimate act of domination and submission, but as Diana lay upon him in silken splendor, it felt like she was purring," Henley writes in *Enslaved*, a novel in which a virgin, or very recent virgin, brings a mighty Roman general to his knees. "He smiled into the darkness, wondering wryly which of them was enslaved."

Virginia Henley contends that her books have saved more than a few marriages. "The men come up to me at conventions and say, 'I always know when my wife is reading a Henley.' It makes the wives hotter in bed."

Bertrice Small reported that the adventures of one of her heroines, Skye O'Malley, a formidable woman whose erotic career fills a half-dozen novels and whose breasts don't sag even in middle age, has sparked a baby boomlet. "We had, at last count, eight Skyes," she stated.

Since it was Susan Johnson who displayed such inventiveness with fresh fruit, I decided to try to deconstruct *Brazen*, her aforementioned recent novel, to get a feeling for the cadence of feminine sexuality—in other words, how and where they like their men. The book starts auspiciously in 1896 with Kit Braddock, a young American millionaire playboy and adventurer, lounging in the stateroom of his ocean-going yacht and staving off the sexual advances of his private harem.

"This won't take long," one of the beauties pleads when Kit insists he needs some shut-eye for the big boat race the next day. Another vixen runs her tongue along his muscular thigh while a third, a proud graduate of a pasha's harem, slides her wet tongue up and down his massive erection. "He'd raced more than once without sleep, he thought."

Obviously, a guy with this many dates—his consorts also included a red-haired Irish lass and a beautiful black woman from West Africa—doesn't have a lot of incentive to settle down and have kids, right? Wrong—once Braddock encounters the irresistible Countess Angela de Grae, the reader's surrogate and the most beautiful woman in all England, as well as one of the richest and horniest; her dildos alone could fill a room at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

She's also a woman of impeccable breeding, and she manages to keep Kit from coming inside her until page 155. "With discipline and infinite care, he slowly moved in and as gently out again in a prudent, repetitive flux and flow, stretching her, exerting pressure sideways at times, insinuating his enormous length into her tightness gradually until he was completely embedded at last.... 'Am I hurting you?' he whispered, buried to the hilt, quiescent."

The question a few lines later isn't whether he's hurting her but whether the scratches she's inflicting on him will leave permanent scars. "Shutting his eyes, he ignored ... Angela's nails on his back," Johnson writes pantingly, "disregarded her breathless cries echoing in his ears, and, meeting her violent climax, poured out great convulsive rivers of sperm, finding glorious surfeit at last in Countess Angela's temptress body."

After a brief recess while the countess looks in to see how the rest of her weekend guests are faring—we're at Easton, her sprawling country estate—and to trot out May, her angelic two-year-old, with whom the savagely masculine Kit displays exquisite tenderness (in contrast to the child's biological father, the villainous, pencil-dicked Earl de Grae), Kit and the countess resume their lovemaking.

"He delicately licked her clitoris with finesse and consummate skill and such gentleness, she thought him magically capable of climbing into the very heart of her psyche."

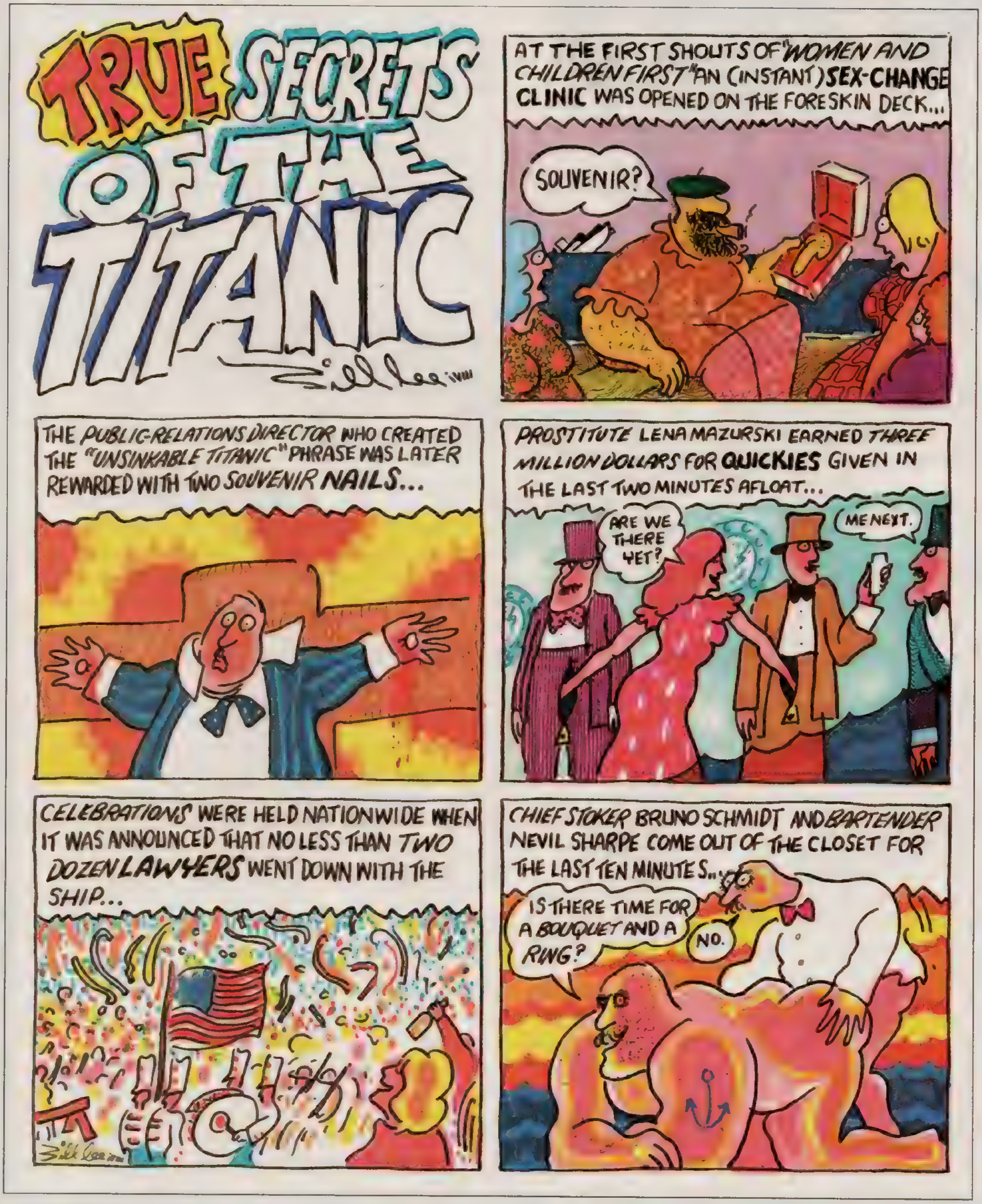
The book goes on for another 200-plus pages. But the handwriting is already on the wall. It's just a matter of time until Kit gives his harem their pink slips and devotes the rest of his days to making babies with the divine countess.

So where's the romance genre heading? Bertrice Small is writing a story about an ancient kingdom ruled exclusively by women. Not that men have become entirely superfluous. "There are all kinds of men," she explained cheerfully. "They're kept naked. They're used for breeding."

PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE

humor@generalmedia.com


TRUE SECRETS OF THE TITANIC
Bill Lee
AT THE FIRST SHOUTS OF "WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST" AN (INSTANT) SEX-CHANGE CLINIC WAS OPENED ON THE FORESKIN DECK...
SOUVENIR?
THE PUBLIC-RELATIONS DIRECTOR WHO CREATED THE "UNSINKABLE TITANIC" PHRASE WAS LATER REWARDED WITH TWO SOUVENIR NAILS...
PROSTITUTE LENA MAZURSKI EARNED THREE MILLION DOLLARS FOR QUICKIES GIVEN IN THE LAST TWO MINUTES AFLOAT...
ARE WE THERE YET?
ME NEXT.
CELEBRATIONS WERE HELD NATIONWIDE WHEN IT WAS ANNOUNCED THAT NO LESS THAN TWO DOZEN LAWYERS WENT DOWN WITH THE SHIP...
Bill Lee
CHIEF STOKER BRUNO SCHMIDT AND BARTENDER NEVIL SHARPE COME OUT OF THE CLOSET FOR THE LAST TEN MINUTES...
IS THERE TIME FOR A BOUQUET AND A RING?
NO.

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

cock. She licked and sucked and pressured it with her tongue.

Then she started to hum—not any particular tune, but she would go high and low, increase and decrease the intensity. I had never been given head like this before—it was incredible. Gina was a human vibrator.

Then she took my tool and easily slipped it into her pussy. She was so wet, so ready, as I slid in and out of her steaming cunt. Then she tightened her muscles and gripped me like a fist milking a cow.

She was getting greedy now and wanted to come in the worst way. "Fuck me," she said. "Keep pumping me with your hot cock. Fuck me harder!"

Hearing her talk dirty like that really turned me on, and I rammed my rock-hard cock in and out as forcefully as I could. I was lost in the action and couldn't say a word; I just kept slamming and slamming. Gina was really into it and nearing orgasm.

She moaned with her climax and tightened her legs around my waist. I followed, jizz flooding her steaming-hot cunt. She clenched me tight until I finally withdrew my spent and happy dick.

I stayed the night at her place, and she continued giving me good vibrations with her humming technique well into the night.

Gina continues to be one of my top ten accounts, but now we're working closer than ever to make her No. 1.—*V. W., California*

Inspired by Lust

My friend Dave and I were invited to Jill's and Sharon's off-campus house one night for drinks and a card game. Things started off typically enough, the four of us playing cards and partying until well after midnight. Since it was late, Jill suggested that Dave and I crash downstairs for the night. Dave and I exchanged glances, knowing we were in for a good time.

Jill and Sharon went upstairs to change. They took a while, and as I watched television, Dave dozed off. Finally the girls came back, wearing flimsy, next-to-nothing nightgowns that displayed all they had to offer. Jill looked fantastic. Her long legs highlighted an unbelievable body—tall and slender with medium-size breasts. Sharon was a bit more voluptuous, and her breasts were just perfect.

We sat around talking for a while, and the conversation soon turned to sex. As the discussion got more intense the girls' nipples became quite visible through their nightgowns. Then Jill said, "If you know so much, why don't you prove it?"

That was my cue. I walked over to Jill and planted a long, probing kiss on her soft lips. Soon she guided my face toward her pussy. She was spread-eagle on the couch, with me on my knees, burying my face in her bush. She really started taking control, practically fucking my face. This surprised me, as I had always thought of Jill as somewhat conservative, but she had worked herself into such a state that she came quickly with little noise.

My shirt was already off, and Jill assisted me in removing the rest of my clothing. We moved to the floor, and she stretched me flat on my back. She began to give me a great blowjob, using her mouth and no hands. It was then that I first noticed Sharon behind me, completely naked. She had one hand on her tit and two fingers in her pussy. Once we made eye contact she made her move. With her standing above me, I had a great view of her clean-shaven cunt. She slowly lowered herself onto my face, her juices dripping onto my lips. This was all Jill needed to see. Getting jealous, she quickly mounted me and settled onto my prick, her knees on the floor.

Needless to say, I was on cloud nine. Two girls whom I had considered untouchable were now sharing my body. Jill was bouncing like crazy, and Sharon couldn't get enough of what I was doing to her cunt. The girls faced each other and began to French-kiss and fondle each other above me. This was more than I could handle, and I shot a load right up Jill's tight cunt.

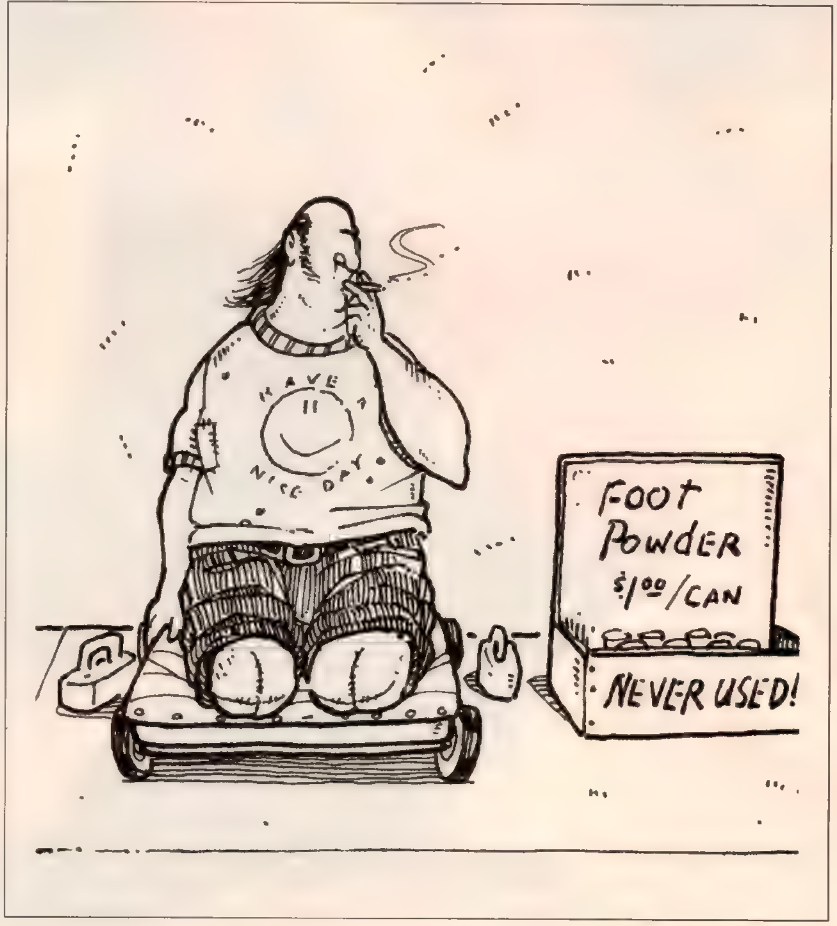
We lay there out of breath for a few minutes, until Sharon said, "What kind of a friend are you? Why don't you do Dave a favor and wake him up so he can join us?"

I had completely forgotten about Dave. I went over to the other side of the room where he was sleeping. Once I was able to get his sluggish self awake, I led him to the bedroom, where Sharon was on the bed straddling Jill's face. Dave and I stood in awe for a while, then seized the moment. When I took Sharon and put her on all fours, she smiled and said, "I know you want to fuck me, so what are you waiting for?"

Once I had eased into her from behind, it didn't take long to establish a rhythm. Unlike Jill, she was quite a screamer. She kept yelling for me to fuck her harder. I held out for a while, but soon I had to come, exploding all over Sharon's ass and cunt.

Dave and Jill had just come too, so Jill began to lap at Sharon's cunt, licking off all my jizz. Sharon slid to the edge of the bed and tilted her head back. Dave took the hint and stood in front, giving

CONTINUED ON PAGE 176



CLICK! 3

EPISODE 5
by MILO MANARA

CLAUDIA CRISTIANI HAS ARRIVED AT THE ISLAND OF AMAZONIA, WHERE SHE IS TO INTERVIEW THE THAUMATURGE. LITTLE DOES SHE KNOW, FAUST IS WATCHING HER EVERY MOVE...

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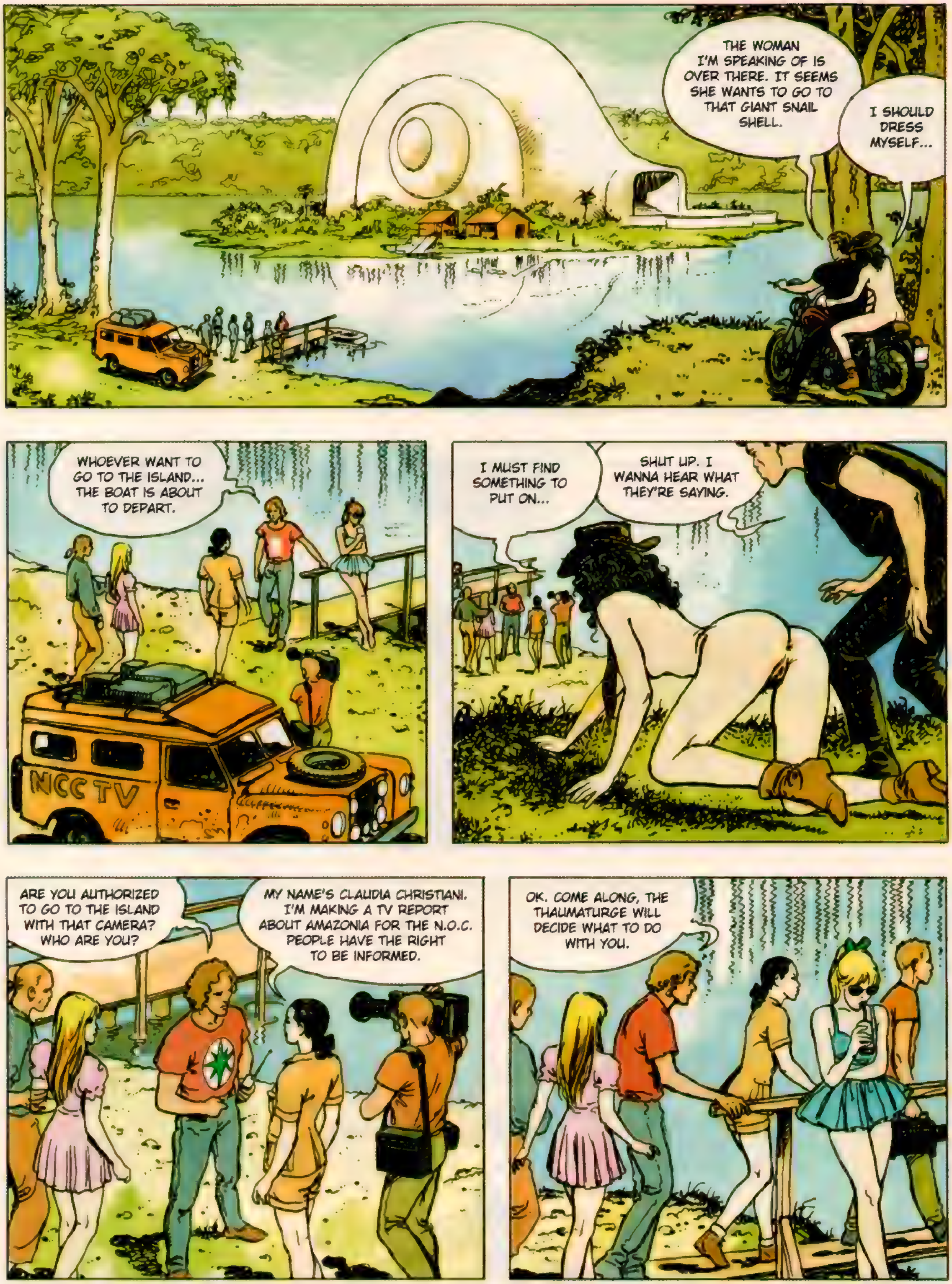
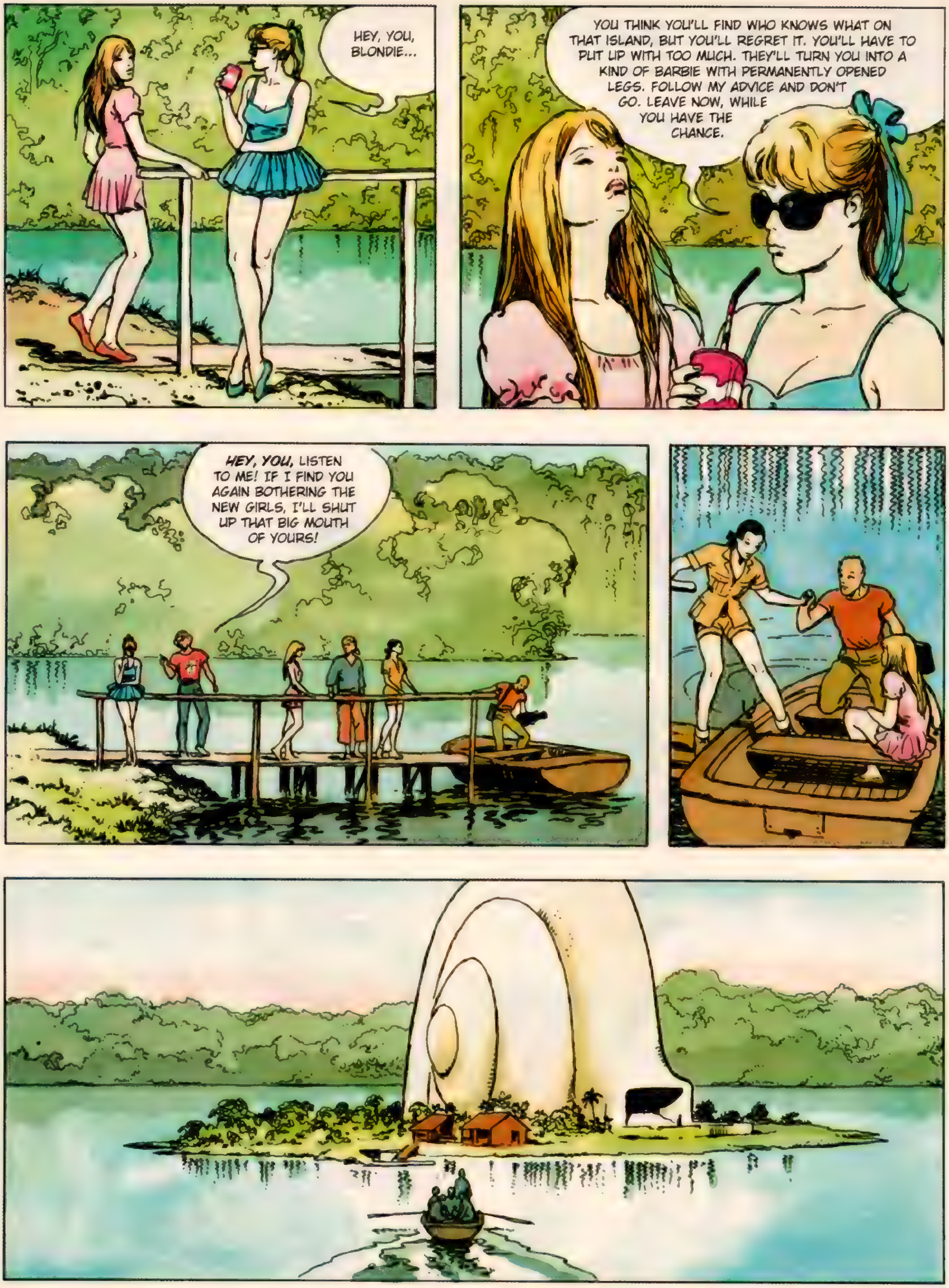
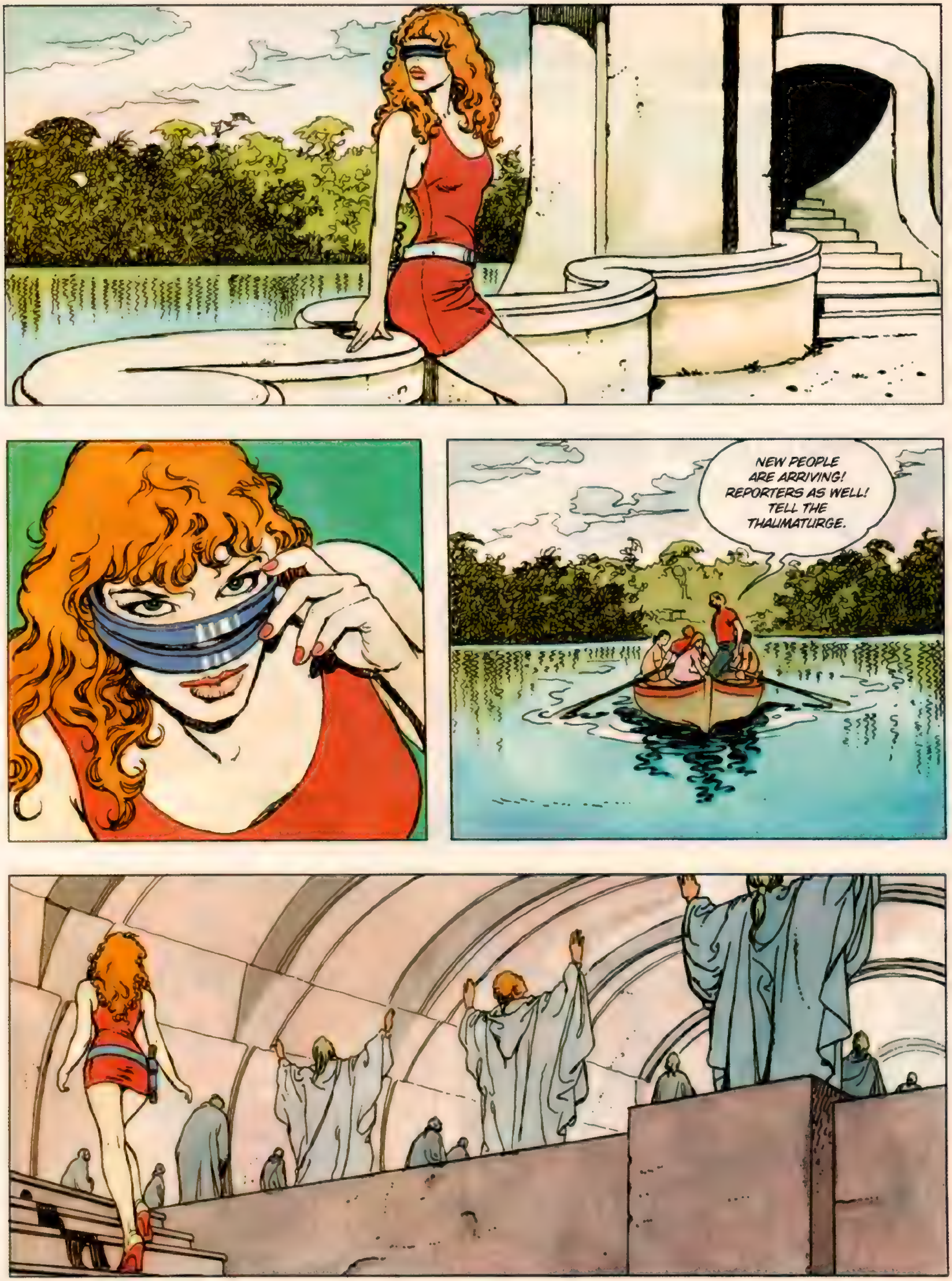
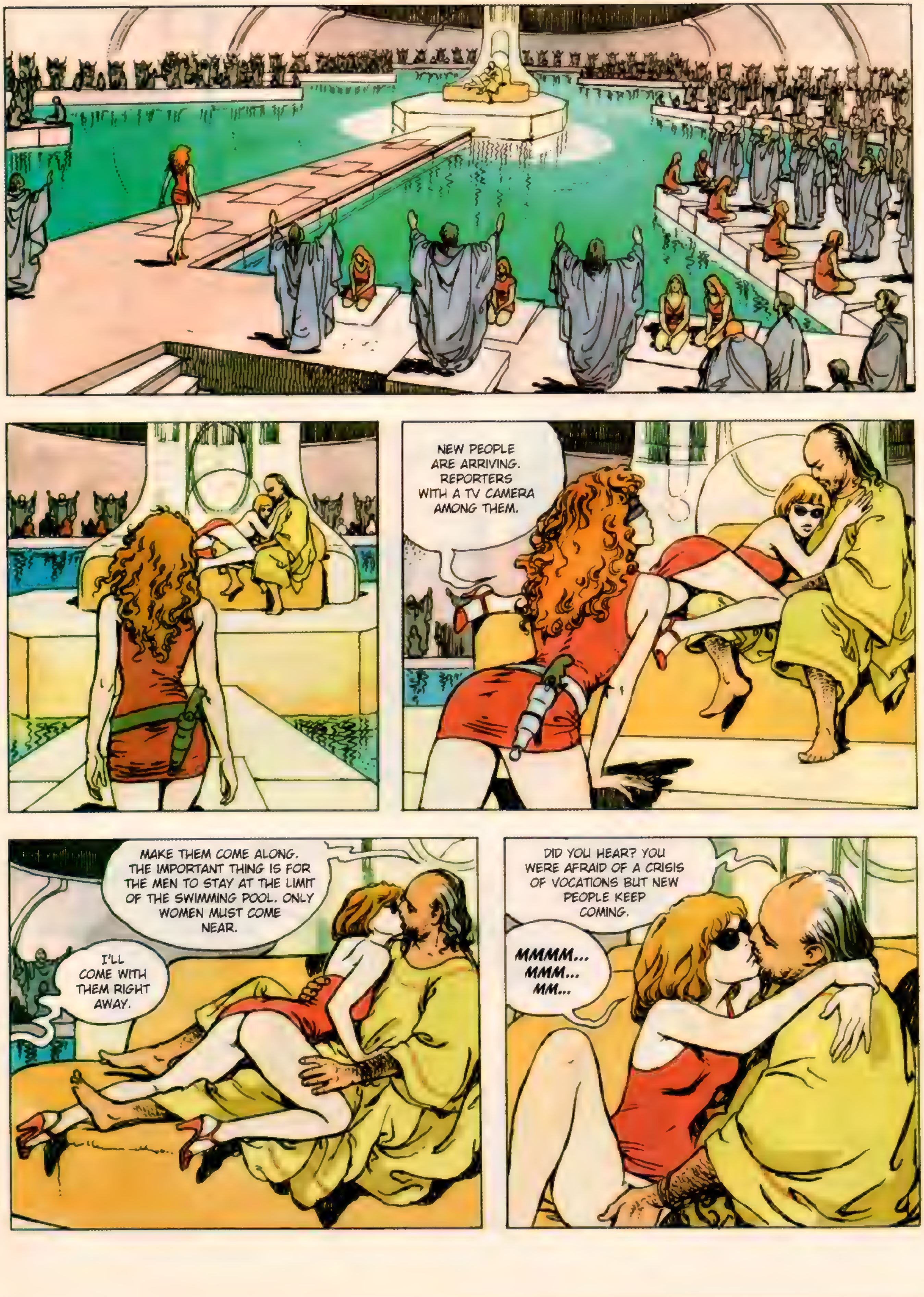
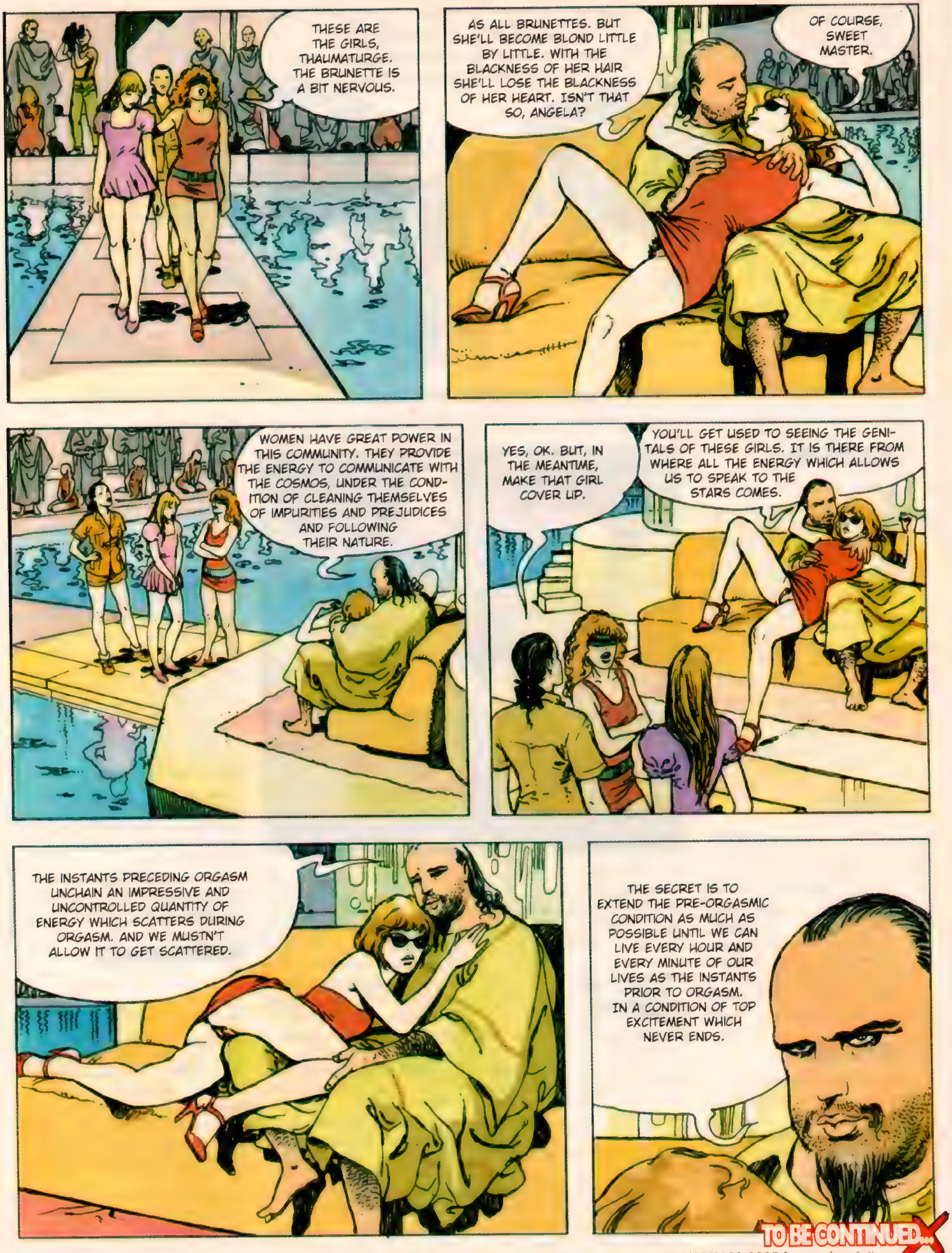

THE WOMAN I'M SPEAKING OF IS OVER THERE. IT SEEMS SHE WANTS TO GO TO THAT GIANT SNAIL SHELL.
I SHOULD DRESS MYSELF...
WHOEVER WANT TO GO TO THE ISLAND... THE BOAT IS ABOUT TO DEPART.
NCC TV
I MUST FIND SOMETHING TO PUT ON...
SHUT UP. I WANNA HEAR WHAT THEY'RE SAYING.
ARE YOU AUTHORIZED TO GO TO THE ISLAND WITH THAT CAMERA? WHO ARE YOU?
MY NAME'S CLAUDIA CHRISTIANI. I'M MAKING A TV REPORT ABOUT AMAZONIA FOR THE N.O.C. PEOPLE HAVE THE RIGHT TO BE INFORMED.
OK. COME ALONG, THE THAUMATURGE WILL DECIDE WHAT TO DO WITH YOU.


HEY, YOU, BLONDIE...
YOU THINK YOU'LL FIND WHO KNOWS WHAT ON THAT ISLAND, BUT YOU'LL REGRET IT. YOU'LL HAVE TO PUT UP WITH TOO MUCH. THEY'LL TURN YOU INTO A KIND OF BARBIE WITH PERMANENTLY OPENED LEGS. FOLLOW MY ADVICE AND DON'T GO. LEAVE NOW, WHILE YOU HAVE THE CHANCE.
HEY, YOU, LISTEN TO ME! IF I FIND YOU AGAIN BOTHERING THE NEW GIRLS, I'LL SHUT UP THAT BIG MOUTH OF YOURS!


NEW PEOPLE ARE ARRIVING! REPORTERS AS WELL! TELL THE THAUMATURGE.


NEW PEOPLE ARE ARRIVING. REPORTERS WITH A TV CAMERA AMONG THEM.
MAKE THEM COME ALONG. THE IMPORTANT THING IS FOR THE MEN TO STAY AT THE LIMIT OF THE SWIMMING POOL. ONLY WOMEN MUST COME NEAR.
I'LL COME WITH THEM RIGHT AWAY.
DID YOU HEAR? YOU WERE AFRAID OF A CRISIS OF VOCATIONS BUT NEW PEOPLE KEEP COMING.
MMMM... MMM... MM...


THESE ARE THE GIRLS, THAUMATURGE. THE BRUNETTE IS A BIT NERVOUS.
AS ALL BRUNETTES. BUT SHE'LL BECOME BLOND LITTLE BY LITTLE. WITH THE BLACKNESS OF HER HAIR SHE'LL LOSE THE BLACKNESS OF HER HEART. ISN'T THAT SO, ANGELA?
OF COURSE, SWEET MASTER.
WOMEN HAVE GREAT POWER IN THIS COMMUNITY. THEY PROVIDE THE ENERGY TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE COSMOS, UNDER THE CONDITION OF CLEANING THEMSELVES OF IMPURITIES AND PREJUDICES AND FOLLOWING THEIR NATURE.
YES, OK. BUT, IN THE MEANTIME, MAKE THAT GIRL COVER UP.
YOU'LL GET USED TO SEEING THE GENITALS OF THESE GIRLS. IT IS THERE FROM WHERE ALL THE ENERGY WHICH ALLOWS US TO SPEAK TO THE STARS COMES.
THE INSTANTS PRECEDING ORGASM UNCHAIN AN IMPRESSIVE AND UNCONTROLLED QUANTITY OF ENERGY WHICH SCATTERS DURING ORGASM. AND WE MUSTN'T ALLOW IT TO GET SCATTERED.
THE SECRET IS TO EXTEND THE PRE-ORGASMIC CONDITION AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE UNTIL WE CAN LIVE EVERY HOUR AND EVERY MINUTE OF OUR LIVES AS THE INSTANTS PRIOR TO ORGASM. IN A CONDITION OF TOP EXCITEMENT WHICH NEVER ENDS.
TO BE CONTINUED...

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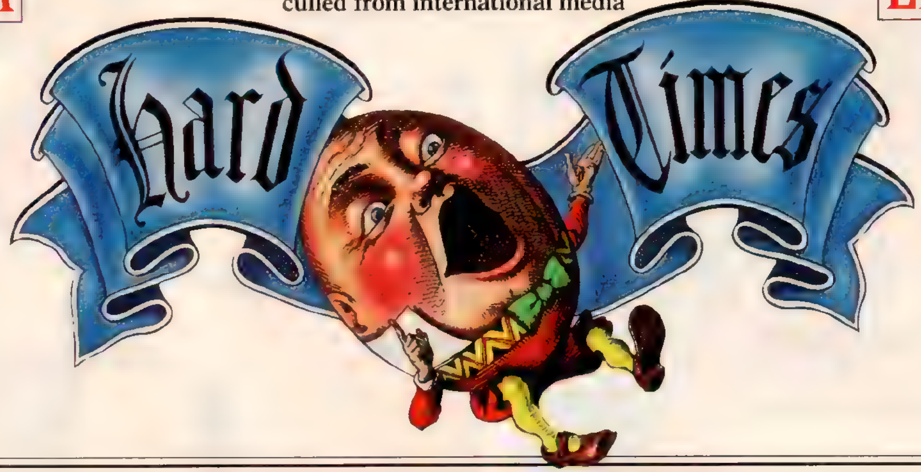

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DOUGHNUT NUT

A 55-year-old New Hampshire woman stopped by the local Dunkin' Donuts shop on her way to work and ordered a large box of fried doughnut holes for the ladies at the office. When she opened the box she was shocked to find that the 12 Dunkin' Munchkins were combined and shaped to form "a male sexual organ, complete with testes." She subsequently sued the owners of the doughnut shop for "negligence and emotional distress." (Associated Press)

Good thing she didn't order any crullers.—Editor

PISSED OFF

In Chicago a man who waited more than two hours for a table in an exclusive restaurant became so enraged that he went into the men's room, ripped a urinal off the wall, hauled it back into the dining room, and heaved it at the maître d'. *(Weekly World News)*

Oh yes, that's a sure way to get seated immediately.—Editor

THE BIG CHILE

At the Lynn Wilson Fine Food Products factory in Salt Lake City a 22-year-old worker got her arm caught in the mixing blades and was sucked into a three-foot-deep vat of salsa. It took five to ten minutes to untangle her arm from the blades, but by that time the young woman had drowned. A company spokesman said, "We've been in business for almost 60 years and haven't had anything this serious before." *(Weekly World News)*

Maybe she was just trying to dip a chip.—Editor

VIVE LA FRANCE!

Last January a Frenchman named Jean-Noël Charolais broke the world record for resistance to cold and pain. Charolais—shown here emerging from a small hole filled with ice and snow and lined at the bottom with ground glass—spent 42 minutes and 39 seconds just sitting in it. His feat shattered the old record of 39 minutes. Charolais was reported to be disappointed that he had failed to stay in the hole for his original goal of a full hour. (Gamma Press)

You wimp!—Editor

"SOUTH PARK" TURD WATCH

The struggle for supremacy on cable television plummeted to new depths last winter when the creator of "Ren & Stimpy," John Kricfalusi, went after Trey Parker, co-creator of "South Park," for theft of intellectual property. The matter in dispute? Just who had come up with the idea of the animated singing turd. Kricfalusi hotly accused Parker of putting Mr. Hankey, the singing turd, on "South Park" after stealing Kricfalusi's idea.

Parker responded that the singing turd was an original concept of his, and that Kricfalusi had nothing to do with it. In a letter to Kricfalusi, Parker noted, "When I was three years old I had a bad habit of not flushing the toilet after I was finished. My mother asked my father to have a little 'talk' with me about toilet flushing.... He told me that if I didn't [flush] 'Mr. Hankey will come out of the toilet and annoy you forever.'

"For a long time after that I believed that Mr. Hankey would jump out of the toilet and sing to me.... It is my hope that this personal letter will put an end to your attempts to slander me and my poo." *(Variety)*

Hey, Kricfalusi, loosen up. Shit happens.—Editor

DUMB DEEJAY STUNTS

Radio disc jockey Paul Thomas Breakfield, the "Tom Steele" of a morning show on WFBC-FM, in Greenville, South Carolina, was busted for reckless driving on Interstate 385 when he drove a van blindfolded. A radio producer was in the van giving him instructions on steering and braking, and parts of the stunt were broadcast live.

The deejay was convicted and fined $200 as well as sentenced to 240 hours of community service. His defense was that he had heard that blind singer Ray Charles had driven a car, and he wanted to try it as "a tribute to Ray Charles." Breakfield's lawyer claimed the blindfold was made of see-through material. (Associated Press)

We suggest 240 hours of wandering around I-385 with a real *blindfold.—Editor*

MIRANDA WRONGS

In Holyoke, Massachusetts, Hipolito Vega was arrested on an old charge of driving without a license and brought in for booking. Vega used his one phone call from the police station to tell a confederate, in Spanish, exactly how to find a hidden stash of crack cocaine. Vega was unaware that booking officer Manuel Rivera understood every word. The police investigated, found the crack, and charged Vega with felony possession of cocaine. (Associated Press)

Hola, estupido! *See what crack does to you.—Editor*

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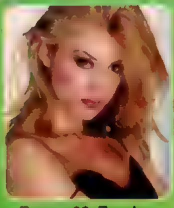
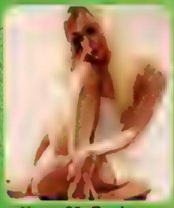


Tanna, 26, Teacher



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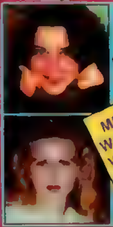

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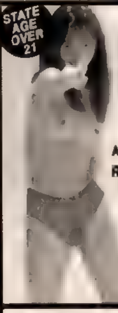

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 167

Sharon easy oral access to his dick. I completed this chain by fucking Jill again. Her cunt seemed even tighter on my cock this time around. At this point there was so much moaning and screaming going on that the girls didn't quiet down until Dave and I had shot loads of come into them.

Dave and I spent the next hour or so switching partners and positions. Later the girls told us that they had never done any kind of lesbian thing before that night. They claim we inspired them. Whatever.—*Name and address withheld*

Amazing Grace and Sheila

Sheila and I have known each other a long time. We are both rather kinky and enjoy indulging each other's fantasies. I wanted to try something new, and one day it came to me: I would take her to see a strip show. I called a local strip joint and got information about show times. Then I called Sheila and told her about it. She said she couldn't wait to go.

When we got there we were both very excited, but we calmed down once we got in and found good seats up front. The dancers were hot. I could tell Sheila was affected. She would reach down and stroke her pussy every now and then and smile at me. Then a beautiful dark-haired vixen named Nadine came out. We were both stunned by her taut body and sexy face. Her moves were so animal-like, so graceful, that we were both entranced.

Nadine picked up on this and moved to the edge of the stage. She squatted down in front of us, opening her legs and fingering her pussy right before Sheila's eager eyes. Smiling, Nadine took one of her breasts in her hand and, pinching the nipple, stuck her long, wet tongue out to lick it. Sheila was looking at her so hungrily, I thought she was going to stand up and dive into Nadine right there. Then, as the music stopped, Nadine flashed a smile at us and headed backstage.

Sheila was so turned on that she began masturbating in the car on the way home. I asked her if she would like to do Nadine. "Oh, yes!" she cried, fingering herself harder and harder until she came. I took her hand and licked her come-soaked fingers, then asked her if she would give me a show when we got back. She couldn't wait.

When we got to my place I fixed us both a drink and sat back in my recliner. "Don't move," she said, while she looked for some music to play on my stereo. She put on some slow, sexy music and began to strip right in front of me. I took out my cock and started to stroke it, but Sheila said, "No, not yet."

She took off her top, and removed her black lace bra, revealing her huge, succulent tits. Then she undid her skirt, exposing matching black French-cut panties. She pulled at the sheer material, parting her pussy lips, rubbing them, grinding all the while. I wanted to feel my cock inside her then and there, but I held on. Sheila got down on her knees and began to go after my cock. I was in heaven as she sucked me, rubbing her tits against me and fingering her pussy. We were both totally turned on. She knew I was going to come, so she stroked me very softly. As I exploded, she put her tongue atop my cock to taste every drop.

I took her into my bedroom and set her on the bed. Pulling her legs around my shoulders, I began licking her thighs, her pussy lips, and finally her swollen clit. I became hard again and slowly climbed over her, pushing my cock into her gently as I licked and bit her nipples. I could feel her nails raking my back as her pussy thrust upward. "Fuck me good, baby!" she shouted.

This turned me on so much that I began pumping her pussy harder and faster, meeting her every thrust, until finally we came together. We started kissing and licking again, and soon I was turning her over and fucking her doggie-style. I was grabbing her tits and pulling her hard nipples as I slammed my cock into her again and again. After we came that time, we collapsed and finally fell asleep.

The next day over breakfast I noticed Sheila browsing through the personal ads in the newspaper. I asked her if she'd like to try putting in an ad as a couple interested in a threesome with a woman.

She said, "Sure. Seems like a fun idea."

I didn't think anything would happen, but a week after we placed the ad we got a call. Her name was Grace. She was younger than Sheila, but every bit as bi-curious. We had agreed to meet at a safe place to talk and get to know one another first. Grace was very attractive, with a nice figure, firm round tits, and jet-black hair.

The three of us hit it off right away and stayed to have a drink. After a while, Sheila and Grace decided that it would be okay to go to my place for the rest of the evening.

Sheila and I started kissing each other, licking and caressing each other's neck, stroking each other's body. I was glad to see Grace smiling in her chair on the other side of the room as I began feeling Sheila's tits. "Don't be afraid to make suggestions," I said.

Sheila and I started to loosen up, and the clothes began to come off. When we got up to go into the bedroom, Grace was right behind us. Sheila stretched out on the bed and I started licking her body from one end to the other. Grace seemed to be enjoying our show. "Pinch

CONTINUED ON PAGE 185

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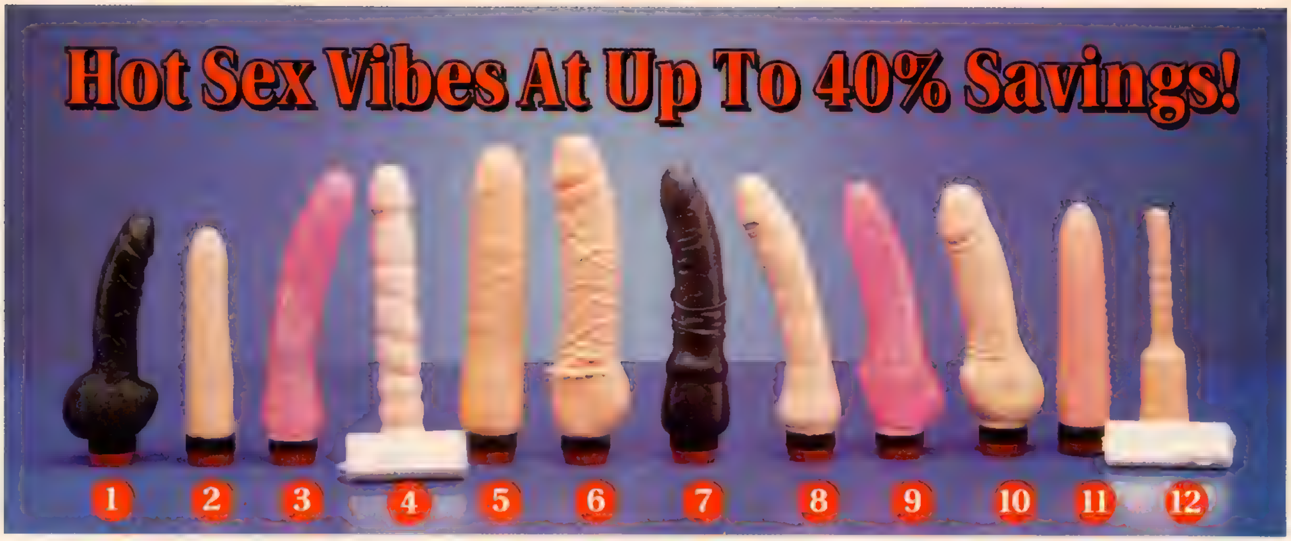

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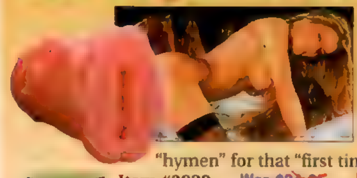

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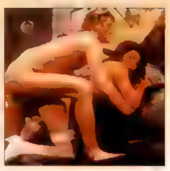

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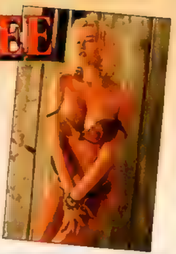

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WORDS

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by a series of schoolmasters, bureaucrats, and cold, hostile priests, who turn him and his pleading mother away at the door; he scrounges for coal and pigs' heads for heat and nourishment; delivers Western Union telegrams all around Limerick with dogs snapping at his heels; keeps his soul and spirit alive with Tarzan, Jimmy Cagney, Errol Flynn, at the picture shows, with listening on the pavement outside Mrs. Purcell's window to Shakespeare, Shaw, Ibsen, and O'Casey over the wireless.

After finally re-arriving at 19 in the United States, young Frank kicked around for a number of years, downing his Guinness here, there, or the other place in Greenwich Village, working the docks days, acquiring an education at N.Y.U. nights. Then he went out and became a high-school teacher for the next 29 years of his life—at the Joseph S. McKee Vocational and Technical School on Staten Island ("Eight years—baptism of fire"); at Seward Park High School; at Fashion Industries; and, finally, from 1972 to 1986, at Stuyvesant High School, where the student body tends toward gifted kids ("For a teacher, that's like going to paradise—if you want to teach").

Those who can, do. Those who can't, teach. At age 64, Frank McCourt listened to his two-year-old granddaughter and—unlocked at last, as a key unlocks a door—started to do. A nice measure of the man: When asked if he'd care to be the subject of a *Penthouse* interview, he dryly inquired, "Do I have to take my clothes off?"

Are they still running you ragged with book tours, book signings, all that stuff?

You know it. My life these days is just airports and hotels and bookstores and libraries. [He was then just back from New Zealand, Australia, Ireland, California, "and a few towns around the U.S.A."] I suppose this is usual with most writers who get recognition in the United States and Britain, but now I'm getting calls from places like Milano, for God's sake. They want me to go over there, visit a few cities in Italy, then drop in on Madrid.

I really can't believe what a fuss this book has called up. Three hundred-odd pages of misery and struggle that somehow struck a chord.

I like the idea of going to community centers or a public library or a school. It gives me the satisfaction of meeting people. They say, "You must be tired of all this praise." Well, I'm not tired. They say, "You must be cynical." Well, I'm not cynical. You can't be cynical and be a teacher. Passion is everything for a teacher. I'm just overwhelmed by the warmth of people. They look into my eyes, hold my hand, tell me how much the book has changed their lives. "Best book I ever read," and all that.

What sorts of people are they?

Everything. Everything. A little girl nine years old, not long ago in Kansas City—she liked the part about the dancing. An 11-year-old came up and handed me a little book she's written about a potato. Older people come up and talk about "the problem of being Irish," whatever that is. A young woman in Los Angeles came up and said, "You know, I grew up in an Irish family. I thought it was a dysfunctional family. Now I realize it was just Irish."

Do you think the book is getting to the young?

Oh yes, lots of young readers. Everywhere I go there are kids with the book. It's become a college item. I believe Cornell University has ordered several hundred copies for the incoming freshmen, and I know they're using it at Stuyvesant High School. My only fear is that the professors will over-analyze. I know for a fact that a bunch of teachers up at Columbia [University] sat around and concocted a curriculum based on the book. One of the suggested assignments went something like: "Take a look at the writing. You will find many run-on sentences, and scarcely a direct quotation. Write a paper in which you correct the run-on sentences and supply quotations."

This was serious?

Yes, absolutely serious. They did that. I have to dig up that paper. It's priceless. [*Pause*] There are people teaching how to teach who don't themselves know how to teach.

Frank, every day we're told in every medium that the printed word is going out. Any thoughts on that?

Yeah [*snort*]. Look at the big mega-bookstores booming all over. They're not making their money on coffee. It's from selling books of all kinds, every kind, bad and good. Printed books. This country is exploding with book clubs. Everywhere I go I get calls, letters: Will you come to our book club?

Do I think there will still be print in our future? I do. There's a mysterious connection between the book [he means any book] and the beach, for instance. I suppose you could take a laptop to the beach, but with a book you're staring out at the sea, at the sky, at the clouds, at the ships or people, then turning back to the book and flipping the pages. Meantime the fucking laptop has run out of batteries. And I also do think kids now read—sporadically. When I was teaching at Stuyvesant they were reading science fiction. But then you have to relate it to classic literature, maybe to something like *Gulliver's Travels*. You know, it's not the book, it's not the author, it's the teacher. The teacher is everything or nothing. I don't think a kid should be let out of high school without Homer, without Shakespeare, and, most of all, without a grasp of the English lan-

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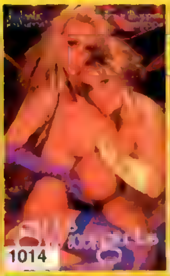

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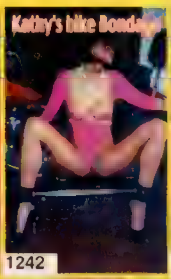
Kathy's bike Bondage
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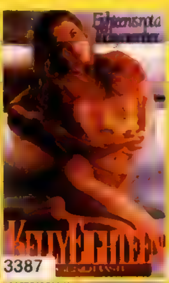
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Co-ed In Bondage
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Debbie Does Dallas
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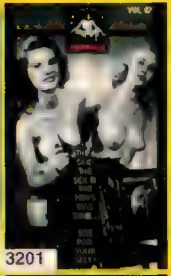
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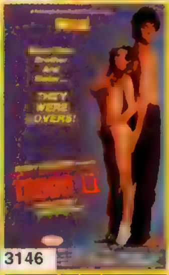
THEY WERE LOVERS!
Taboo II
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Insatiable
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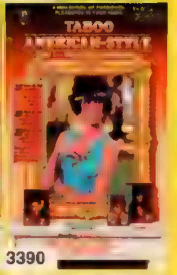
TABOO AMERICAN STYLE
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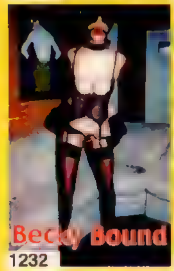
Becky Bound
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Naked Outdoors
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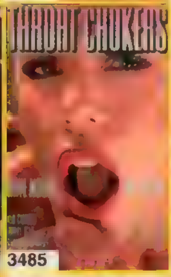
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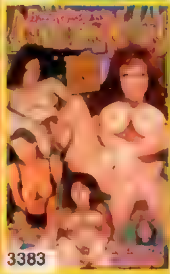
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Barbi's Examination
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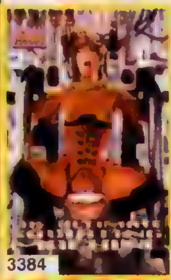
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Squirt Squad
REAL SQUIRTING GIRLS
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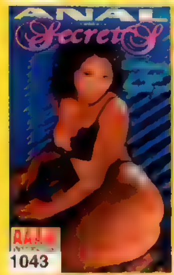
ANAL Secrets
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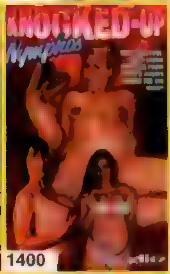
KNOCKED-UP Nymphos
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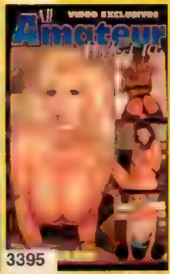
All Amateur
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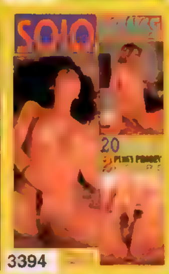

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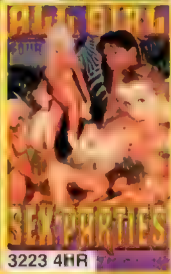
BIG GIRL SEX PARTIES
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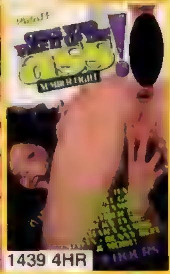
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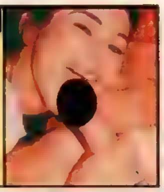

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guage. They think the English language began yesterday. [*Pause, sip of coffee*] Sometimes I think of going back to teaching. But I think I'll just keep hold of my frustrations and put them all into a book—this next book I'm writing.

Any thoughts on some people's expectations or hopes for the Internet and kids?

Yeah, yeah, the Information Superhighway. That every kid should have access to a computer. As if that's going to do anything. There's one word that's omitted in all the talk, and that's *wisdom*. And the spirit of free inquiry.

What would you say is the most important thing about Frank McCourt?

The dream of writing a book and having it published. And to have found the value of myself. Since for a long time I had no value. Now they pay for me in coin of the realm. [*Looking far off*] It could have happened years ago. When I was an undergraduate at N.Y.U. I wrote a little piece for class about our half-acre of disaster back in Limerick, and the mattresses with fleas sticking up all over. The professor said some kind things about it, and asked me to read it aloud. I was afraid to. We were all afraid to talk about our slum experiences, my brothers Malachy, Michael, Alphie [Adolphus], and I.

Over the years I tried to write about it, but I didn't have a voice. Then one day at the beginning of 1994 [after he'd been struggling with the book for three or four years] I was watching my granddaughter, Chiara, who had just turned two, and I began to hear the clarity with which she spoke. The simplicity, the clarity, and the toughness, that's the main thing. The toughness of the way a child speaks of its wants, its needs. Children don't editorialize. They lay it on you. And also, from teaching every day, you learn that adolescents have no patience with whining every day. They want honesty.

The moment with my granddaughter I look at as a spark of life. That was when I sat down and wrote one sentence: "I'm four and I'm in a playground on Classon Avenue in Brooklyn." Suddenly I had a voice. I'm not a moral or an ethical man in any sense. That all went into the writing, getting rid of literary affectation. We're all under the influence of James Joyce. We all owe him one big debt, but the son has to get away from the master. In October of '94 I sat down again to write the book. That was the serious start.

The kids now at Stuyvesant, or the college kids, what do they ask you about your book?

They want to know what happened afterwards. "You left us hanging.... What happened to your mother, to your father? Are you going to write another book? How come you're not bitter? What's your relationship to the Catholic Church?"

And what did happen afterward? You leave off when you reach America at 19. The book is called Angela's Ashes, *after all. When and where did your mother die?*

She was Angela Sheehan McCourt, of Limerick, Ireland, and she died December '81 in Lenox Hill Hospital, New York City, of emphysema and general deterioration. Yes, she had smoked, but she'd given it up years before. My father died January '85 in Belfast. Hardly ever sick a day in his life, despite everything. A wiry type, physically a hard man. When he was a farm laborer in his mid seventies in Toome, the town where he was born, he said to me, "You put your father out in the field like a wind-up toy, an automaton. You have to tell him to stop."

What did you say when he said that?

"Come in for your tea." In Ireland, you know, you never say anything directly, like "Stop." Everything's oblique. There are three major words that don't exist in Gaelic: *yes, no,* and *love*. It's a challenge to tell someone you love them. The standard way is, "My heart to you." [*Pause*] While I think of it now, love in my youth was just something up there on the silver screen—an American thing. "Love ya, baby."

You were born in America, taken early to Ireland, grew up there, returned as an immigrant to America. A native of America who became an immigrant. Immigration's on everybody's tongue now. How about it?

[*Pokerfaced*] I'm a boomerang. When I first came to New York in 1949 the taxi drivers were generally Italian. Now it's a whole rainbow driving taxis, and the fascinating thing is that one day you'll get in a cab with a Sikh at the wheel, the next day with an Israeli, the next day with maybe [*laughs*] a terrorist. And the different music! And the different perfumes! One day recently I was in a cab getting a lecture on—what is it?—Sufism. And these guys from Africa, from that place, what do they call it? These guys who stand around selling watches on the sidewalk. Yes, Senegal—Senegalese. One Senegalese guy told me he wants to go back and start a school, get the kids off the streets. I almost wanted to cry. It's this kind of energy and beauty that will be killed in New York City, and everywhere else, by closing off immigration.

It's so intriguing. People from India taking over the newsstands and pharmacies. The Koreans and their 24-hour corner grocery stores. And they all go to Stuyvesant and M.I.T., the Koreans, and that's it.

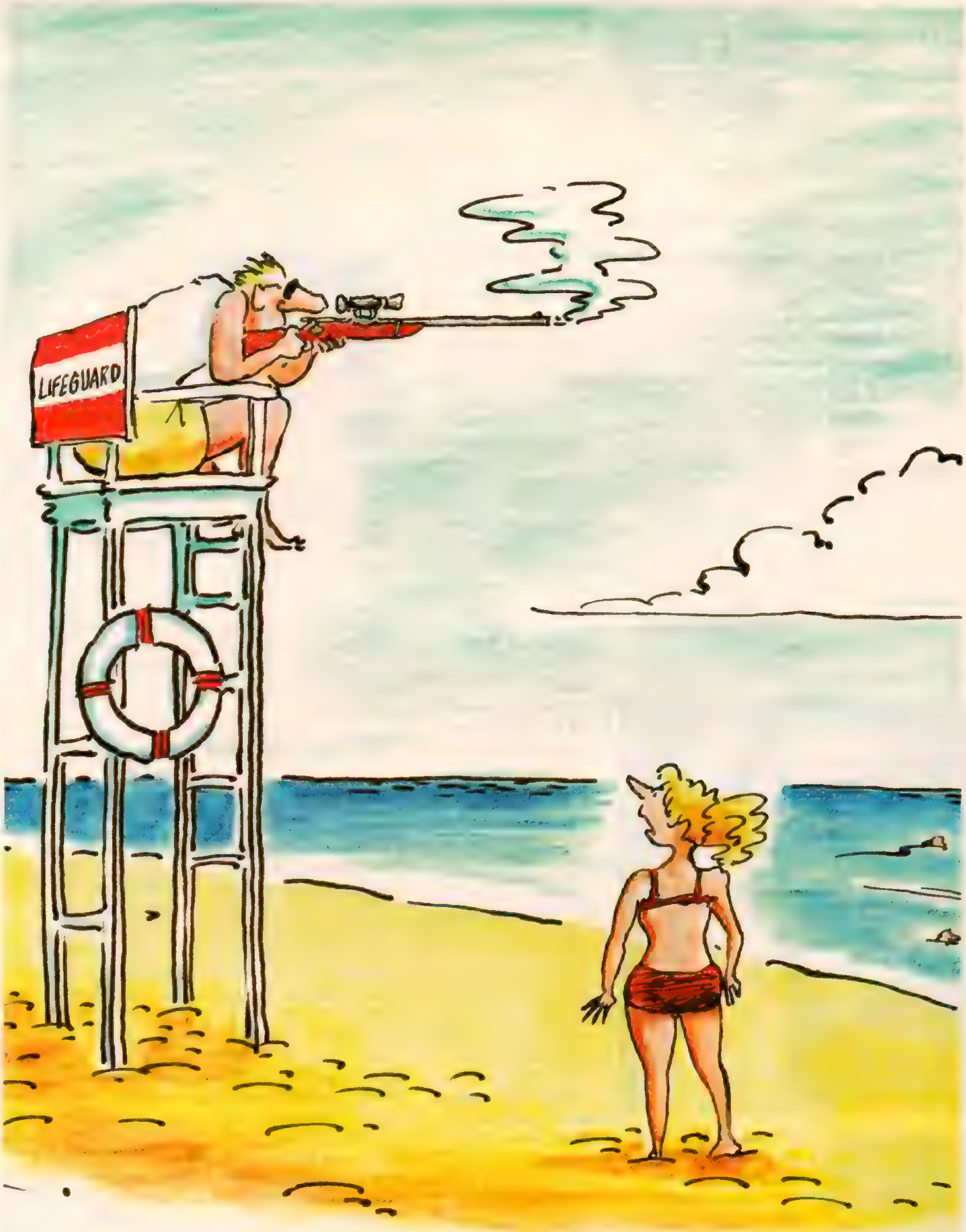
John F. Kennedy said, "We are a nation of immigrants."

Um-hmmm. Said it to the Daughters of the American Revolution, and they didn't like it. They're having this problem in Ireland now. A lot of Europeans, especially Romanians, for some reason, and certain Africans, slip into England, make their way to Belfast, that's easy enough, then make their way down to Dublin.

Your Angela's Ashes *has now been on the* New York Times *best-seller list for well over a year. Scribner's must be going crazy with joy.*

When it was in its tenth week as No. 1 it

CONTINUED ON PAGE 205



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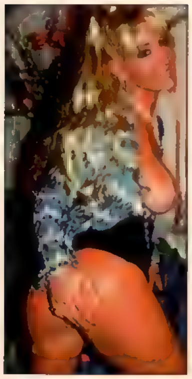
THE MOZART, THE MERRIER

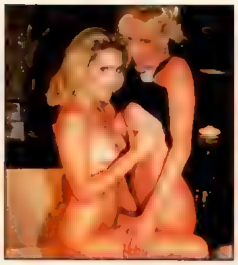
Appassionata (Adam & Eve) ⊥⊥⊥⅃
It's not often that I like a video that's as flowery as this, but *Appassionata* has a lot of things going for it. Asia Carrera plays a young pianist trying to make a name for herself without selling out her scruples or selling her body; long-haired stud Alex Sanders plays the nice-guy artist who picks her up hitchhiking and offers to help her fulfill her dream.



The action is slow to start—the first real sex scene, a six-person group fuck spotlighting Raylene, Roxanne Hall, and Laura Palmer, doesn't happen until about 20 minutes into the video—but once it does, the sex is plentiful, well photographed, and well performed. Flights of fancy take Carrera from the time of Mozart up to the present and back again, making this part period piece and part modern porn story. In addition to being the video's star, Carrera wrote and co-directed it, and she provides much of its classical-piano soundtrack as well. The script, acting, and sex are all excellent, and Carrera is a helluva piano player. She can tickle our ivories anytime; after seeing *Appassionata*, we'd love to tickle hers.

I DREAM OF JISM

Fixation (Wicked Pictures) ⊥⊥⊥
Ever wondered what it would be like to live in a world ruled by sexual fantasy? Sure you have, but after you see *Fixation* you may think twice. Lanky blonde Vixxen is a therapy patient whose sexual hallucinations manifest themselves in the most unusual places. A simple day of window shopping turns into a sexual free-for-all when three mannequins (Kyle Stone, Toni James, and Shelbee Myne) start fucking one another. A lesbian bout with her shrink (Johnni Black) shows what "bedside manner" is all about before her friends Tony Tedeschi and Toni James seduce her in her living room. The best scene features Jonathan Morgan and Chloe, whom Vixxen sees fuck during a television talk show. Chloe does an amazing job of swallowing Morgan's tool, and grunts and moans through several orgasms before receiving a glistening facial. A nifty twist ending makes this one good for a rental, if not necessarily worth a place in your permanent collection.



BETTER WET THAN DEAD

Liquid Lust 2 (Arch Angel) ⊥⊥⊥
Director J. Ashley throws dialogue out the window and comes up with a winner here. Porn-film veteran Eric Price fucks blonde bombshell Jill Kelly on a bed of roses after Kelly gives him a slow, deep blowjob. Kelly's bedroom eyes add great eroticism to the scene, and her carnal talents make for a solid start. Then Ruby and Coral Sands get together in the film's girl-girl scene, feeding each other grapes and, in a very sexy touch, stroking each other with roses dipped in milk. The scene reaches a crescendo—and a loud crescendo at that—when the roses give way to dildos and vibrators. For the final scene Ashley gets out from behind the camera to join in the action by balling Brianna Lee and Timber. This one is full of pure, wall-to-wall sex, but all with a very sweet touch. Share it with a lady friend, if you can find one.

LOOK BEFORE YOU PEEP

The Video Adventures of Peeping Tom 9 (Odyssey Group Video) ⊥⊥⅃
Shot from the point of view of an anonymous, silent voyeur, the Peeping Tom series displays the best and the worst of today's popular gonzo genre. The sex is nonstop and no-nonsense, with no messy plot or storyline to get in the way, so it has a sexy, detached air that makes it seem deliciously dirty. When the sex is enthusiastic, the video works well. Unfortunately, some of the scenes are lackluster and suffer from the apparent boredom of the performers. On the up side, Alexandra Silk shows her usual enthusiasm for double penetration, and Dee and Keisha both make good showings of their own; the usually dependable and exciting Shawnee looks a little distracted, though. The video clocks in at six sex scenes and seven come shots, with a steady pacing that's serviceable enough for a quick jerk; if you're looking for something with a little more staying power, look elsewhere.

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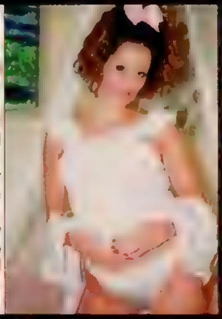
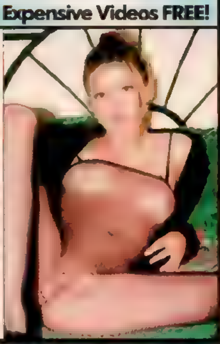
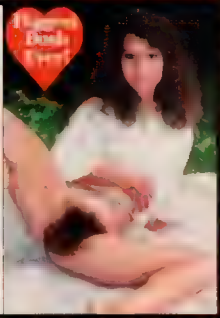
DAWN-TALKS DIRTY TO YOU!
WET, SCREAMING ORGASM!
FRONT & REAR INSERTION!
In a frenzy, she fingers herself Hard & Deep-3 in front & 1 in her butt! Hear dirty talk & wet smacking sounds as her Red Swollen Lips Get Juicy Wet!: On a pool table, in bed & dancing over your face! Kitchen sink: She puts in a gallon of water & Squirts It 1 Foot High as she masturbates for a Screaming Red-Faced Orgasm! Also: Wet panty tease & nylon body suit (see her rip away the crotch!). Shocking Pulled Open Coochie & Butt-hole Close-Ups **74 min. $42.00 #1449FX**



EMMA - ROCKS THE BED!
CHEERLEADER EJACULATES!
FRONT & REAR INSERTION!
ALMOST SCREAMS! You'll see close-ups of non-stop wet masturbation as she slams 2 fingers in front & 1 up her rear She dances over your face in her cheerleader outfit, with & without panties. Naked, she fingers "it" on all 4's. Her hips pump up & down as she Fingers Herself Fiercely in the outfit shown. She rocks the bed and rips away the fishnet! With her knees up to her ears, she has a long, slow & Wet Ejaculation that leaks around her 2 fingers & drenches her butt-hole! **75 min. $42.00 #1450FX**



LISA - BIGGEST BUSH EVER!
INTENSE MASTURBATION!
HER JUICES FLOW & FLOW!
NON-STOP SEXY TALKING!
Lisa puts on the hottest show I've ever seen! Naked, she rubs "it" long & hard and gets so excited her juices flow and flow! Not just a little ...A LOT! Very messy & very wet, with "in your face" close-ups! Also: Tight panty tease (they get wet too!), naked wide open exercise, naked house cleaning & a shower scene. You'll see lots of hot posing as she pulls "it" open front & rear for close-ups and wet inside views!
71 min. $40.00 #1352FX



HALEY - PUBLIC FLASHING!
She exposes & pulls "it" open: on a busy bus, laundromat, sidewalks, cab ride, busy construction site & more! You'll see Shocking Close-Ups & Inside Views, even her rear! At home, she does a sexy oil massage. Hear her wet meaty lips smack as she does Intense, Loud Masturbation **68min. $42.00 #1360FX**

HALEY - JUICY WET PANTIES!
She rubs her tight panties & they get juicy! Naked, she shows you Shocking Close-Ups & pulls herself open so hard that Both Holes Pop Open! You'll see Intense Masturbation as she moans loudly, she even slaps "it"! Watch a gooey, soapy mess as she shaves it! **85min. $42.00 #1361FX**

Sexy Talk
& Sweet
Smiles!

TERESA-MORE THAN WET! MASTURBATES & GUSHES!
HER COOCHIE SUCKS IN BATH WATER & SQUIRTS!
See!: 1. Rubs her panties juicy! 2. Lots of wet, "in your face" masturbation! 3. Lots of Shocking, Front & Rear Close-Ups! **75min. $40.00 #1389FX**

TERESA - TALKS TO TURN YOU ON & MASTURBATES!
Lots of Sexy Talking as she Masturbates, Drips & Gushes! She even leaves a gooey puddle on the kitchen floor! Shocking pulled open close-ups! Sweaty exercise! Panties get wet with sweat! **67min. $40.00 #1390FX**

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Special Price $18.95 #1445FX

NEW! Sampler #2
2 HOT HOURS! COLLEGE CO-EDS, WET & RUBBING "IT" FOR YOU!
Includes: A 47 MINUTE FULL FEATURE VIDEO! Watch them spread it, rub it, pull & twist it indoors! ALSO: **BOLD PUBLIC FLASHING!** You'll see HOT segments from over 42 new videos. Our full feature video shows you one of our most beautiful co-eds!
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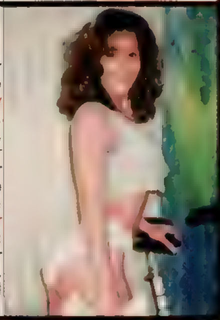
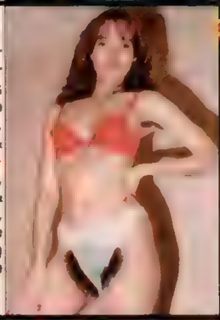
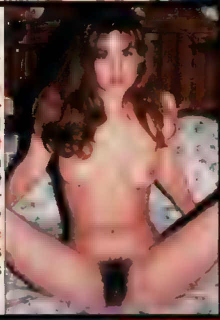
LEANNA-TALKS SEXY TO YOU!
MANY EJACULATIONS!
RIPS PANTYHOSE CROTCH!
Lots of pulled open front & rear close-ups! Watch her masturbate loudly & furiously for lots of Messy Ejaculations "in Your Face"! 1. Maids outfit & pantyhose: Dusts, cleans & rips away crotch! See her juices gush & drench her butt-hole! 2. Sweaty exercise: She ejaculates "through" her panties! 3. Bath: She showers, Shaves Her Legs (& Lips!) 4. Lotion massage: More shocking close-ups of her pulled open butt & coochie! 5. Masturbates & gushes a 4th time!
69 min. $42.00 #1407FX



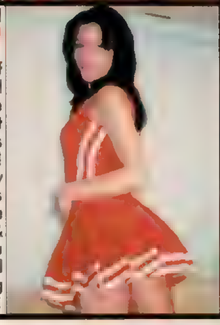
ZENA - MONSTER BUSH!
JUICY WET MASTURBATION!
19 yr. old Zena is hairy from her butt crack to her navel! Watch her masturbate until her panty crotch is a gooey mess! Later, she does the same wearing only pantyhose. Naked, she pulls her meaty lips & butt wide open for Shocking Close-ups & Deep-Inside Wet Views! Next, she pours champagne all over & rubs it in. On all 4's & in your face, she winks her coochie & butt-hole repeatedly for loud, wet smacking sounds! Lots of sexy talk as she sweetly looks into your eyes.
65 min. $40.00 #1397FX



FAITH-FULL NATURAL BUSH!
JUICY-WET INSIDE VIEWS!
Cheerleader! Faith is a perfect, graceful beauty! You'll see: 1. Messy oil massage- Juicy-wet inside close-ups as she pulls her thick hairy lips wide open! On all 4s & in your face, she pulls her butt apart until her pretty pink button pops open! 2. Cheerleader outfit complete with pom poms- See her dance & strip for you! 3. Sexy shower- she pulls her coochie wide open & lets the water caress "it" as you watch from below! Lots of sweet smiles & eye contact.
64 min. $40.00 #1368FX



SANDRA-EJACULATES TWICE!
ORGASMS! ALMOST SCREAMS!
TALKS TO TURN YOU ON!
Non-stop pulled open close-ups of her coochie & butt-hole! You'll watch & hear her masturbate twice with fierce intensity! She almost screams as she orgasms & ejaculates gooey streams of her sexy juices! Also: Lingerie show, wet panty crotch tease, licks her feet, shaves her legs & more! In her bath she sucks water into her coochie & squirts it 5" high repeatedly as you watch inches away! Wonderful smiles, eye contact & sexy talking to you. **72 min. $42.00 #1401FX**



CINDY C. - GOOEY WET!
MASTURBATES IN PUBLIC!
Cindy talks to you a lot as she gets naked & pulls it open front & rear for extreme close-ups! Public Flashing Pumping gas, busy street, an accountant's office, an auto mechanic's shop, a parking garage and much more! At an optometrist's office, while she takes an eye exam, she pulls it open front & rear for Gooey Wet Close-Ups! Next, all alone, she Rubs "It" Hard while pinching her nipples. The real thing with heavy breathing & sweet moans.
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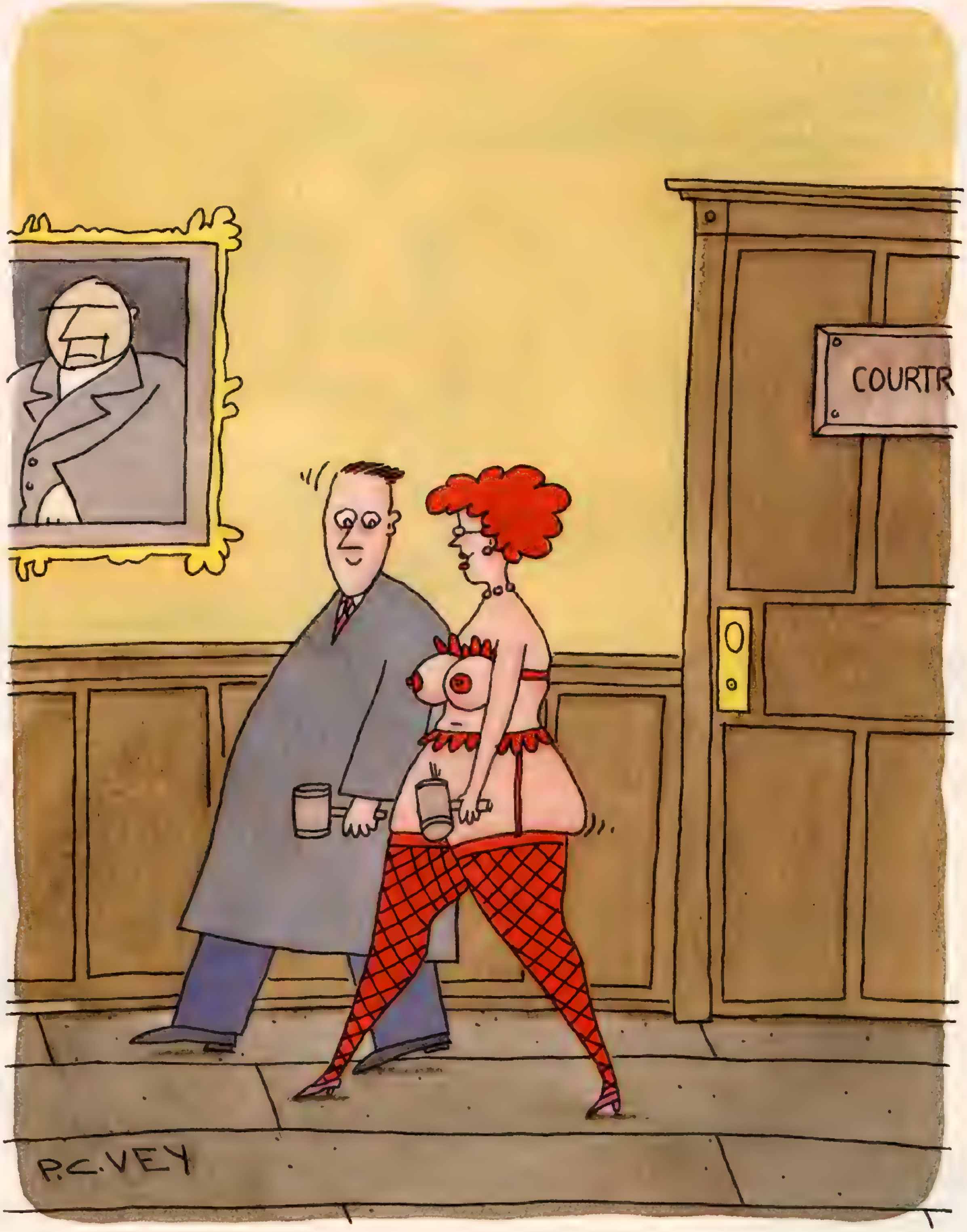
COURTR
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"The way I see it, if you're going to preside over an obscenity trial, you should be as obscene as possible."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 176

her nipples!" she said. So I did. "Now lick them good!" she said. So I did. "Go down on her pussy!" I did; and as I looked up from Sheila's warm, wet pussy, I saw Grace, now fully naked, sitting in my chair watching us, legs wide open, revealing a closely trimmed pussy. She moaned with pleasure, opened her lips, and finger-fucked herself as she watched Sheila and me.

I looked up again from Sheila's soaking wet pussy and asked Grace, "Would you like a taste?"

"Mmm," she replied, walking over to us. "Your pussy looks absolutely delicious, Sheila. May I?"

Sheila opened her legs even wider, spreading her already swollen pussy lips. Grace dove into her and began licking as if it were whipped cream, cooing with delight all the while. I stood up as Sheila smiled and reached down to stroke her new lover's hair, taking Grace's hands and guiding them to her heaving breasts. She looked at me and said lustily, "Stroke your cock for me."

Happy to oblige, I stood over the bed and watched Sheila and Grace go at it, stroking myself until I could barely stand it. I got down on my knees at the edge of the bed and began licking Sheila along with our raven-haired friend. As our tongues met I looked at Grace and said, "I want to taste *your* pussy too." Without missing a beat with Sheila, Grace moved, positioning her ass perfectly for my enjoyment. I wasted no time taking Grace's ass in my hands. I rubbed her cheeks and ran my fingers up the insides of her legs. I found her wet hole immediately, and began to probe her softly and slowly.

I laid my tongue on her and slowly licked her all the way down the crack of her ass until I found her tight pink ass hole. I pushed the tip of my tongue softly into her ass as I fingered her pussy. This drove her crazy. Her moans became louder and louder as I continued licking all over her ass and her pussy, back and forth, my fingers everywhere, gently opening her ass as she pushed back, taking in my finger bit by bit.

Grace looked back, and shouted, "Fuck me now!" I guided my cock into her sopping-wet pussy and began to pump her as Sheila grabbed her head, grinding Grace's tongue into her pussy. We found a rhythm, fucking and sucking one another into ecstasy. Sheila's pussy thrusts met Grace's mouth in time with my own hard thrusts into Grace's hot pussy. I continued fingering Grace's ass as I fucked her, maintining a soft, gentle rhythm. When I finally came, I shot a load of hot come deep inside her cunt. She looked back at me with a devilish grin and said, "I want to give Sheila a taste of me, now."

Grace turned Sheila around so her head was at the foot of the bed. Gradually she eased her pussy down onto Sheila's waiting tongue. Sheila licked her pussy like a starving animal. Grace groaned, leaned over, and began licking Sheila. They sixty-nined each other for a while as I watched my cock coming up again. I stood over them, stroking myself, until Grace looked back and said, "I want you in my ass."

I lubricated my cock and smiled, laying it across the crack of her hot little butt. I slowly pushed myself against the crack of her ass, back and forth. She moaned as Sheila continued eating her, and looked back saying, "Come on, baby, give me all of that cock."

I was rock-hard as I gently pushed the head of my cock into her tight pink ass. But I barely pushed at all—I wanted her to want my cock inside her. As she pushed back, I could feel the head slowly entering her. Her groans became more intense. Sheila was watching my cock, reaching around to feel my balls as I went in deeper and deeper until my cock was all the way inside.

I began to fuck Grace's ass slowly,

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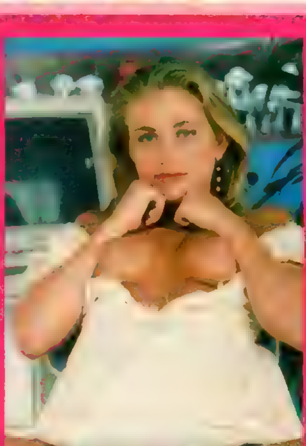

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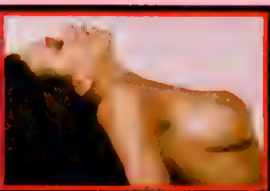

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rhythmically. It was amazing. Grace was going crazy as Sheila kept licking her pussy in time with my thrusts. After a few more minutes of this we couldn't take it. I pulled my cock out and shot come onto Grace's ass, while Sheila and Grace both came over each other's waiting tongue. The rest of the night was a lick fest as Grace and Sheila really got to know each other.

We all agreed that we had had a wonderful time, so we set up a date for another night the following month. We are all looking forward to it.—*I. E., California*

My Oral Project

Last semester I had a class with a guy I thought was pretty hot. Once in a while I would catch this studious hunk checking me out, but when I caught his eye he always looked away.

We had an assignment that required some library research. I had waited until a Saturday night because I thought everyone would be out partying and I would have the library to myself. I was looking up some journals when I heard footsteps coming up the metal stairs to the level where I was. I glanced up to see who was walking by, and it was him.

We talked about the assignment, and when there was a break in the conversation we just stared at each other. It felt like minutes but was probably only seconds. Then he said he'd noticed me in class and asked if I would like to go out with him sometime. I said yes, and to seal the date I leaned forward to give him a kiss. I wanted him then and there.

When he started to break the kiss, I touched the side of his face and guided his mouth back to mine. I opened my lips and starting licking his, in small delicate strokes. When I felt his mouth open wider and his tongue start a slow dance with mine, I knew he had the idea.

We started making out like two teenagers in the backseat of a car. I was getting so hot that I stopped worrying whether anyone would discover us. All I could think about was how his tongue felt in my mouth. He was licking me as if he was licking my pussy, kissing me like he was kissing my clit.

Then he started rubbing my ass through my jeans, grinding his hips against mine. I could feel his dick through his jeans, and it was harder and fuller than anything I had ever felt before. I was really turned on, and I knew he was too. My pussy was already very wet, and it had soaked through my panties. I wanted him to fuck me so badly, but instead I decided to suck his dick until he came in my mouth.

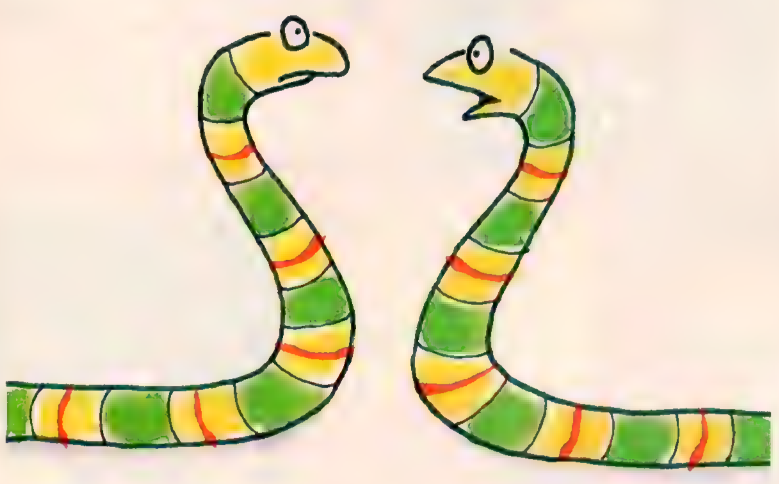
I unwrapped one arm from around his neck and reached down between us to rub his dick. It was throbbing hard, and he was pushing against my hand as I stroked him up and down. We were still kissing when I undid the first button on his jeans. He pulled his lips away and started to say something. I thought he might protest, so I put one finger on my mouth to suggest that he be quiet, and he was.

I undid his pants and turned him so he was leaning against the bookshelf. Then I pulled his jeans and underwear down just past his balls. His cock looked so good and delicious with its full hard-on sticking up against his stomach. I licked my lips once, smiled up at him, then proceeded to lick his balls. I ran my tongue across them, giving them a good bath. I think I got the right amount of pressure going, because he started making moves that suggested I cap his shaft (as if I could forget to suck off that beautiful cock!).

I usually get very turned on giving head, and knowing that I was sucking a guy off in the library, where someone could catch us at any moment, really added an element of risk. That, combined with his hard, hot dick sliding in and out of my mouth, heightened the excitement. I started to rotate my ass, craving the sensation of my jeans rubbing against my clit.

As he picked up the pace his dick got even bigger and harder in my mouth. I knew he was going to come soon, and I wanted him to blow hard. He started fucking my mouth faster and faster until he let out an involuntary groan and I tasted his hot come shooting into my throat. I could feel his cock thrusting in smaller strokes amid the spasms of his orgasm. I still had his dick in my mouth, and I was pressing my tongue along the bottom to coax out any come that was left. When I felt his whole body relax, I pulled away and swallowed his hot load.

He looked down at me, and we both smiled and started to laugh. I gave his cock one last kiss and adjusted his clothes, saying that this was the most exciting research I had ever done.—*T. Y., Colorado*



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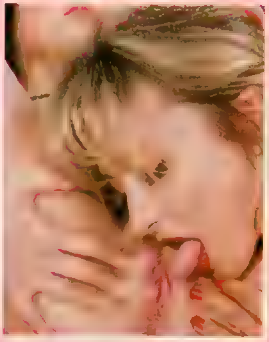
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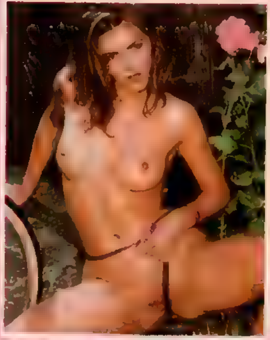
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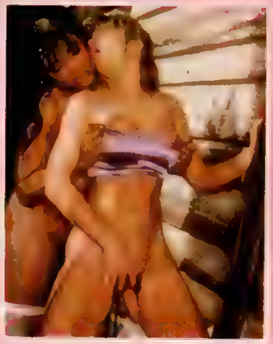
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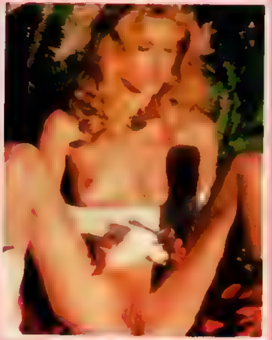
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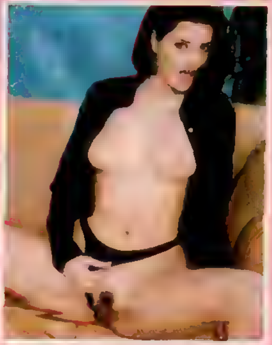
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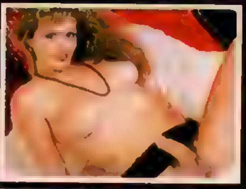
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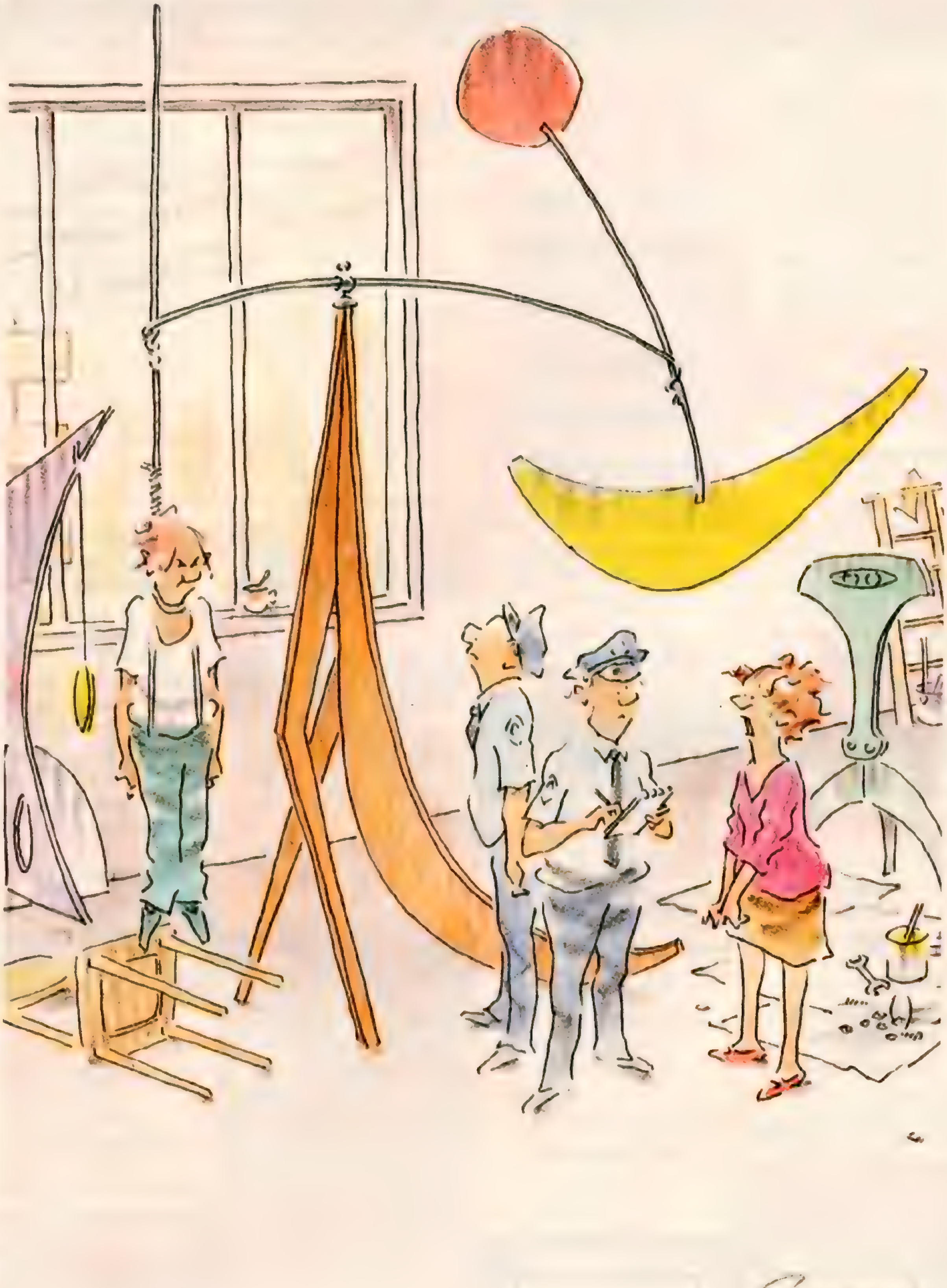

"In the end, I have to say, it's all balanced out."

SPORTS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

rels, the audience members feel a fine spray of water on their heads.

You may have to wait in line to see the video, but it's worth the wait. This is the absolute best, most action-packed stock-car-racing video you've ever seen. Want proof? Just look at the smiles on the faces of the charged-up fans as they leave.

Inside, you can join the action as a "No Bull Pit Challenge" pit-crew member. A full-size Winston Cup car is set up for pit stops, and race fans get to do the work. Each pit stop includes two tire changers, a gas man, and a jack man—and anyone who walks through the door can give it a try. Like everything else in the No Bull Roadhouse, the pit-stop competition is free. Overhead TV cameras put the action on screen live for your friends and family in the audience. The folks cheering you on see a view that's practically identical to the one Winston Cup crews use to review their pit stops at Daytona and Talladega. Pull off the stop in 20 seconds or less, and each member of the team gets a free Winston Cup hat. The team with the best time of the weekend is sent a special gift. Although the activity is pretty physical, there are trained people watching over each stop to make sure nothing goes wrong.

There's a five-minute simulator that takes 12 people at a time for the ride of their lives. As you watch the action on a big screen, the fully enclosed car tips as it roars (virtually) around the high banks of Talladega. There's no seat belt, but you should grab on to the handrail in front of you because you're going to go through a Winston Cup pit stop and a 180-mile ride on a big, fast reproduced track.

If you're a Winston smoker, save your empty packs; you can turn them in for great gifts at the No Bull Roadhouse: hats, shirts, lug-nut key chains (with nuts used in Winston Cup races), ashtrays made out of melted-down wrecked race cars. If you're not a smoker, it's all for sale.

Bring your camera and get a picture of yourself with a Winston Cup trophy just like the one Jeff Gordon got at the banquet in New York. Time it right and you can be joined by one of Winston's trophy girls for your photo.

On race morning Winston brings in a driver for a question-and-answer session. Aces making appearances last year included Darrell Waltrip, Jeff Gordon, Jeff Burton, and Mark Martin. Big names like these usually appear only at their sponsors' hospitality facilities, but they're all happy to go to Winston's big deal.

You'll also be happy if you visit the No Bull Roadhouse.—*Dick Berggren*

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

especially since you often "waste $100 on a hooker." Why do you consider that a waste? Because you think you can probably get any girl you fancy with just a snap of your fingers. What you probably need at the moment is to fall in love with a girl whom you can't get, and if you finally do persuade her to go to bed with you, see who tries feverishly to stop you from coming.

Titillation

In a recent column you declared that you have always felt you had a neural power line connecting your nipples to your clit. I've always felt the same way about myself, but being a man, the connection is to my prick.

It is, and has always been, a great sensation to have my partner fondle my nipples. I also have a stronger orgasm if I'm getting them fondled. I have had three wives and several lovers, all of whom seemed glad to oblige me with this pleasure. What puzzles me is that I have not seen any reference to this in literature or even in porn films.

I know I'm not as unique as I once thought I was. I'm sure some other men enjoy nipple stimulation. But no one ever talks about it. Is there some sort of taboo? I would like to see you address this, since you speak openly and wisely on the whole gamut of sexual issues.—B. B., Indiana

The only taboo about male-nipple stimulation is that most men have never thought of it as a part of sex play. We are all such slaves to fashion that we do what we're told other people like, but we don't always learn how to do it properly and often give up after a few attempts, until some other vogue comes along.

All it would take would be for some major "hot stud" star to have his nipples twirled by a totally sexy starlet in some mega-blockbuster and men will be wearing bikini tops to the beach, because they don't want just any girl to see their nipples. Some men think it's effeminate to get a thrill out of having their nipples tweaked or sucked, but as men's nipples are erectile just like ours, I don't understand why more of them don't go for it.

"Mens (and Womens) Sana in Corpore Sano"

I will try to remain as honest as possible and keep as much "real me" in as I can, but no promises. I am a 27-year-old, pretty-good-looking white boy, confident, well educated, and smart to the point of arrogance. I'm also pretty cold sometimes, but very passionate about the things that are important to me. I am one of those guys who either feels strongly for something or doesn't give a shit.

The trouble is—and I draw on all your understanding and imagination at this point—I have always, very passionately, cared about the wrong things. From a very young age I have, for whatever reason, only been concerned with academics. By that I don't mean scholastics per se, but understanding in both the physical and mental worlds. Anything I could perceive or imagine has always filled me with fascination and awe. I never understood (and now just find it sad) why most people don't take a deeper interest in things instead of all those ball games or television shows. I have never met, read about, or heard about a woman taking a deep interest in the world outside of the immediate. I don't mean professionalism or the ridiculous specialism that's rampant in today's society, but a more Renaissance outlook.

I love women dearly for their femininity, gentleness, and grace, but you can't talk to them about anything but

For more information on the products featured on pages 55–59, contact these manufacturers or stores:

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the most basic subjects without their zoning out or getting upset. They never participate in or initiate any real conversation, and don't want to hear an honest answer when they do. What I want to know is this: When are we going to stop suppressing the minds of girls? And how long are we going to keep dwelling on, and thus exacerbating, men's fear of sexual inadequacy, which has been at the root of the suppression for centuries?

Lastly I want to know where I have to go or what I have to do to find a confident, intelligent woman who knows what's going on, cares about the world, and can still be a thriving, loving, sexual being. A kind of mix of one-third Aphrodite, one-third Marie Curie, one-third Xaviera Hollander.

No, I'm not a rich man or even a "man of the world," and beauty no longer impresses me (much). Experience and maturity drip from the page as I read your replies to letters. I want to know where I can find that kind of woman (forget Mensa or the university), confident enough to learn a lesson or two from me and patient enough to teach me all she knows. I guess I can live with the fact that I'll probably never see her, but it would be reassuring to know women like that exist, or will someday.—K. D., Kentucky

Unlike about 99 percent of the people in the world today, I did Latin in school, and as a result I still remember that *mensa* means "table" in Latin. I presume that the reason for its use as a title for an association of people who, like you, consider themselves to be of more than average intelligence, is as an abbreviation of the misquote I have used as a title for this particular piece of nonsense.

Your complaint (unlike Portnoy's) is that you can't seem to find a girl who is prepared to discuss the appalling mess the world has gotten itself into while you are fucking her. You write to me from Kentucky, the Bluegrass State, which is certainly not the whole world, and its women are not necessarily representative of female humans everywhere, however marvelously dumb and beautiful they may be.

Before I get the Kentucky feminists on my back, let us try to find out what you are really trying to say.

The usual question is: "How can I meet a girl?" The extension on that one is, "Where can I meet a girl who will: (1) fuck, (2) suck, and (3) move in with me?" Your request is in Category 3, with the addition that not only should she fuck, suck, and do the cooking, she should also be interested enough in intellectual stuff to be capable of keeping up a conversation on Freud's place in modern computer technology, the quantum theory in relation to the tunneling effect of mice under the floorboards, or whether Baroque architecture is suitable for the construction of a casino in Alaska.

I have an ex-lover who is into that kind of bullshit, and he now lives with a long-haired blonde who (he says) cooks like an angel, blows like hurricane Harriet, and (I say) is just about intelligent enough to come indoors when it is raining, but not all the time.

So despite your bulging cranium, despite your yearning for deeper things, your problem is not in the "wrong" category, but is pretty damn similar to most confident, good-looking, smart-to-the-point-of-arrogance, dumb 27-year-old white-boy's problems, which is you haven't thought it through to the end. It is not "Why aren't there any ...," it is "Why haven't I met any ...," and maybe you have, but you scared them so badly with your deathly serious pomposity that all you saw of them was that little white cottontail bobbing away into the distance.

Wise up, kid. If the girl you fancy enjoys watching ball games, you are probably wasting your time expecting her to be interested in the metaphysical watershed. If you join a debating society, or a theater group, or an art school, or if you take a trip to Europe and visit some of the university towns there, you will find thousands of earnest, intelligent chicks who are desperate to find someone to have a boringly serious conversation with, and they probably all fuck like rabbits while they are doing it.

But, and it is a big *but*, you have to make your end interesting before you are going to find a quality girlfriend. What you have to remember is that the person you are looking for probably has a complaint parallel to yours: "Why are men so dumb?"

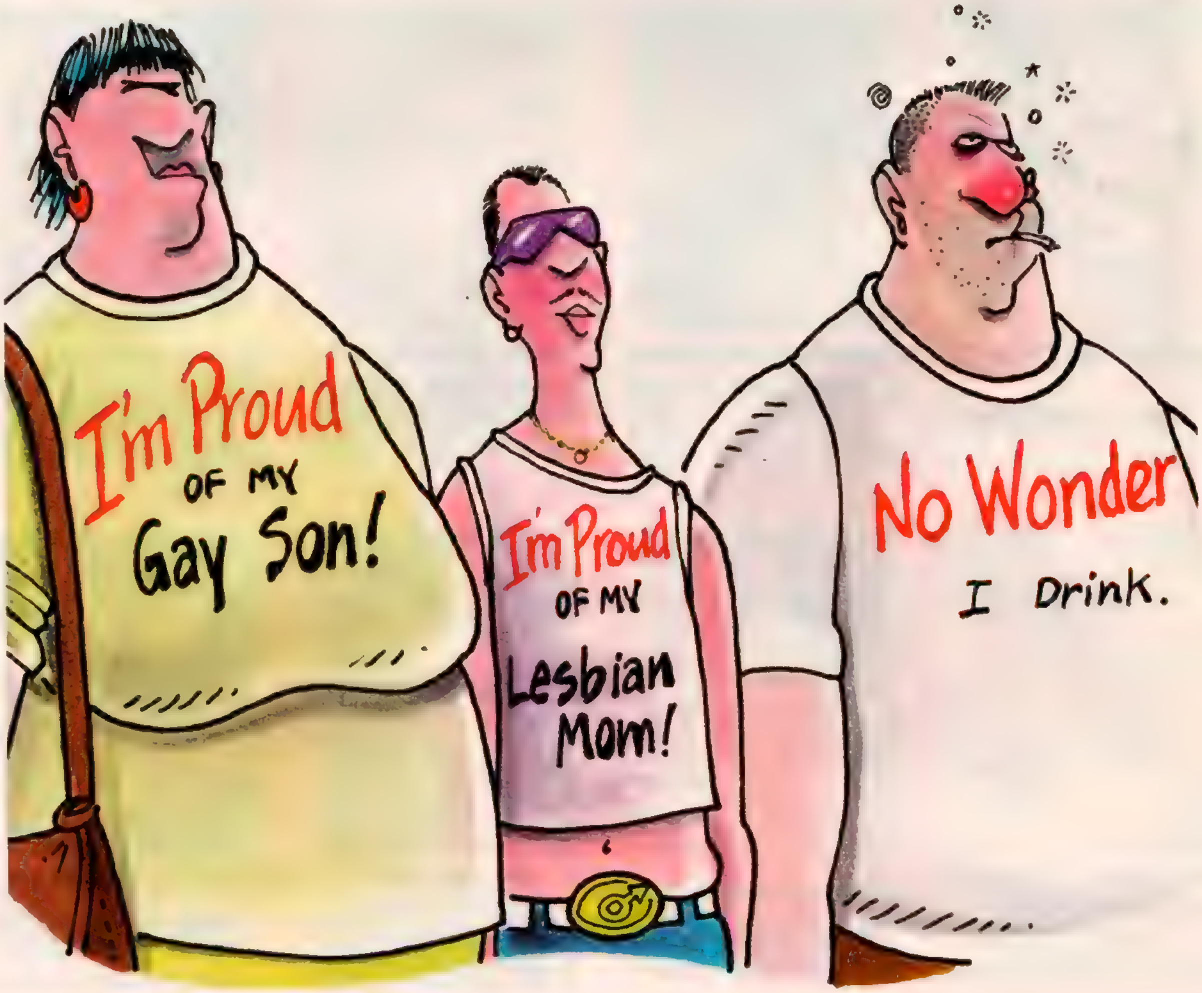
Hard Case

This will probably sound silly, but what most women could only hope to have, I do, and find myself wondering about it. It's my lover, who will remain nameless, and who possesses a nice eight-inch cock that will never leave the erect state:

Here's an example: One night I knelt before him and gave him a deep-throating blowjob, and he shot his come into my gulping throat; we then sixty-nined each other, and he again erupted into my mouth; we then fucked missionary-style, and he came again. I then tit-fucked him, and he came on my breasts; he then fucked me doggie-style, blasting another load in my pussy; and then we fucked with me riding on top of his cock, and he unloaded again into me. The whole time he never lost his hard-on, and I'd come at least a dozen times by the time I rolled off, exhausted, while my

CONTINUED ON PAGE 202

Deception.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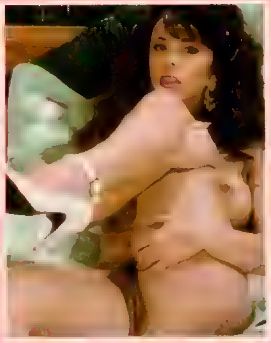

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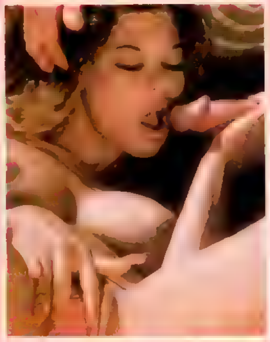

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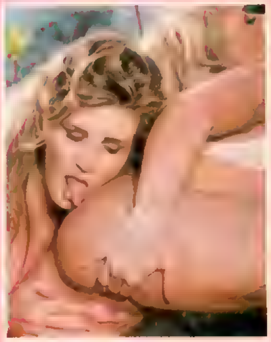

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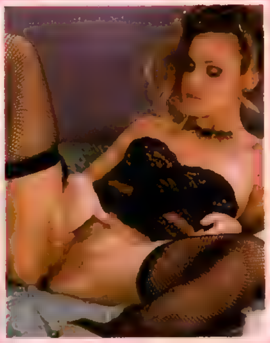

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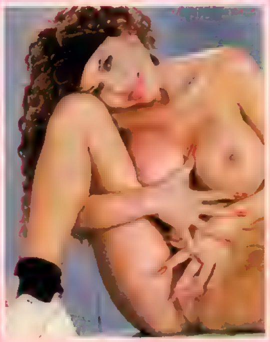

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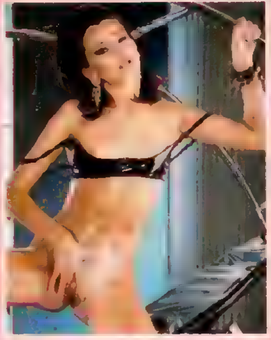

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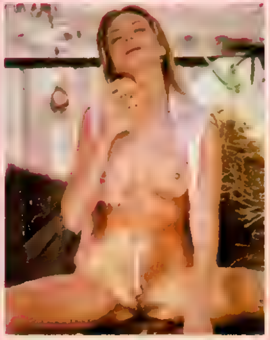

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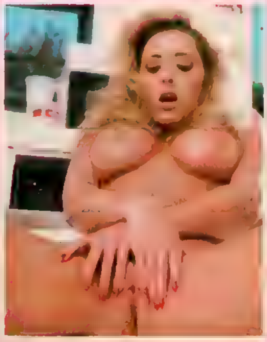

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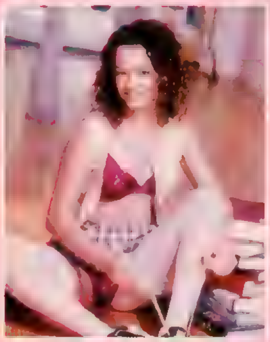

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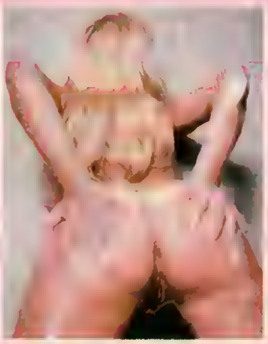

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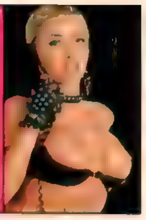

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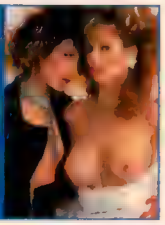

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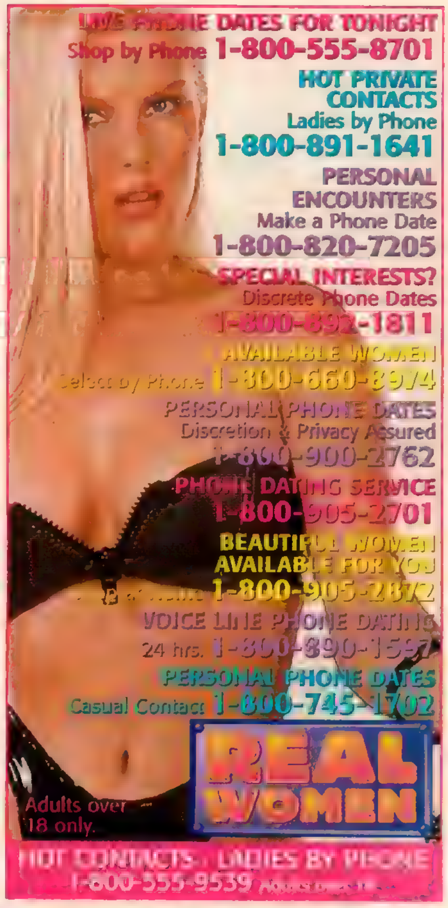

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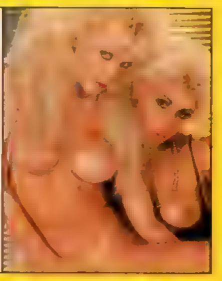

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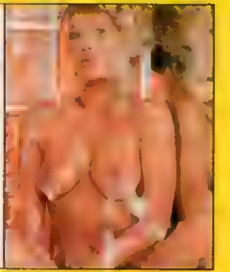

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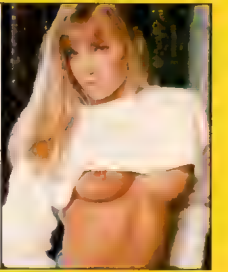

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 196

lover lay there with a boner that was still ready to cut diamonds.

I have had my roommate and me together fuck and suck him to a fare-thee-well, with the end result being two exhausted pussies and one cock still hard as steel. I have even had my roommate, another friend, and myself team up on him where he must have come a dozen times and still had a raging hard-on, while the three of us were still gathering our senses. His cock is always hard and ready to go, which I love to the extreme, but my concern is that there must be something missing from my sexual performance that doesn't drain my lover and make him go limp. Trust me, I've tried everything.

I'm hoping that it's just my body and my sex drive that keep my lover so aroused that he can't lose his hard-on, and not something missing from what we do. I consider myself lucky to have a lover like this, but I can't keep from wondering. I haven't worked up the nerve to ask him. Help me, Xaviera: Am I making a mountain out of a molehill, or should I just consider myself one lucky "stiff"?—J. T., New York

Many women would be envious of your flesh-and-blood vibrator, but there are also a few others out there who, bored with the constant threat of penetration, would get out a carving knife and, wham bam, another bobbitted stud to join the line of eunuchs waiting for a job in the harem. There are also many other women, and you may be one of them, who are so proud of their lovers' dimensions, or achievements, that they have developed what might be called the Hemingway syndrome of wanting to see their trophies mounted on a little shield and hung on the wall.

I think you may be exaggerating the hardness quotient of your boy, but it is certainly no reflection on your own sexual prowess. Tales of women who, like Eskimo Nell in the immortal ballad, "sucked him dry with the ease of a vacuum cleaner," are not scientifically correct, because the rule is, the better lover you prove to be, the more your genuine stud seems to want.

Some years ago I was interviewed on TV, and I told my inquisitor that what I really enjoyed with my lover was to pass the night doing something described by a four-letter word meaning intercourse. He was jumping up and down with his finger poised over an imaginary mute button, waiting for what he called "the Big One," and was actually disappointed when I told him the word: "talk."

This oral activity, combined with sex, gives me the greatest pleasure, but, contrarily, I have also been awarded the world championship in the "Talk 'em soft" stakes.

So if you really want to reduce your lover's organ to normal proportions, use your mouth as God intended and tell him about your grandfather's experiences among the Wankalot Indians, or your own in the shopping mall trying to discover Victoria's well-kept secret. An hour or two of that kind of therapy will soften a rhinoceros.

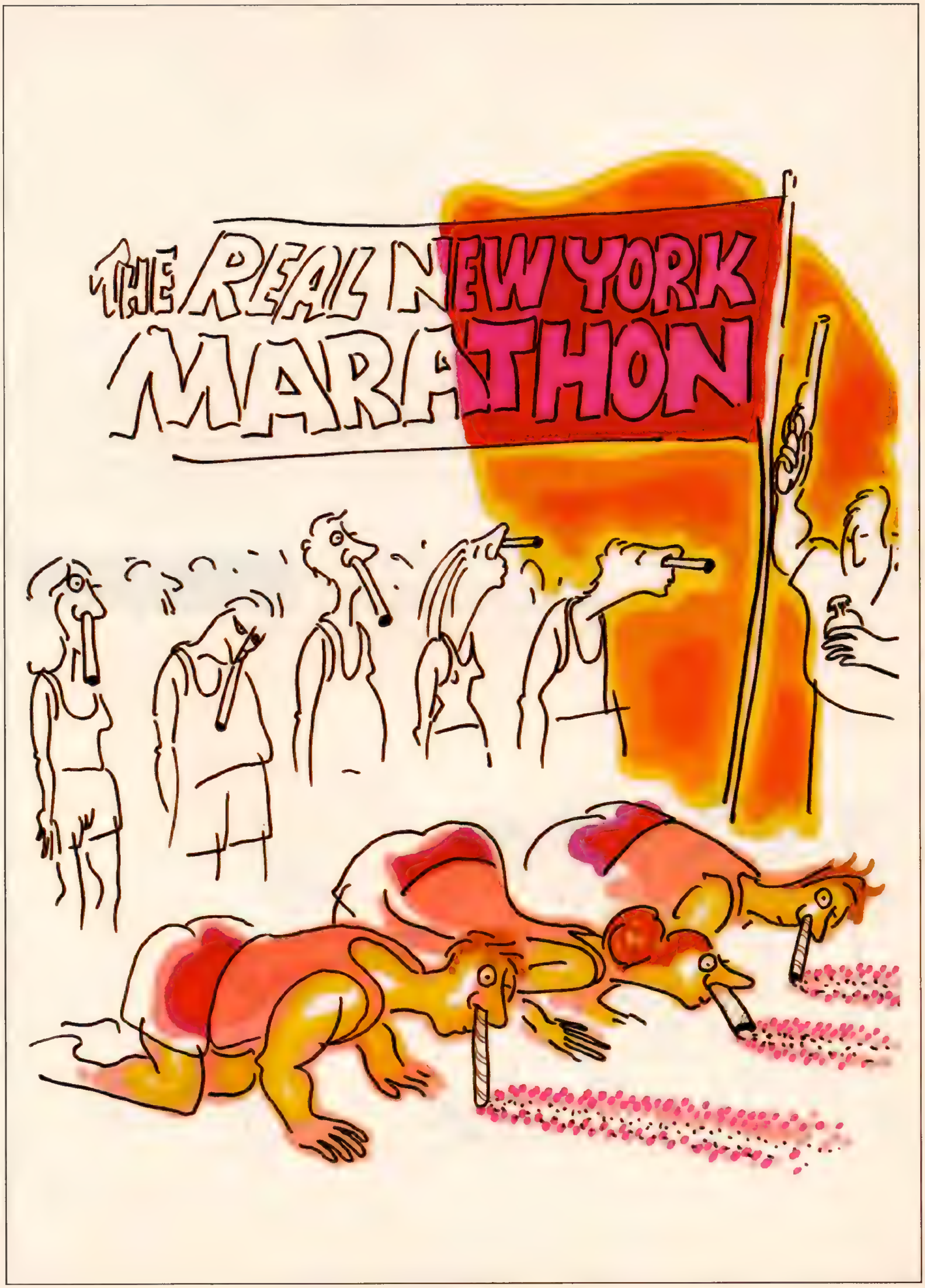
Old Hutch

I've had a real eye-opening experience about older women and sex. Julie is a 59-year-old neighbor in my apartment complex. I'm a 38-year-old divorced white male, and I'd just moved in when Julie came over, introduced herself, and welcomed me to the building. She was casually dressed but showing a lot of deep, firm cleavage, and was very warm and friendly. She must have been a real looker in her salad days. We became instant friends, and her sense of humor had me laughing.

A couple of months go by, and we have coffee a few times and chat, nothing overtly sexual, just kidding around. I'm a real gym rat and Julie is really into physical fitness. One afternoon I'm coming back from the gym, all buffed and sweaty, when she asks me to come up to her apartment and help her move a hutch. So I go up, and she's in this old torn French leotard, breasts projecting, nipples showing. I'm in a sweaty pair of shorts, no shirt, and we're moving the hutch and she wants to finagle the furniture in her den, so we go in there and move stuff around. I get a couple of good brushes from Julie's jugs and her butt. This excites me, and I start getting an erection, which isn't small. I'm hung, like eight inches, so it's showing, and Julie is looking at my dick and just goes for it.

She's got my shorts off and is down on her knees jacking and sucking my cock so fast I was amazed at how smooth and quick she was, and oh, what a mouth she's got. She's sucking my hard cock like a whore who hasn't had it in ages—no disrespect meant. She's totally into it and I'm going wild.

She has me moaning and telling her to suck it good and hard and bite it and suck my balls and I'm holding her head and pumping it in her mouth while she's pulling off her leotard and those big melons swing free and I start tit-fucking her in between her licking the head of my dick and telling me how hot I've made her and to fuck her tits off and give it to her hard, fuck her cunt off, and I push her down on her back and spread her legs and run the cockhead up and down her wet cunt and start to ease it in, and she says to ram it in hard,


THE REAL NEW YORK MARATHON

so I slam-fuck her and she goes apeshit.

Julie is swearing up a storm, telling me how good it is to have hard cock ramming her cunt, and the hair pie creams my ramrod while she's telling me I'm the best fuck she's ever had and to dog-fuck her, so I turn Rover over onto all fours and start the hardest doggie fuck I've ever given a woman, and she's going crazy. I've got her ass spread and her hole is open and I drop a mouthful of saliva on it and she tells me to fuck her in the ass and do it hard and deep. I get the head set and work it in and start boning her ass off and she's grunting, it's too good, it's the best she's ever been ass-fucked, and she leans forward so I can really go deep. I'm telling her she's the best cocksucking, hottest fucking woman I've ever had, and I'm gonna cream her ass, and she lets out this wild moan and starts coming when my dick starts shooting hot come in her ass.

Well, that was the beginning of some very hot sex that's been going on for several months now. It's not an everyday lovey-dovey thing, it's a friendship that has hot and wild sex going—Julie's one of the best French kissers I've tongued and she digs getting eaten out. Heck, we've done things I've only dreamed about.

She's gotten into some real wild outfits, and porno gets her really steamy. She's a whiz with a dildo and will do an orgy with chicks or guys if I want her to. She says she has no inhibitions about sex and hasn't been this well fucked in a very, very long time. I don't understand that, because she's so good-looking and hot, but I do believe her.

So if there are any guys out there who happen to meet an older woman with some miles on her, a few lines in the face, maybe sagging breasts or a little flab here or there, don't let that put you off. There are some wild women waiting to get the big one, and they know what to do with it when they get it.

And they have money of their own, so they can pay their own way and remain independent while being open and available for sex. They're not all looking for marriage, sometimes just friendship and a good fuck.—C. S., California

One of the uplifting things about modern times is the acceptance of the idea that older couples can enjoy a rich sex life, although this is not yet a universal idea, especially as far as single women are concerned. Many of you probably remember the movie *Harold and Maude,* about a young man who has a love affair with a very old lady. One of Tom Sharpe's best-selling novels is about an author who, having written a pornographic novel on the same theme (a young man and a much older woman), prefers to remain anonymous, causing problems for his publisher when the readers want to see that author signing his first editions in a bookstore or lecturing in the provinces.

Shakespeare wrote, "Crabbed age and youth cannot live together. Age is full of care. Youth is full of pleasure." All of which goes to show that the idea of older women having sex with young men used to be unthinkable, unless they were ageless beauties like Liz Taylor, Zsa Zsa Gabor, or the late Mae West—but that is surely changing.

Xaviera would love to hear from you. Send your letters, comments, or fantasies to Xaviera Hollander, *Penthouse,* 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10172-0003. All letters should carry name and address, though these will be changed—in addition to other identifying characteristics—for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse.* Ms. Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

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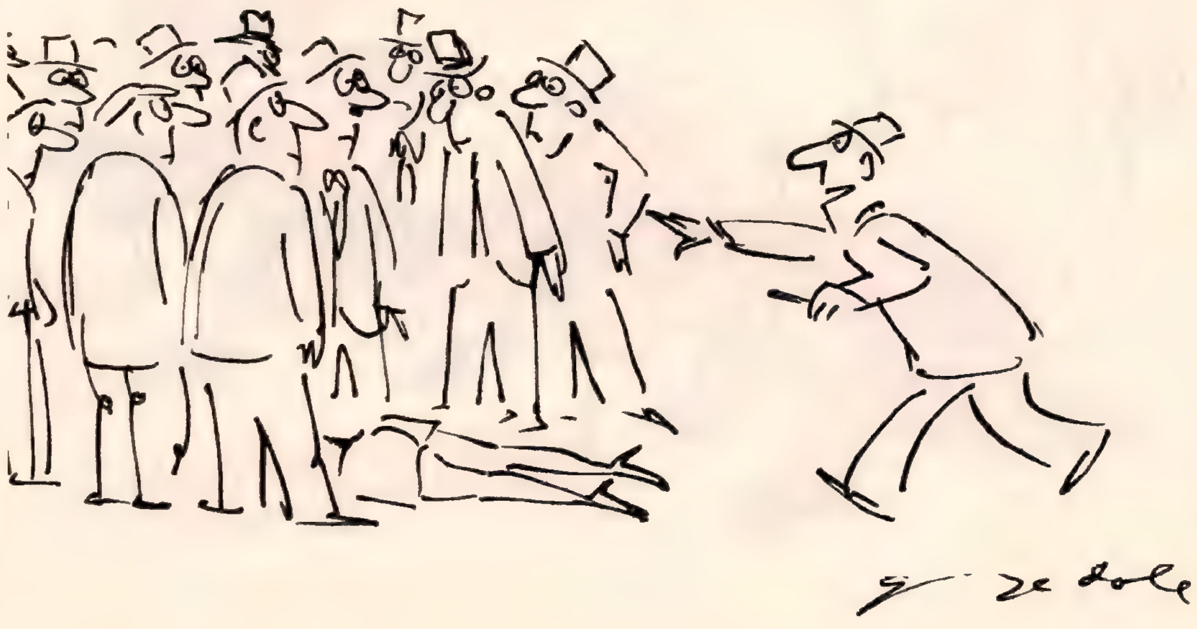

"Step aside—I have a rectal thermometer."

WORDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 180

already had dropped off, and then came back as No. 1 for eight successive weeks; that's the thing they're scratching their heads over. How can a book jump up to No. 1, sink down, then creep up again? [*In the panicked voice of a publishing person*]: "Oh God, Marcia Clark's getting $4 million. She'll be up there a year." I think she was up there a week. "Oh God, now Kitty Kelley's coming along…." You know what John Berendt told me? He's the fellow who wrote *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil.* He said to me, "Frank, it's all word of mouth."

Is there a target date on the film?

No, not yet. I have to get on with this next book, the memoir.

How far along are you?

I'm sketching it, as they say. I have all the material, tons of material. But there are a number of problems, mostly that one of how to deal with ex-wives who are still alive. Two ex-wives and one new wife [Ellen Frey] living in bliss with me.

You look happy, Frank.

She's happy—a happy, sunny Californian. Doesn't know what misery is. I said, "You married it." Not a cloud in her sky—except me. You know what Yeats said, "Being Irish, you know that in moments of great joy you're comforted by the knowledge that tragedy is just around the corner."—*Jerry Tallmer*

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OUT OF CONTROL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

Screaming for answers are the questions, What did you give away? To whom? And by the way, for how much?

Action and Reaction

Bob Kupperman is at his plain wooden desk, focused intently on a document translated from the Russian. His shoulders seem to give way under the weight of the information he's reading. He puts it aside, rubs tired eyes, and looks down on hundreds of rush-hour commuters dashing for the subway only a block south. He sees them as likely victims. "In the event of a planned terrorist action by the Russian Mafiya—either via cyber warfare or with weapons of mass destruction—there may be no way to meet the usual standard of proof required for legal action by the United States. And in the aftermath of an attack, the source of the assault may be elusive—if not impossible—to finger with absolute certainty."

So, what to do? Develop better intelligence, provide any decent leads to Yeltsin, and hope he has people loyal to him with the guts and the means necessary to take on the Mafiya and its henchmen in the military and intelligence communities. But what if Yeltsin chooses not to move on U.S.-supplied information, or for some political reason is unable to act on it? What then?

A radical solution is offered by Chuck de Caro, whose lectures to mid-level and senior U.S. military-intelligence officers not only challenge their thinking but also provoke anger and even an occasional personal threat. In the case of hitting back after some future Russian Mafiya attack, de Caro asks, "Who are you going to nuke in a criminal organization scattered across the world?"

De Caro says that even if we knew the Russian Mafiya was planning or already had been responsible for a terrorist attack, the U.S. probably wouldn't know how to respond. "What are you gonna do," he says, "send F-16's to Moscow to napalm their Mercedeses? Have American carrier-based F-18's drop in over Majorca to strafe the winter vacation homes of Mafiya dons?

"Worse yet, if these bad boys are backed by a nation-state like Iraq—did you notice the ultra-nationalist Russians who brought supplies to Saddam on Christmas Day 1997?—they could create havoc in a non-sequitur way, so as to cause a global video curtain to rise up and cloak events, like Iraq running across half of Kuwait before anyone can take notice, react, or generate the national will to take it back.

"Do you think it's impossible to create a video curtain that dense? Remember when the U.S. was getting ready for a confrontation with North Korea over nuclear materials a couple of years ago? Then suddenly the problem went away? Wonder why? The O. J. Simpson trial! So complete was the global interest in that event that both parties could save face and negotiate a deal while the whole world's attention shifted." De Caro jabbed at the air with his right fist, driving home the point.

De Caro thinks he may have at least a partial solution to the rising menace of the Russian Mafiya. If the notion of a gang of criminals having access to weapons of mass destruction and cyberwar power sounds like spy fiction to you, his proposal is a fair match for it. And like the threat, the de Caro proposal is extremely serious.

"The President," he says, "should publicly and loudly dump the U.S. ban on assassinations by government operatives right now. Mr. Clinton should create a paramilitary force with military/political and police intelligence, modeled after the Arizona Rangers of the last century, including a sunset law on [the] existence [of such special forces].

"The U.S. should also redefine non-state terrorists as pirates, and utilize the legislative branch's power to issue Letters of Marque and Reprisal, which are squarely embedded in our Constitution. Then leave it to twenty-first-century privateers to ignominiously kill these boys, just exactly the way we dealt with pirates two centuries ago, and renegades a century ago. No court, no quarter. Just death. Boom! Right now. Period."

Whether flying an F-14, jumping at 40,000 feet, test-firing a Beretta nine-mm pistol while leaping through the air, de Caro always pushes the envelope. (Supporters of the current ban on assassinations warn that following de Caro's advice would invite hits on American leaders.) De Caro is a technical consultant to the producers of the hit TV series "JAG" and a cofounder of the Pentagon-funded National Guard Information Warfare Unit, unofficially dubbed the SoftWar Adversary Team, based in Vermont, under the command of Brigadier General Bruce Lawlor. De Caro and General Lawlor's "Green Mountain Boys" simulate nightmare SoftWar attacks in war games for the Defense Department. De Caro's dramatic, politically incorrect ideas about how to deal with the Mafiya are not likely to be quickly accepted—if at all. But if we do suffer a devastating assault, de Caro's ideas may suddenly sound reasonable, even to those who today ignore or deride them.

Have a nice day.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

ascertain if Roxanne's motivation for repeatedly putting herself in harm's way for the D.E.A. might possibly have been influenced by financial considerations. Everyone we spoke to confirmed her statement that the only thing she was given—or promised—by the D.E.A. was reimbursement for expenses. Attorney Martin Goldberg, who is representing one of the major drug dealers arrested in these cases, confirms that "[t]he government said in court and their records confirm that the only money the C.I., Roxanne Dacus, got [was] for expenses."

It is possible that Roxanne may find a small pot of gold at the end of the rainbow if and when the feds finally finish their cases. In legalese this is known as a "moiety," which allows a person who assists the government in seizing illegal drugs to be paid ten percent of the value of those drugs. Roxanne swears she never knew about any such provision until recently. "After the agents told me that other than testifying, they no longer needed my help, one of the agents joked that I was going to be a rich woman—so I asked what he meant. I don't know if it will ever happen, and I don't care if it does—I didn't do this for money."

Whether or not Roxanne gets a big payday, it looks as if her work has certainly benefited society. Among the results:

- To date the D.E.A. Task Force has identified almost two dozen housewives who've worked as drug mules for three different rings, and the arrests are continuing.
- In a federal drug case on Long Island against three defendants, the government has turned over to defense attorneys more than 1,000 tapes of conversations, all evidence obtained with Roxanne's help.
- More than two dozen U.S. Navy personnel, uniformed and otherwise, have been arrested on drug charges. Scores of merchant seamen all over Europe also have been arrested on drug-smuggling charges.

Despite pleas from the agents she has worked with, Roxanne has repeatedly refused to enter the federal Witness Protection Program. "I'm not ready to move to that nice house in the country they always tell me about," says this brash, ballsy woman. "I don't want to take the kids away from their school and friends, and I don't want to give up my friends either."

When asked if just possibly it's because she's not ready to give up the action, Roxanne smiles and in her best Texas drawl replies, "Why, honey, how could you say something like that?"

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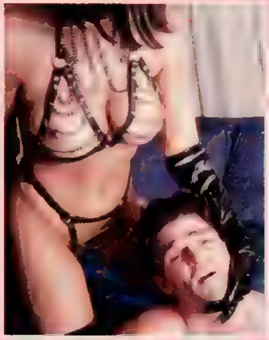

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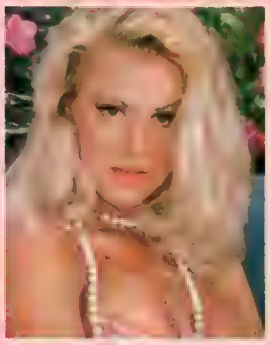

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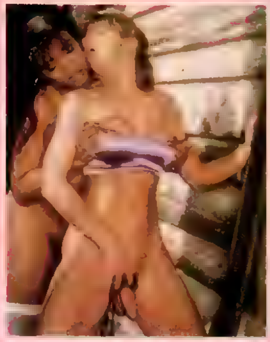

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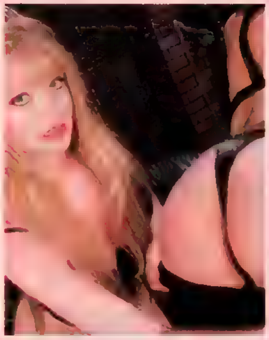

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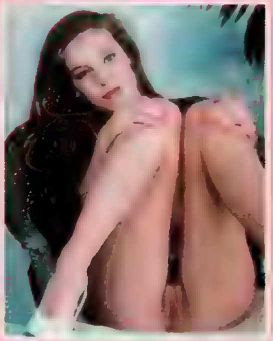

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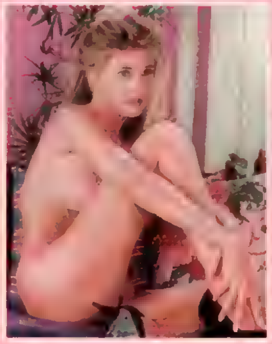

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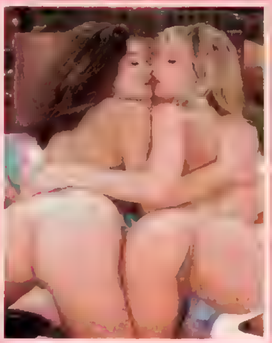

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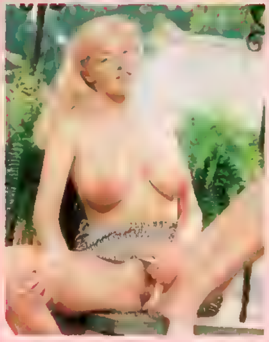

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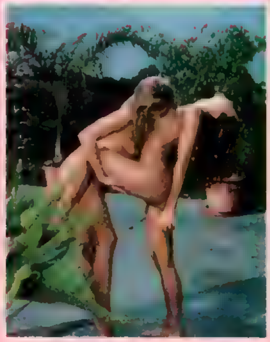

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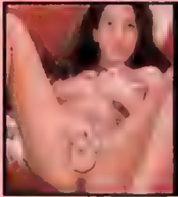

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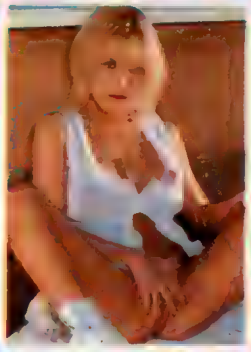

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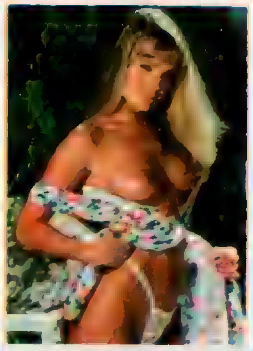

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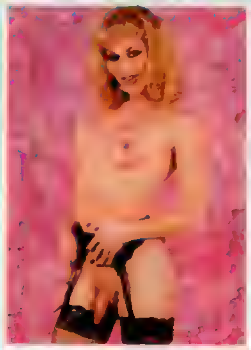

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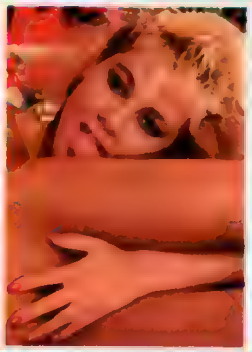

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Access Assured	1-800-711-8392	Take Command	1-800-472-9587
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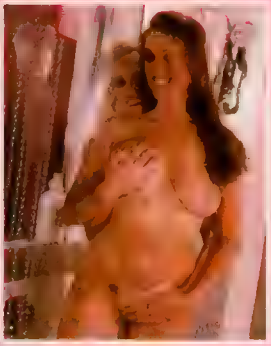

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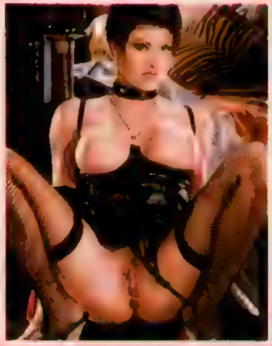

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WE'RE READY FOR YOU 24 HRS. A DAY!

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$4.95 MIN/18+ VISA/MC/AMEX

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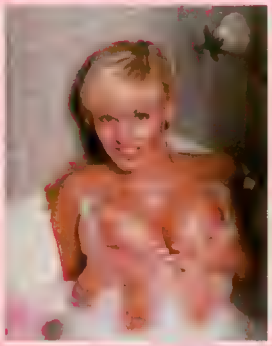

•24 HOUR PLEASURE•

THE WETTER THE BETTER!

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I'M GOING TO SUCK YOU DRY

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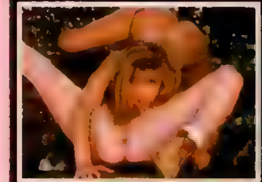
1-800-862-LICK



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Pick Your Pleasure. Women Are Waiting.
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We're friendly, hot & so horny!
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All Fantasies! All Fetishes!
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LUSCIOUS LADIES
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JUICY FANTASIES
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EXQUISITE BY PHONE
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everyday! Everyway! Can you give
me what I need?! Call 1-800-724-2280
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Hot phone sex with Suzy!
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ALWAYS PRIVATE!
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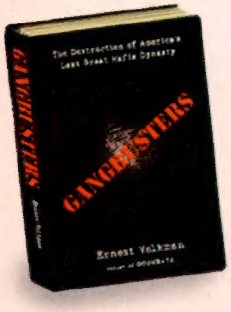
US-774

COMING IN THE JULY

PENTHOUSE

THE MAN WHO DESTROYED THE MAFIA

If there's one person most responsible for the collapse of the Mafia, it's a short, swarthy hood named Anthony "Gas Pipe" Casso, onetime godfather of the Lucchese family. Casso's criminal career and ultimate fall encapsulate why the Mafia collapsed. In an article adapted from *Gangbusters: The Destruction of America's Last Great Mafia Dynasty,* his forthcoming book from Faber & Faber, *Penthouse* contributing editor Ernest Volkman tells Gas Pipe's story—the incredible tale of a pure psychopath whose murder spree drove a half-dozen members of his organization into the arms of the F.B.I., resulting in the demolition of both the Lucchese family and the rest of the once all-powerful Mafia in the U.S.



THE INTERNET SEXPLORER

The vast area of cyberspace holds whole continents of the erotic, the sexy, and the smutty. Indeed, there is an entire "pornutopia" waiting to be discovered by the dedicated Web surfer. But where is it found? How can it be accessed? Will you need "protection"? Are "free" Websites all that free? Are "illegal" Websites breaking any laws? How many "teenage sex goddesses" can writhe within one Website? How do you search for your favorite kink? All these questions and more will be answered by *Penthouse*'s fearless guide to the weird, wacky, and wide-open world of sex on the Web, the "Internet Sexplorer." Beginning with the next issue, *Penthouse* will give readers a monthly update on the steamiest and sleaziest sites, the hottest technologies, the not-so-cool scams, and the general state of sex on the Web. Point your eyes at our pages or your browser at www.penthousemag.com for the latest about the hottest.

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GARY SHEFFIELD INTERVIEW

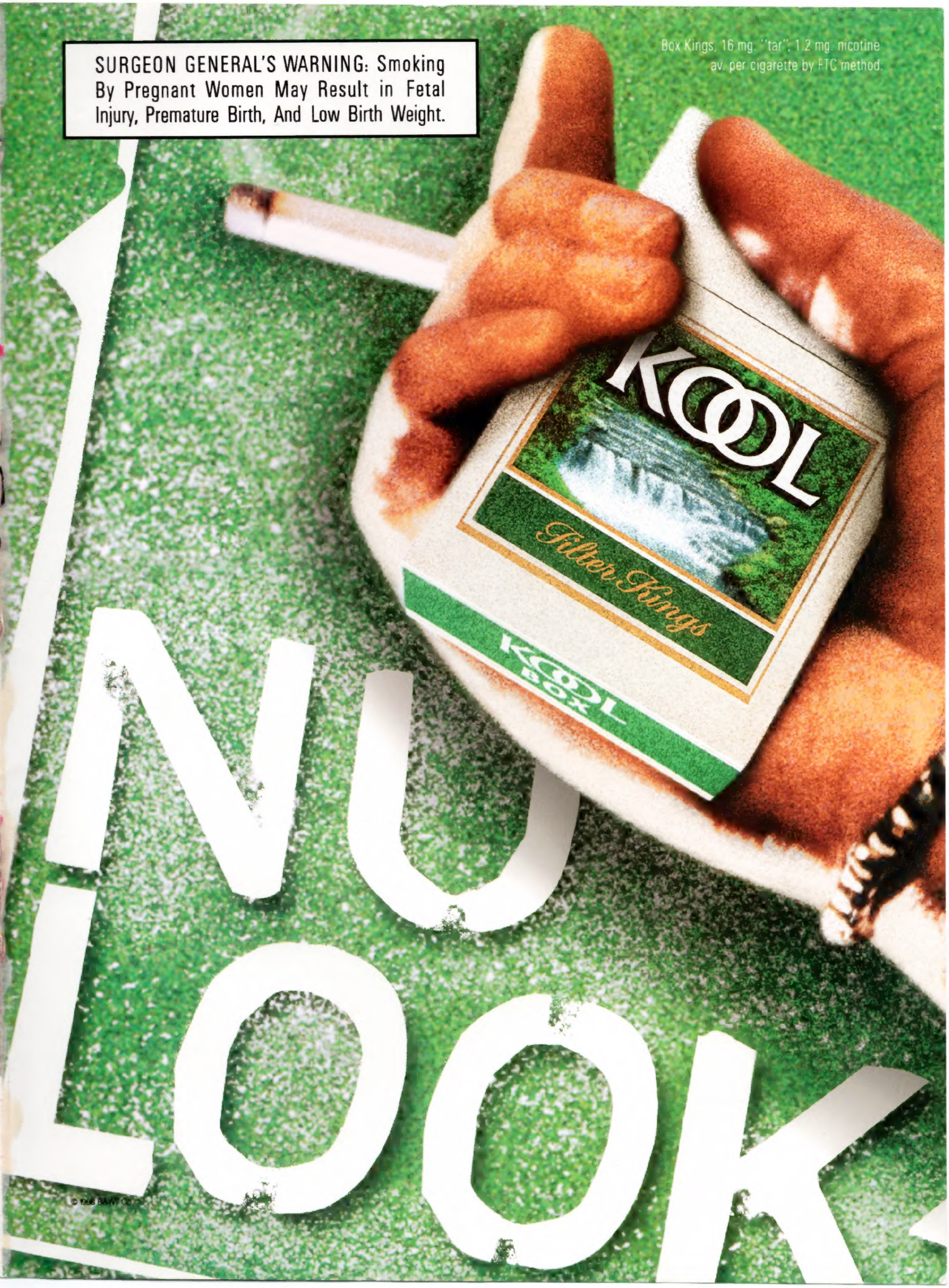
At age 29 Gary Sheffield, the central power source of the World Champion Florida Marlins, is one of the richest and most successful athletes ever. Last year Sheffield batted an off-the-charts .556 in the opening round of the play-offs, then in the World Series almost single-handedly won game three by homering, knocking in five runs, and making a spectacular leaping catch in right field. But Sheffield is also one of baseball's most notorious bad boys, frequently battling with management, teammates, and the media. He discusses his controversial career both on and off the field in a no-holds-barred interview with reporter Michael Geffner.

THE SPIN ON THE SPIN DOCTORS

Five years ago the Spin Doctors were on top of the music world. Their premier album, *Pocket Full of Kryptonite,* sold more than seven million copies worldwide. But by the end of 1996 their third album barely went copper, let alone gold; their record label was all too glad to release them from their long-term contract; and the band's original guitar player had left in a none-too-amicable split. This year, shooting for a comeback, the Spin Doctors will release a fourth album, *World Gone Mad.* Will they be the latest rock group to win mass-audience redemption (see Aerosmith)—or go down in rock history as yet another overexposed, multi-platinum outfit devoured by the hit-making machinery? Larry "Ratso" Sloman goes behind the scenes of the music industry to get the lowdown, including an exclusive interview with former lead guitarist Eric Schenkman, who reveals publicly for the first time why he left the group at the height of its success.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

Box Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.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